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Volume XX.

Miscellany.

The

'92.

..... E. C. BANFIELD.
and Personals..... A. L. REED.
Manager..... A. M. ROBBINS.

Vassar

No. 1.

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Miscellany

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October, 1890.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR

POUGHKEEPSIE

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its downfall; but
-like an organ-note
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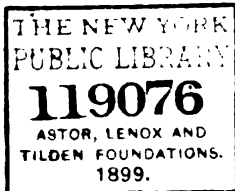
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Vol. XX.

OCTOBER, 1890.

No. 1.

THE LOST VALLEY.

The Little Yosemite, an earthly Paradise as yet but little frequented by the omnipresent tourist, opens out of the Yosemite proper just where the Merced tumbles into its depths, bearing the several aliases of Nevada Fall, Emery's Pool and Vernal Fall, to return later to its original patronymic.

There is a virginal purity about these untrodden wilds, a silence so awful in its intensity that voices are involuntarily hushed as in the solemn watches of a death chamber an hour before the dawn.

“ Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh,
In allen Wipfeln
Spärest du
Kann einen Hauch ;
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde
Warte mir, balde
Ruhest du auch.”

is the message to the wanderer.

At times one hears the roaring of the Merced pursuing its foam-clothed, tumultuous way to its downfall ; but this seems only to intensify the hush—like an organ-note in the vaulted spaces of a vast cathedral.

No small birds are to be seen—there is too much solemnity for the simple joyousness and domesticity of their little souls. The cry of a hawk or a buzzard, prolonged into a wild shriek, occasionally breaks the stillness.

The forests, principally of pines, are of primeval grandeur. There was once a trail through them, but it is now so overgrown with coming generations of trees that only infrequent traces of it are to be found.

In spite of the magnitude of its conception, the Little Yosemite is in reality small. An hour's ride brings one to its head. Here are walls of granite, perpendicular in all but one place, where they bend back to an angle of 45° to allow for the passage of our old friend the Merced in one prolonged, filmy cascade.

Lowati Uchum the Indians call this part of the valley, which, being interpreted, is Snake's House. Rattlesnakes are found here in such numbers that the guides permit no walking. A ride up a slippery granite slope is hardly a pleasant alternative.

This being surmounted, a clamber over and around rocks and boulders is the next lion in the way, and after overcoming this, the mouth of the Lost Valley is near,—near, but like a mirage, destined to be no nearer. Snow covers the ground, a treacherous snow spreading a tempting evenness over hollow and rock, a snow fast melting in the drowsy, dreamy hot June sunshine, a snow impassable to man or beast.

The Lost Valley, is it then to be only a name? Alas, yes. Nature has hidden its unvisited charms, its infinite possibilities securely away from mortal gaze. Man is not pure enough, he has departed too far from the image of his Creator in which he was made to be allowed to look upon its virginal freshness and beauty. Mortal eyes, Actean-like, would defile its unsullied loveliness.

And yet, had entrance been permitted, who can tell what might not have been found in that mountain fastness,—the Elixir of Life, the Fountain of Youth, the

peace which passeth all understanding, might have been the portion of the intruder. Happiness, that elusive bird of rare plumage might have made her nest there. Wisdom might have been found ; it might have been the place of understanding. The tree of Heart's-Desire is perhaps a native of the soil.

We can fancy returning from this sanctuary transformed from the dull, halting creature, who trembled at scaling its approach, clothed with wings that could defy height and depth, seeing clearly where before one was blind,—“as a waterfall,” wise instead of foolish, strong instead of weak, with happiness for a companion, instead of “that state of mind which is less than content and more than resignation,” with even vague yearnings satisfied, with affection returned that had heretofore been lavished on an unheeding heart, with the soul purged from base desires, ignoble aims, having put off the “corruptible and put on incorruption.”

One could fancy herself an Eve in the early dawn of Paradise when “the evening and the morning were the first day”!

But this is mere conjecture. The Lost Valley did not give up its secrets; and riding down a granite slope was even less easy than riding up ; the serpent, outside of Paradise this time, had to be killed too ; the melancholy of unsatisfied desire still hovered around :—in short, all was as human and as imperfect as before.

Still, the Lost Valley remains immovable in its mountain home, to be visited at some future season when the fates are more propitious ; and who can tell what may not be the result of such a visit ? When all the evils were let loose upon earth, Hope still remained behind.

3d July, 1890.

THE SILVER BILL.

While we were yet colonies, our currency was naturally made up of various foreign coins. Several of the States had coined shillings, but their value was far from being uniform. After the establishment of these United States, there was a great desire for a uniform currency. Although several preliminary steps were taken, nothing was accomplished until after the adoption of the Constitution. By the act of 1792, we had the establishment of a double standard and the free coinage of gold and silver. This was due to Alexander Hamilton whose arguments were far from being those of a modern bi-metallist. In discussing the question, he was emphatic in his opinion that if but one metal was to be adopted it should be gold, as he thought gold less liable to variation than silver. His object was to secure a metallic medium in abundance and he wisely thought this could be most easily secured by a double standard. His next problem was of necessity to fix the ratio between gold and silver. The ratio 1:15 was believed to be about the right one and was accordingly adopted. The unit in the coins of the United States was then fixed at twenty-four and three-fourths grains of pure gold and three hundred seventy-one and one-fourth grains of pure silver.

This dollar continued to be the unit until 1873 when the United States demonetized silver. This she did in imitation of the financial policy of Great Britain, Germany and France, although in the latter country the demonetization was a forced one. The dollar thus dropped from our currency was then slightly in advance of a gold dollar in value.

By the Bland-Allison bill of 1878, an attempt was made to restore silver. Owing to the great fall in the price of silver during the intervening years, the author of the bill did not think it wise to restore the old dollar. The dollar of 1878 contained only four hundred twelve and one quarter grains of standard silver or ninety cents worth of

gold. Its value to-day is even less than that—about seventy cents. This bill provided for the purchase and coinage of not less than two nor more than four million dollars worth of silver bullion a month.

This bill has not met with approval from the free coinage party. To meet their objections and for various other reasons, political as well as financial, a bill has been passed this last July. This new bill provides that

1. "The Treasury purchase 4,500,000 ounces of silver bullion per month at its market price.

2. "This bullion be paid for in a new kind of Treasury note of denominations of \$1 to \$1,000.

3. "These notes shall be legal tender, are redeemable on demand, are receivable for all Government dues, and available as reserves of all National banks.

4. "The Secretary of the Treasury shall each month coin as much of the silver bullion as may be necessary to provide for the redemption of the Treasury notes herein provided for."

Exactly what are the new features of this bill? It provides for the purchase of between fifty and sixty million dollars worth of silver bullion a year instead of the thirty million dollars worth required by the Bland-Allison act. The other change is that this new bill makes the Treasury notes redeemable directly.

But the dollar of 1878 is retained. In other words, the silver coins known in our currency as dollars have been reduced to the purchasing power of seven tenths of a gold dollar—a reduction of three tenths in their weight. This act is of the same character on the part of the Government as the "clipping" or "sweating" of coins by private individuals. The impression of the United States Mint to the effect that such a coin is equal to a gold dollar, has not made it so. The ratio between the values of gold and silver needs to be readjusted. While it is impossible to settle this exactly, the average of the ratios of the value of gold and silver for a given num-

ber of years might be taken and by occasional readjustments, a fair degree of accuracy could be obtained. "With a population and business constantly increasing, and a currency stationary or decreasing, no genuine prosperity is possible except to those who control the money of the country."

Far from being a free coinage bill, this limits the coinage of silver entirely to the Government and provides for the purchase of silver bullion to a limited extent only. The system of buying silver bullion and coining it on Government account we may regard as one entirely our own. The bi-metallists object to this new bill strongly on the grounds that it continues to discriminate between the use of gold and silver, that it fails to make the silver dollar a standard as the gold dollar is a standard, that it restricts the right of coinage to the Government and that it implies that too much silver is produced in the world. The bill has been nominally passed for the benefit of the farmer and the laborer, but seems to aim merely at the establishment of a market for the products of the silver mines.

The chief arguments of the mono-metallists are as applicable to this as to all silver legislation. The law certainly has not yet fixed the ratio of exchange between gold and silver. If, as they say, silver is unfit for money "owing to its late unprecedented depreciation," of course even an apparent concession to the silver party is not to be desired.

As to the question of a single or a double standard, I quote the conclusions of Prof. H. C. Adams:

1. "No nation can afford to adopt the bi-metallic standard while the other important commercial nations of the world continue on the gold basis. Such a measure would tend to destroy the self-regulating character of the monetary system.

2. "But there is no sufficient reason for believing that an international monetary treaty could not successfully maintain gold and silver at a fixed ratio, and the necessity of an adequate supply of money materials leads strongly to the support of such a measure."

What are we to look for as the results of this new bill? Its most striking feature is the increase in the number of Treasury notes. Owing to the general growth of the country and the increasing number of retired bank-notes, so large a number of the new notes will doubtless find their way into general circulation that the government may be able to hoard any excess without any great financial embarrassment. We may therefore expect that the new silver currency will be issued at the start as smoothly and with as little effect as that of the past, leaving out of consideration unexpected revulsions in foreign and domestic trade.

As to later results, we may soon reach a stage when more notes will be issued than can be used. To be sure, the Government might hoard the excess but this would be advisable only as a temporary measure. Sooner or later the notes will be issued whether they find a ready circulation or not and we would then have a forced issue of new currency and a period of inflation and its attendant evils.

Now unless an issue of Government notes affects the volume of bank deposits and that of the payments made through them, it cannot greatly affect prices. Suppose the notes are issued at a period of business depression, when the banks have an abundance of cash in their vaults and business men are not increasing their deposits. The Treasury notes paid out to bullion sellers would accumulate in bank vaults and a larger proportion of Government revenues would be received in these notes. Gold would still be paid to those who called for it and it would tend to flow out in foreign payment. The Treasury would be drained of its gold and at the same time, the

cause of this—the note issues—would have had no effect on prices. The continuance of these note issues would lead to inflation if banks and the business community were in a mood to respond.

Suppose times and business were good, the demand for accommodation from banks great and reserves small in proportion to deposits. Then new issues might increase deposits and so become the occasion of a very effective addition to the purchasing power in the hands of the community. This would be followed by a rise of prices and, finally, by inflation. In this case the outflow of gold and the “ultimate break-down” of gold payment would follow inflation.

Let me quote in closing the prophecy of Prof. F. W. Taussig :

“Whatever the condition at the moment, the issue of new notes in larger amounts than would be used in any case at the existing range of prices, must bring, ultimately, the rise in prices, the outflow in gold and the break-down of the gold standard ; but the peculiarly elastic and elusive condition of the most important part of the modern machinery of exchange makes the time and the mode of these results very difficult of prediction.

C. E. V., '91.

ROSALIE.

Over the fields where the soft wind blows,
Sweetest of flowers, Rosalie goes
Ever bending, so daintily slight,
To gather the daisies golden and white.
Careless and happy she passes by
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

The grasses cling to her trailing gown :—
“Rosalie, Rosalie dear, stoop down.
So long we have waited ! Ah, sweet, be kind,
Go not away, leaving us behind.”
But Rosalie, careless passes them by
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Whispers the clover down at her feet,
" The daisy has not our fragrance sweet.
See how boldly she holds her head !
Gather us, Rosalie dear, instead."
But Rosalie careless passes them by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

Rosalie's lover kneels in the grass.
" Rosalie, dearest, do not pass
Leaving my heart to wither alone,
Stoop and gather it, love, for thine own."
But Rosalie laughs and passes him by,
Bearing her daisy sheaf.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

CHATTERTON.

In the heart of the busy commercial town of Bristol stands the beautiful old church of S. Mary Redcliffe, one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in England. Entering its dim silence from the noisy, glaring streets, one is straightway carried from the commonplace present back to the long dead past, when the knights and merchants of Bristol, whom these battered effigies represent, thronged the church at high mass on feast days; and the names recorded on these dusty tablets were names of those still living in the minds of men.

Over a hundred years ago, there wandered among these tombs a child—a boy of seven, quite lost beneath the dusky, echoing arches which towered high above him. Day after day he came, and strolling about in the great empty church, spent hours in dreamy musings. If you had happened into the peaceful place, and seen the little lonely figure sitting with its head leaning against the stone tomb of “William Canynge, Founder of the Church,” the sexton would have told you that it was his nephew, Thomas Chatterton, an idle little dunce. This, at least, was the flattering opinion which his relatives held of the silent lad who would not mind his books.

His mother was a poor sewing woman; his father, dead before his birth, had been master of a free school in the neighborhood. It was his mother's great hope to have her child educated “as became the son of a scholar.” But when, at the age of six, he was sent to the same school of which his father had been master, his teacher bade him go home again, saying that it was impossible for him to learn. His mother was bitterly disappointed at his stupidity; there was no place for him at home, and

so the poor child sat alone crying silently for hours, with a hopeless sense of wrong upon him.

One day, however, a pile of old parchments from the muniment-room of S. Mary's was brought into the house by his sexton-uncle, and the child's eye was caught by some illuminated capitals. He gathered up armfuls of the musty old documents, and trudged upstairs with them to a lumber-room under the roof. Here he pored over a black-letter Bible until he had learned to read. Then he would shut himself up in his garret for hours, and when his mother or sister came to see what he was at, would fly into a passion with "I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room!" He was seized with a passionate desire to learn. Even at this early age he felt that those about him were not with him, that he had an inherited right to a kingdom of which they knew nothing. If he could only enter it—the wonderful kingdom of thought!

At last, as he supposed, the opportunity came. He was elected, when eight years old, a pupil of the Bluecoat School at Bristol. Now he should learn everything in the world, he should be able to understand what those strange thoughts meant which came to him when he was alone. He went to school, and was instructed in "the principles of Christian doctrine as laid down in the Church catechism." The bitterness of that disappointment, and the scorn and hatred of the narrow minds around him which came upon the poor child! He must find resources in himself.

In these days he would run away from his school-fellows, and seek his old sanctuary in the great dim church; and here the friendless boy created for himself a friend and helper. As he took refuge from boyish persecutions, and lay still by the old stone tomb, in fancy there came to him the figure of a priest of the old days—a wise and wonderful man to whom he told all his troubles, and who gave him that for which he had such a passionate craving

—sympathy. In this imagined personage, who speedily became real to him, and whom he called "Rowley," perhaps a name he had come across in some old record, he found a sufficient resource for his lonely moods.

It was about this time that Chatterton found he could write, and found also that his pen was an efficient weapon. His boyish contempt for the stupidity and arrogance of his teachers, his proud resentment at the patronage of older boys, all found vent in stinging satire and caricatures, which, published anonymously in a local paper, made the whole neighborhood smart.

But it was when the spirit of the long past was about him in the old church, that the real poetry in him awoke. He lived, in the character of his friend Rowley, amid the romance and beauty of the Middle Ages, all the sordidness of his real life at home and at school forgotten. Rowley was, in his fancy, both priest and man of letters, the most remarkable poet of his times; in fact, he was Chatterton's ideal of culture and wisdom, a man of different race from the sordid tradesmen, the pewterers and grocers of Bristol. What more natural than that the boy's first real poetic effort should be the writing of something which he could fancy came from the pen of his beloved master?

When, however, he had finished the poem of "Elinoure and Juga," the earliest product of his genius, he felt the need of more tangible sympathy and help than his ghostly counsellor could give him. He must find out what real men thought of his work. So he took the poem to his favorite tutor, one Phillips, a man, we are told, "of some poetic knowledge and faculty." Perhaps from a sudden timidity, perhaps from the desire to get an unbiased judgment, Chatterton represented the manuscript to have been found in a heap of old papers and to be really the work of Rowley. We can guess with what eagerness he awaited Phillips's opinion, half hoping, perhaps, that the deception would be discovered and his own genius with

it. But poor Phillips, in spite of his poetic faculty, was completely taken in. Then the spirit of mischief awoke in Chatterton, for we must remember that he was only twelve, and finding the worthies of Bristol such easy dupes he resolved to keep up the fraud. Accordingly, ancient manuscripts, poems and tragedies by Rowley, began to come to light with astonishing rapidity, and the boy's keen satirical humor fairly revelled in the gullibility of his elders. Poor child of thirteen, how little he realized that his pastime was to terminate so fatally!

The enjoyment of this kind of sport was necessarily solitary. Chatterton had by this time outgrown Rowley as a friend and confidant, and the longing for intercourse with an equal mind was again strong upon him. A daring project came into his head, and with his usual recklessness he proceeded at once to carry it out. He wrote to Horace Walpole—to Walpole, the great “Sage of Piccadilly”—assumed the style of a brother antiquarian, and sent him a bogus manuscript entitled “*Peyncting yn Englande.*” Walpole's flattering reception of the remarkable production and his subsequent discovery of the fraud are well known. He wrote a note of reproof and admonition to the erring boy, but not one word in recognition of his wonderful genius. It is always disappointing to get advice where we looked for sympathy, and when Walpole took no notice of Chatterton's request for the return of his manuscript, all the disappointed ambition and hurt pride in Chatterton's nature flashed up into the passionate outburst which Walpole calls “a singularly impertinent note.” Thus by the boy's own folly another possible source of help was cut off from him.

Well, he would seek his fortune alone, since there was no one on whom he could rely. Once out in the world of London, away from this petty, commonplace Bristol life, he should find encouragement and sympathy. He would write something which should bring Walpole and

all the literary lights to do homage to his genius. Who knows what Chatterton's hopes of fame and fortune were, when a boy of seventeen he set out for London, alone?

There is no need to tell how pitifully small his realizations were. Every one has heard of that struggle with poverty, that hope deferred, that bitter humiliation of failure, which, with his old pride, he hid from Bristol friends, and finally that black and awful despair in which his young life ended.

The utter wreck of Chatterton's career was due to the fatal combination in him of genius and weakness. True genius inevitably cuts a man off from outside support.

He can understand his fellow-men, for genius is eternal sympathy as well as "eternal patience," but his fellow-men can never understand him. If he has not the strength to be self-sufficient; if, having genius, he seeks to lean upon others, he must either quench the fire within him, or lose his faith in humanity. Throughout Chatterton's short life, we find this strange weakness, this yearning for sympathy. He tried to find sympathy, as a little child among his school-companions, and failed. He tried to make his shadowy friend Rowley a substitute for human help, and failed. His appeal to Walpole, boyish freak though it seems, was his last attempt to find support from outside. Then came his desperate efforts at dependence on self, his lonely London life, and wretched death.

I have said very little in regard to what is usually considered the great blemish on Chatterton's character—his forging of the Rowley manuscript. When we consider that he was a child, that his motives were at first entirely innocent, and that he had no one in the world to guide him, we dare not judge him harshly. After reading his life there can be nothing but pity in our hearts for the proud, impetuous, heaven-gifted boy, who died of starvation and despair, in London so long ago.

DANNY.

Early one dismal November day, plain Mr. Brown was about to cross Brooklyn bridge. He had spent the preceding day in the city wandering about watching with interest the throbbing life of the metropolis, and rejoicing in the quieter existence which was his lot. A banker in a small town in central New York, it was his custom to pay occasional visits, either for business or pleasure, to his friends in New York or Brooklyn. As he ascended the steps on the Brooklyn side he saw a strong, honest looking Irish woman selling papers. She had seized upon an empty packing box of moderate size which had been left near by. The larger number of her papers were on the box held down by several stones so that the occasional gusts of wind might not blow them away. A few she kept in her hand ready to make quick sales. Mr. Brown had not yet purchased his morning paper. The woman's face attracted him and he decided to buy of her. She served him pleasantly, expressing regret that she would have to keep him waiting in the "drizzle" until she obtained change for his proffered half-dollar. "But sure Sorr," she said, "Danny'll be but a minute, a wee minute. Danny, me darlint, be quick now wid the gentleman's change." Mr. Brown was wondering where Danny was, whether he was called from the sky, or summoned from the ground, when a noise was heard inside of the news-stand and quickly a little head, with close dark curls, a pair of bright eyes, a roguish mouth and a thousand freckles, surmounting a sturdy little body evidently in its first and very fragmentary Knickerbockers, appeared around the lower corner of the box. Danny took the money and disappeared with it. Mr. Brown reflected that Danny was a New York street gamin and that his baby life was safe; still he did not feel comfortable until he saw the boy reappear, threading his way among the horses and wagons. The mother greeted the boy with "The Saints preserve—the *Tribune* Sir? The Vir-

gin be praised ! Ye back, Danny, and quick you was too, darlint—*Tribune* ? Give the gentleman the change, and thank him for awaitin', and then get ye back into the box out of the wet—*Tribune*, sir ?" Mr. Brown gave the bright little fellow a penny and watched him crawl into his little house, then walked away.

The next hot summer Mr. Brown, in his cool house, recalled his "*Tribune* boy," as in his thoughts he had called Danny, and as he sat reading his paper his attention was caught and fixed by the news of the Fresh Air Fund. "Wife," said he, "we have no children and we both love them. Suppose we import one for the summer or a few weeks at least. I'd like to get Danny, but there isn't much chance of his being our Fresh Air—I guess I could get several of our neighbors to take each a boy or girl, and we aren't so far from the city that the *Tribune* would object to sending them." They talked the matter over between themselves, then with their neighbors, with the result that the sultry days of August found eight happy Fresh Air children in the town, and Danny among them. Poor Danny ! he was hardly recognizable as the sunny faced lad of the November day. His former sturdy frame looked very feeble, and his little smile was pathetically bright. But soon Mrs. Brown's motherly care, together with good country air and food, brought back the old color and chased away the fever's legacy of chills. The out-of-door life brought the freckles too. Danny could never be a handsome lad. He would always have a bright attractive face, but, with all its freckles, a droll one.

Danny was an affectionate little fellow, truthful, and brave with all the keenness and quick wit of the street Arab. A very rough diamond, yet with such promise of value that Mr. Brown, urged by his wife, decided to keep him longer than the summer, and if he proved teachable and his mother agreed, finally to adopt him.

The first year of training was a labor of patient love. Danny had the most confused notions of right and wrong, no idea of the amenities of life, no idea of obedience to authority unaccompanied by manifestations of physical force. But he loved deeply, and love in the end conquered the little savage.

The next summer his mother was invited to visit him. Danny still loved her and was very glad to see her. He had made his own distinction between his adopted and his real mother. "I shall call Mrs. Brown, mamma," he had said, "and my mother, mother." He was very happy until the last day of his mother's visit. All that morning a more miserable little fellow could not have been found. He slunk round corners out of sight, and was so thoroughly sneaky that Mr. Brown had to say with unusual sternness, "Danny, remember you must go to the station with your mother to see her off," then seeing a look of fear creeping into the boy's face, he added firmly but with more gentleness "I have told you Danny that she would not carry you back with her, although she is unwilling to give you wholly to us as our own little boy. No one will force you into the cars. You are to stay with us. You must go to the station just to say good-bye to her there." It seemed almost impossible for the little fellow to believe Mr. Brown, but he appeared to be striving to do so. Two o'clock found Danny at the station with his mother. In a few minutes she would be gone and my little hero struggled hard not to run away before the train started. As it left the station Danny turned and flew up the street. As he passed the bank window he saw Mr. Brown within. Tearing off his hat he swung it frantically as he shouted with childish glee, "She's gone! She's gone! Mother's gone! and then raced home to "mamma."

Danny is nearly nine now and the Brown's have only one fear for their little son, which is that when he is older

his mother may claim him to help in her support. She now thinks Danny is well off and takes a very sensible view of his good fortune so they hope that the mother's love will always triumph over selfishness, and that Danny will be left to them.

Editors' Table.

There is a strange mingling of gladness and sadness in October's bright blue weather. With splendor and cheer and sunshine, with scarlet and gold and purple does the courageous-hearted month hail us and extend us right royal welcome. And yet, with all this warmth of greeting, we cannot forget that it is fall—a season invariably tinged with sadness, because inseparably connected with a regretful remembrance of months that are past. As in the out-of-door world, so, within-doors, these opening weeks of our college year arouse conflicting feelings of joy and sorrow. All the gladness and enthusiasm of reunion, all the pleasure of greeting newcomers—does not this delight rival October's sunshine? But with it is a consciousness of change, a longing for the friends who can no longer take their wonted places in our College life. Ever-present with us is a sense of loss; beneath our gladness is an under-current of pain. Perhaps it is one of the needful lessons we have to learn, this discovery that even our school-days, which we are taught to look upon as the happiest days of our lives, cannot give us unmixed joy. Surely it is well for us to realize that whether we wish it or no, changes must take place, the world must go on its course, and we, willingly or unwillingly, must go with it. And shall we not go willingly? Do we not go willingly—yes, and heartily? Our new places in College bring greater responsibilities, bring graver thoughts, but they also bring greater opportunities and greater joys—joys that are brought into strong relief by the new seriousness that we feel. So, since it is October, and courage and good-cheer light every tree, since it is the beginning of the year, and we

have come back to our College life with renewed zest and the good resolutions that are the inevitable accompaniment of every new year, how can we do otherwise than fall to work with stout heart and eager hand? To all that have come among us we extend a welcome, warm as that which beams from October skies. And with the companionship of new friends and old friends we look forward to a year of joy and of good success. We know, indeed, that it will not be all we wish it. Disappointment and failures, yes, many of them, are too surely in store for us; yet these need not bring discouragement. For it lies with us, and with us only, whether these same disappointments and failures may not unite with our successes and attainments to make our year one of steady progress and uplifting.

"Without discontent, nothing can be done," says Walter Besant, thus giving utterance to a truth which has forced itself upon every reformer. Self-satisfaction it is with which progress has the fiercest battles. It was the only sin against which the Christ cried "Woe," the only one of which He seemed to despair. For if the soul does not recognize its own need, it will not desire to have the need supplied. Content is stagnation. But the acknowledging of a want is a hopeful sign. The desire for better things indicates a fitness therefor. Discontent is a promise of growth.

It does not, however, always imply development. What is more common to us than dissatisfaction with our surroundings, with other people, with everything but ourselves? And things become no better. Why? Because we look to the wrong source for improvement, we expect it from without instead of from within, from an alteration of circumstances instead of character. We must realize that all change of permanent value necessarily comes from ourselves, and that, no matter how far others may

carry us, the only steps which count for us are those we take with our own feet.

Often, too, though discontented, we refuse to make an effort, through want of hope, or of faith rather, that such effort will be rewarded. But discontent is no cause for discouragement. The seed in the ground is not discouraged because of the darkness, for it knows that when it has struggled up and out into the light it will be more beautiful than it can now conceive. Let us, then, set to work bravely, knowing that without activity there can be no beauty, without strife no strength.

Neither must we be too impatient. We can plant and water, but the increase is in the hands of Another. Can we who are imperfect expect perfection at once? The pine grows up straight and tall, but it is by littles. The minute coral insects make great islands, but it is by littles. The ocean advances here and recedes there, changing the face of the globe, but it is by little and little. Nature working so slowly yet achieves such grand results. What cause, then, have we for impatience? Is not all Eternity ours?

With our temporary retirement from the outside world into the comparative seclusion of college life, there comes a certain sense of relief at being once more private individuals. Not that we are exactly celebrities at any time, but we have all learned by sad experience that as Vassar girls, society considers us public property. If we go among strangers during the vacation, we find ourselves, as it were, compelled to carry an institution on our shoulders. Our little idiosyncrasies are all carefully noted, and each one is referred to some particular influence of college life, no allowance whatever being made for our individual dispositions. We are not, like other mortals, the products of heredity and environment. Heredity is left out of the question; we are the results of "the higher education for woman." To a conscientious and loyal daughter of Vas-

sar the responsibility thus placed upon her becomes a painful burden. Is she of a lively disposition, fond of society and "a good time?" Some serious-minded matron shakes her head and fears that Vassar girls have too many things to distract their thoughts from study. Or is the unfortunate young woman inclined to be retiring in her nature and literary in her tastes? Some leader of society laments that a college education should so completely unfit young girls for social life.

Mr. Howells, in a recent novel, makes one of his characters say: "The typical Southerner, like the typical anything else, is pretty hard to find." If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that the individual who represents the type of his class is among the rarest of mortals, and to be discovered only by the eye of a philosopher, can any one explain why, in the face of these facts, people in general are so determined to see in each one of us that mythical creature of their fancy—the typical Vassar girl?

"It is not the things that you do, dear, but the things that you leave undone," which cause so many of the trials and tribulations of our college life. Not to mention the slight but very effective omissions, such as thoroughness in the preparation of a lesson and often anything that can properly be called preparation at all; we would speak chiefly of our relations among ourselves—our social and friendly intercourse.

We girls here are apt to grow careless of the little conventionalities which we respect in the outside world. Here there is nothing in that line which we respect except each other's "engaged." "We don't need to be polite with our friends," we say. "It is too much trouble always to be on one's good behavior." So it is, we grant that, but we still hold that we are apt to drift beyond the limits which ought to be set to such freedom. Some where the other day we read a sentence somewhat to this effect. "Friendship is a sweet and brittle bond,

which is oftener broken through chance or accident, than by deliberate intent"; and our College friendships are no exceptions, for though perhaps we do not allow them to be really broken, yet many a long and unhappy misunderstanding has been caused by "chance or accident" which is often another name for carelessness. Our friends seem more to us here than outside in the world where we have so many and diverse interests, and we notice many little omissions which there would not be regarded, and which are commonly supposed to be "all right, between friends." And even when we do not attach much importance to them, when in fact we do not know whether they have been done or not, she who "doeth little kindnesses" shall not fail of her reward.

It really is not hard work, girls, and it is especially interesting as a study of human nature to watch one's friends and to keep in sympathy with them, to learn just how to treat their various moods and find out how to help and strengthen them and your friendship in the surest and quietest way. In fact, it is the good old doctrine of unselfishness that we are preaching. We were not aware of the fact when we began to write, but as all roads lead to Rome, so does any friendship find unselfishness its surest foundation.

HOME MATTERS.

It is not often that on our return to college at the beginning of a year, we are met with so many unfamiliar faces. While we miss with regret many from among both faculty and students, we are glad to welcome our new instructors, and especially glad to see the north side of chapel so well filled with "new girls." Of the latter, one hundred and thirty-five have been registered, and the Freshmen already number over eighty. The MISCELLANY offers its heartiest good wishes to the class of '94, whose existence begins with so much promise.

An important advance was made last June, in the establishment of an associate professorship of history and political economy. Dr. Herbert E. Mills, who was appointed to the position, is a graduate of Rochester University, and has spent four years in study at Cornell, teaching Greek and Latin during the last of these years. He received the degree of Ph. D., *summa cum laude*, in June, taking as the subject of his thesis "The French Revolution in San Domingo."

Dr. and Professor Hinkel will be greatly missed by their many friends. Dr. Hinkel's place is supplied by Dr. Snyder, a graduate of Harvard in the class of '86, who received his Ph. D. at Leipzig, in June, 1890. The subject of his work for the doctor's degree was a study of the Mahavansa, an ancient Buddhist chronicle of Ceylon.

Fraülein Herholz, of Cincinnati, takes the position left vacant by Fraülein Hinkel's resignation.

Our new physician is Dr. Gertrude Farwell, a graduate of the New York Medical College, and formerly lecturer on therapeutics in that institution.

Miss E. C. Greene, Vassar '87, who has been teaching with great success for the past three years in the school of the Misses Gerrish and Sterling, Englewood, N. J., has been appointed teacher of Latin and Greek. Miss Jeannette Perry, a graduate of Smith College, takes the position of essay critic, and Miss Story, of Gloucester, Conn., is organist for the year.

On the evening of Sept. 20th, Miss Goodsell received the new students in her parlor. Many of the "old girls" assisted her in welcoming the new-comers, and introductions were the order of the evening. The Glee Club's rendering of our college classics served to banish all formality, and to awaken a spirit of patriotism and loyalty to our *Alma Mater* in those who for the first time heard

her praises sung. Thus pleasantly was spent an evening which might otherwise have given sad occasion for home-sickness.

A suggestion has recently been made by a member of the Faculty, to which the MISCELLANY would call the attention of the Students' Association.

We have all appreciated the inconvenience occasioned, especially to visitors, by the large number of notices which it has seemed necessary to have read in the dining-room. It has been suggested that this inconvenience might be to some extent obviated by utilizing the bulletin-board outside the dining-room door, as a kind of signal service station, where notices of class and society meetings might be posted. To economize the time spent in reading these notices, a series of signs might be adopted, which should inform one at a glance as to the society posting the notice, and as to the time and place of the meeting. For instance, a circle, with the figures 1:30 and the letters L. R., would signify that a meeting of the Students' Association was called in the Lecture Room at half-past one. Other symbols might be used to designate the various classes and societies, and by lessening the number of notices read in the dining-room, this system would do away with a cause of considerable discomfort.

The Young Women's Christian Association has a most delightful method of making itself known to the new students, and its method was never more successfully put into practice than on the evening of Oct 2d.

The fallacy of a popular impression to the effect that all receptions are formal and "a bore" was completely established; for conversation, dancing in Room J, and refreshments combined to make this reception one of the most informal and enjoyable of the mild festivities which begin the year's social life.

When, at breakfast time on the morning of October 4th, the sun positively refused to shine, the feelings of Seniors and Juniors were inclined to be in harmony with the aspect of nature. Was our promised Mohonk trip destined to elude our grasp like so many other "dear delights" that were too good to be true? We felt like quoting, "I never loved a dear gazelle," etc. But fortunately those melancholy lines were not long applicable, for the weather improved so rapidly that by half-past nine six wagon loads of '91 and '92 left the college under a sky whose blue gave promise of a perfect day. Our joy at this change in the condition of affairs was necessarily restrained while we were passing through the streets of Poughkeepsie; but no sooner had we crossed the river and left civilization behind, than it manifested itself in renderings of "Our *Alma Mater*," "Vassar — College" and other favorites, which were remarkable rather for enthusiasm than for melody. On reaching Mohonk Mountain, it was hinted by our drivers that perhaps we might prefer to walk for a change; some of us, impelled by a humane sympathy for the horses, did prefer so to do, and found our sympathy growing more acute with every step. The summit and the lake being finally arrived at, lunch was served in the hotel dining-room, and the hour following was spent on the lake or in the summer houses; in making the ascent to Sky Top or in visiting Æolus in his rocky abode. By four o'clock we were ready for the drive home. And what a memorable drive it was, down the mountain in the cool afternoon air, and across the valley with the sunset light on the gorgeous autumn foliage! It was quite dark when we reached the college, tired out but full of gratitude towards the unknown but warmly remembered friend to whom we owe the enjoyment of an ideal day.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Trustees gave Prof. Van Ingen a well earned trip to Europe during the summer.

Miss Hubbard and Miss Pearne are studying music in Berlin.

Miss Emma R. Sterling, for one year teacher of Greek at Vassar, has been recently married to Rev. Edward Carter.

Mr. Merrick, husband of the late Professor Braislin, was married October 1st, to Miss Harriet E. Allen of Fairhaven, Vt.

The morning service on September 28th was conducted by Dr. Schauffler of New York, and on October 11th by Dr. Charles S. Robinson.

Miss Talbot, of the Boston University and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Secretary of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, has visited the College.

The biological laboratory has received a Zeiss microscope and camera, Thoma and Minot microtomes, a Cambridge incubator, fresh water aquaria, and a large marine aquarium.

A fine collection of invertebrates has been added to the specimens in the Museum.

Water for our swimming bath, which by the kindness of one of the trustees has been lined with marble, will be supplied by an artesian well, 150 feet deep.

There are one hundred and thirty-four new students this fall, eighty-one of whom are Freshmen.

Over two thousand persons have visited the College this summer.

PERSONALS.

Owing to an accident to the manuscript, this column is rather incomplete. The editor will be pleased to have her attention called to omissions or errors.

'70.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, Instructor in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was joint author with Mary H. Abel, of a paper read at the August meeting of the American Association for the advancement of Science on the "Hygienic Advantage of the Sterilization of Milk."

'78.

Miss Mary Bernard is traveling in the West with her sister, Miss Bessie Bernard of '83.

Miss M. A. Whitman will return November 1st to her work in Japan.

'81.

Miss Abbott is studying in Ann Arbor, Michigan.

'86.

Mrs. Helen Stanton-Holmes sailed for Europe in July.

Miss Witkowsky is studying architecture in the Chicago Art Institute.

Miss Chase is teaching the sciences in Miss Mineah's school, Chicago.

'87.

Miss Halliday is teaching English, science, and arithmetic at Miss Gerrish's school, Englewood.

Miss Maury is teaching in the Cambridge School, Cambridge, Mass.

Miss Canfield is teaching in Cleveland, O.

Miss Shaul is at work in the Regents' office, Albany, N. Y.

'88.

Miss King is teaching in San Antonio, Texas.

Miss Wooster will continue her studies in Paris.

Miss Helen Weeks is traveling in the West.

'89.

Miss May is teaching in the Corning Free Academy, Corning, N. Y.

Miss Coggeshall is making special studies in history at Newnham College, Cambridge.

Miss Mary Baker is teaching in Rochdale, near Poughkeepsie.

Miss Anderson is teaching in Hampton College, Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Peirce is teacher of Natural Science in Milwaukee College.

Miss Keen has returned from Europe.

Miss Helen Baker is teacher of English in Miss Mineah's school, Chicago.

'90.

Miss Suydam is Lady Principal of the Connecticut Literary Institution, Suffield, Connecticut.

Miss Katharine Cochran is teaching in the Albion High School, Albion, N. Y.

Miss Bertha Clark is teaching the sciences, and Miss Haskins, mathematics at the South West Institute of Virginia, Glade Spring, Va.

Miss Prentiss has been attending lectures on German history and literature at the Victoria Lyceum, Heidelberg. She will spend the winter in Berlin.

Miss Patterson is teaching in Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo.

Miss Petersen is an instructor in the Packer Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Mace is teaching Latin, Greek and mathematics at Miss Gerrish's school, Englewood, N. J.

Miss Carr is teaching in Redlands, Cal.

Miss Hart is one of the directors of a bank in Albion, N. Y.

Miss Sanders is preparing a student for Vassar.

Miss Mary Cochran is taking a course in history and political economy at Cornell.

Miss Carbutt has returned from Europe.

Miss Werne is travelling in the West.

Miss Borgman is teaching in Yonkers.

Miss Larned is still abroad.

Miss Knowlton is teaching in Chestnut Hill, just out of Philadelphia.

Miss Scofield will spend the winter near San Francisco.

Miss Griggs is teaching in a private school, Burlington, Iowa.

Miss Beatrice Wilcox is studying art at the Chicago Art Institute.

Vassar alumnae who are studying in the New York Woman's Medical College are: Miss Cornish, '89; Miss Smith, '87; Miss Lewi, '88; Miss Baldwin, '83.

The following alumnae and former students have visited the College:

Miss Georgie Angell, '88; Miss Griffith, '74; Misses Sanders, Carbutt, Petersen, '90; Misses Mary Baker and Keen, '89; Mrs. Helen Hiscock-Backus, '73; Miss V. D. Brown; Miss Guerin; Miss Fox; Miss Grace B. King.

Born, July 31, at Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn. to Mrs. Ella Banks-Gibson of '80, a son.

July 30, to Mrs. Gertrude Homans-Parsons, a son.

Married, Oct. 1, at Toledo, Ohio, Miss Grace Hallaran, '90, to Mr. James Hodge.

July 31, at Bay City, Michigan, Miss Sara Gates of '89, to Rev. Burt E. Howard, who has just received a call to the First Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, Ohio.

In September, Philadelphia, Pa., Miss Lucy W. Shepherd, formerly of '83, to Mr. Hugh, Paris.

October 8, at Indiana, Pa., Miss Ellen M. Wilson of '87, to Mr. George R. Stewart.

May 15, 1890, at New Haven, Conn., Miss May O. Atwater, formerly of '83, to Rev. Charles L. Morgan, of Moline, Ill.

July 27, at Torrington, Conn., Miss Grace F. Coe, a student of music last year, to Dr. H. J. Pulver.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

How full of disappointments is life! We were rejoicing—yes, the shameful admission must be made—were rejoicing over the small number of exchanges which had come for this month's criticism, when there came the unwelcome discovery of a great heap of summer magazines, tucked away in a corner of the sanctum, and awaiting in mute patience the arrival of the critic and the paper-cutter. Alas for our dreams of editorial ease, coupled with freedom of conscience! For who could look upon that pile of unopened papers unmoved by a sense of duty? But a realization of duty does not always secure its execution, and even conscience-pricks are insufficient to dispel the laziness which follows only too surely in the wake of vacation hours. So we have a second confession to make, with even greater shame. In that selfsame corner of the sanctum, those same slighted magazines are still begging to be released from their imprisonment. Some day, we promise, they shall be freed, and shall be allowed to tell their tales of successful commencements. With this promise, may we turn to some of the fall's exchanges that have reached us? As has been hinted, they have not yet begun to come in full force, but have appeared slowly, one by one, as if with a half reluctance to turn from the play-days of summer to the work-days of College.

Speaking of play-days, it was an unkind chance that made the *Outing* one of our first visitors. Had we not just resolved to put away all thoughts of vacation days—of their freedom and out-of-door life? With the resolve must needs come the temptation—this time in the shape of an attractive magazine of sport, travel and recreation, full of articles on hunting, photography, yachting, and all kinds of delightful occupations; full, moreover, of charming illustrations, that, even more than the articles, arouse rebellious longings for the days when such open-air recreations were not impossible. But in spite of the fact that the *Outing* caused our good resolutions to be broken, we grant it hearty welcome, and look forward to its monthly visit as to a whiff of fresh air.

To forget the naughty desires prompted by the *Outing* and get more into the spirit of college work, could one do better than look to the *University Magazine*? The abundance of information it contains about our fellow-colleges reminds us that we are indeed inhabitants of a college-world, and makes us realize, too, that it is a world in no way lacking in interest.

The *Amherst Student* comes to us this year in somewhat more striking attire than it has heretofore worn. The first number is exceptionally interesting for a paper whose columns are purely local in character. The entrance of Dr. Gates upon his new presidency is a subject of interest to many colleges besides Amherst.

The only Literary Monthly that has yet made its appearance is the representative from Dartmouth. Why is it that we are so often disappointed on opening the *Dartmouth Literary Monthly*? Are our expectations too high? There seems to be something, certainly, in the substantial, well-to-do air of the magazine, that leads us to look for more than we find. In the September number the article on Robert Browning, though fairly appreciative, contains little that is original, while the

character of the fiction given space to make us second the editorial plea, elsewhere observed, for better short stories. It is interesting to notice a similar request—also needed, shall we say?—in the other paper from the same college, the *Dartmouth*, and, we cannot refrain from adding, it is amusing to observe the wording of the same: "Odd conceits in poetry and prose will be at a premium, Stories mostly pure love are not wanted in large numbers."

Unlike the *Dartmouth Lit.* the *Wellesley Prelude* sometimes surprises by the excellence of its contents. We do not look for much real literary merit in a weekly paper, but the *Prelude* occasionally gives us very pleasing little sketches and stories. Several such were contained in the opening number of the year, but to our regret they have not been equalled since.

We have received the first number of the *Christian Cynosure*, which is offered this year to all College reading rooms. The *Cynosure* is published by the National Christian Association, of Chicago, and represents the movement in opposition to secret societies. At the request of College officers the discussion of college secret societies, begun at the National Teachers' Association at St. Paul, will be continued in the *Christian Cynosure*, which is now open for a free expression of opinion from all interested in the subject, *pro* or *con*. Contributions from eminent educators and preachers are already provided, and all friends and opponents of these fraternities are requested to send their opinions to the editors of the *Cynosure* at 221 West Madison St., Chicago.

There is always a peculiar pleasure in reserving for the *Century* the last word in our comments upon the month's exchanges. The uniform excellence of its articles make it stand to us in the relation of a staunch friend, ever to be relied upon, and we turn to its richly illustrated pages with a feeling of confident anticipation. In the October

number the two papers of travel, "Out-of-the-Ways in High Savoy" and "An Artist's Letters from Japan," with their accompanying bits of foreign scenery, prove very attractive to the reader of leisurely inclination, while the lingering touches of anecdote and description in the final instalment of Joseph Jefferson's autobiography must make all regret that the end has come. The sixth and last paper on "The Women of the French Salons," treating of the salons of the eighteenth century, maintains the unflagging interest which has characterized the series from the beginning. We are glad that Mrs. Mason's success in these papers has led her to promise a supplementary one on Mesdames Roland and DeStael. In addition to these articles the *Century* contains many others on widely different subjects, calculated to meet the various moods of various readers.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Recollections of General Grant," by George W. Childs, is a tiny little pamphlet published by the Collins Printing House, Philadelphia. As its title suggests, the book is a collection of reminiscences, all simply and naturally told, and all illustrating what Mr. Childs speaks of as the three qualities most conspicuously revealed in General Grant's life—justice, kindness, and firmness.

"Among the Moths and Butterflies," by Julia P. Ballard, is a tastily bound, broad margined book, whose vivacious descriptions of insect life, together with the accompanying illustrations, cannot fail to interest the young people for whose benefit they are intended. The book is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

From the same company we have also received a small volume entitled "Dust and Its Dangers," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D. This is written with the practical object of impressing upon people the dangers of dust-laden air, and of informing them how these dangers may be avoided.

From the Prang Educational Company, New York, we have received a little pamphlet on "Instruction in Drawing in Primary and Intermediate Schools in Europe and America." It is a translation of a critical review of the Prang Course in Form Study and Drawing, by Dr. Arnold Dodel, of the University of Zurich, and contains an introduction by Lewis Prang giving a brief account of the development of the course.

From the Bureau of Education, Washington, we acknowledge the receipt of "The History of Education in Alabama, 1702-1889," by Willis G. Clark, "The History of Federal and State Aid to Higher Education in the United States," by Frank W. Blackman, Ph.D., and "English-Eskimo and Eskimo-English Vocabularies," compiled by Ensign Roger Wells, Jr., U. S. N., and interpreter John W. Kelly, and preceded by a most interesting "Memoranda concerning the Arctic Eskimos in Alaska and Siberia," by John W. Kelly. The two first-named works are in the series of "Contributions to American Educational History," edited by Herbert B. Adams.

We have received from the Department of State, Washington, the "Reports and Recommendations of the International American Conference" "concerning Treaties for the Protection of Patents and Trade-Marks," "concerning Sanitary and Quarantine Regulations in Commerce with the American Republics," "concerning an Uniform System of Weights and Measures," and "on Customs Regulations;" also the "Message of the President of the United States and Letter of the Secretary of State submitting the Recommendations of the International American Conference."

All readers of "Looking Backward" will be interested in the forth-coming book announced by the Albany Book Company, entitled, "Looking Further Backward," by Arthur Dudley Vinton, the ex-managing Editor of the

North American Review. This story is both an answer to and a continuation of Edward Bellamy's famous novel, and as such it is sure to meet with a wide-reading, even if it does not receive the praise prophesied for it by those who have read it in manuscript.

May the editor be allowed the informality of a post-script? The unfortunate delay of the MISCELLANY causes the Exchange Notes and Book Notices to be so sadly behind the times, that we cannot let them go to press without an apology. Had time permitted, they should have been re-written, up to date—and would that time *had* permitted, for then we should be spared the humiliation of offering a few paltry remarks on the early-comers, when scores of other magazines and several new books are ready and waiting to be mentioned. But enough of apologies, for this month!

The Vassar Miscellany.

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No. 2.

RAIN IN CALIFORNIA.

Why is it, I wonder, that the poet always speaks of the spring rains as joyous? They can never have lived in California, for there is nothing so dreary in that country as a Spring rain. One reason perhaps is that there nature is not "just awakening from her long sleep," but has been wide awake and busy for many months, and is now about ready to go to sleep for the summer, and leave the bare, brown hills to take care of themselves. The Spring rain is really a chilly, ill-natured visitor, that could not "laugh" if it tried. It does not come in little quick showers, that have barely time to reach the earth before the sun calls them back; there is a great deal of sulking and fussing among the clouds, as though each were trying to make the other go down first, then a few unwilling drops fall, others follow faster and faster, thicker and thicker, till it seems as though we were at Lodore, and the water were coming down "all at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar."

We do not as a rule have rain in Summer, but now and then Nature forgets herself, and sends us a good down-pour, to the great disgust of trustful campers and unprepared farmers. The storm makes quite a sensation and gets its name into the papers, then evidently decides that it has done its duty, and is seen no more.

Were the poets to put Spring for Autumn and Autumn for Spring, their descriptions would be much truer, when applied to California. There the Autumn rains do not "sob against the panes," but jump on them, thump them, kick them, in a jolly, small-boy fashion, apparently enjoying life immensely. They rap on the ground, and up leap thousands of tiny green blades to meet them. The lazy brooks and rivers are roused, and hurry along in such excitement that they sometimes forget their old course, and lose their way. Best of all, when night comes, the rain thunders down on the slanting roof above your head, with a sound more soothing than a lullaby. They can be very mischievous, these Autumn and Winter rains, and often the farmers are inclined to echo the Scotchman's prayer, "Dinna send it down kerslosh, O Lord, but drizzly-drozzly."

We must forgive the Spring rains for the sake of their dear, noisy Autumn brothers. Perhaps, after all, they have "Spring feelings," just like the rest of us, and cannot help being a little disagreeable. At any rate, Spring or Autumn, it is all the same good rain, that "falleth alike on the just and the unjust."

TOLD ON A SUMMER NIGHT.

We sat together, Whalley and I, on the balcony of our *pension* at St. Brelade's, Jersey, one summer evening. There was no moon, great clouds hung over the bay, whose curves were dimly outlined through the dusk; a few twinkling lights from St. Aubin's gleamed on the hillside at our left. Where the bay met the ocean, directly in front, a faint, lurid glow on the horizon seemed to outline the distant coast of France. Below in the *pension* drawing-room, some one was playing the Sonata Pathétique, and its chords mingled with the fitful gusts of wind which presaged a storm.

"Was there ever any other such music written?" I asked Whalley, after we had listened in silence for a long time.

Whalley knocked the ashes from his cigar, sat up, and leaning on the balcony rail gazed out over the bay.

"Perhaps Beethoven had heard it," he mused.

"Heard what?"

"The music that never was and never can be written."

"What do you mean?"

"Bert, shall I tell you a story?" Whalley asked, still in that low, dreamy tone. "I would not tell it to many fellows, but you are not like the rest. You remember the years I spent here and in England after we graduated?"

"Yes. I remember that no one heard anything of you in all that time."

"When I went abroad, I carried with me a letter of introduction to some English people who were old friends of Uncle Jim's. Their country house was in Lancashire, so on landing at Liverpool and finding myself near them, I determined to present myself there before going on to London. Accordingly, one June day found me driving through the Leigh estate, behind a neat cob and before a decorous 'tiger,' prepared to make my best bow at Leigh Hall.

"The Leighs received me with open arms,—that is, Harry Leigh did. I should have considered myself too fortunate if Miss Mary had honored me with such a greeting, and as for the rest of the family, there were no more. Harry and his twin sister were orphans, and for ten years had lived alone on the estate, with the old housekeeper who had brought them up. They were not fond of fashionable company, but something in me proved congenial to them, and my stay lengthened itself indefinitely, for between Harry Leigh and myself had sprung up one of those rare friendships which are as strong as they are sudden."

Whalley paused. A swallow whirled past us in the dim light. He followed it with his eyes till it vanished, then continued,—

“Leigh’s nature was a strange one. Deeply imaginative, dreamy, poetic, he had yet lost all belief in the world of spirit. Some freak of heredity had made him, with all his passionate capacity for faith, a skeptic. Doubt paralyzed him, for he was too weak to live without religion. It was a source of bitter grief to him, as it formed the only barrier between him and his sister, the centre of whose existence was in the spiritual. Bert, I have seen love, a mother’s love, a wife’s love, the love of a woman for the man she has chosen, but never have I known any love so yearning, so passionate, so strong and tender, as that of Mary Leigh for her twin brother.

Well, I must not be too long about my story. I had not been with the Leighs for two months, before Mary died—died suddenly, without an hour’s warning, of heart disease. You will not ask me to tell, indeed, I could not, of the awful depths of grief and despair through which her brother passed in those few days. He implored me not to leave him. As we stood together by the grave after the funeral crowd had gone, Leigh turned to me with the strangest look I have ever seen on any face.

‘Listen!’ he said.

For a moment we were as still as the grave at our feet.

‘Do you not hear it!’ Leigh whispered.

‘I hear nothing,’ said I.

‘There, it is gone. A strain of music, oh Whalley! of such music as no mortal ever heard before. Only a fragment though—what would it be if I could hear it all?’

‘Why, Leigh, come home with me. It is your nerves, old man,’ I said soothingly. I thought it a fancy of his. Heaven knows what it was.”

Again Whalley paused. The darkness was growing

deeper: the storm was rising fast. I could scarcely see his face.

"That night Harry heard the strain again. He was a thorough musician, and what seemed to agitate him most about the fugitive, vanishing melody that so haunted him, was its incompleteness. He could not reproduce it on violin or piano, and he could not finish it. Day after day it came to him. He would sit brooding for hours, trying to fix it in memory, trying to complete its harmony. When he was quite alone, he would take his violin and seem to draw out its very soul in his vain search for the enchanted strain.

"At length I became alarmed for his health and sanity, and asked advice of his family physician. The old doctor came and took up his abode at the Hall, that he might watch over Harry, for we both feared that his sister's death had unsettled his reason. Sometimes, when we three were walking in the woods on a bright autumn afternoon, he would stop suddenly and ask us to listen, listen! Could we not hear it? it was so clear! and we would strain our ears and hear nothing but the wind or a distant woodpecker.

"Finally the doctor told me that it was a clear case of monomania, and that Leigh must be taken from the scene of his great loss to spend the winter abroad. We came to Jersey. For a long time the music ceased to haunt him; he became stronger and more like himself. But one evening, an evening like this, with a storm coming on, as we were walking along the beach, Leigh had been talking to me in his old way, about the impossibility of believing in a world above and beyond the present. He had said but little on these subjects since his sister's death, but that night all the old questions seemed to have revived in his mind.

"Suddenly he paused, and I could see that familiar listening, yearning look come over his face. The music had come again, more distinctly than ever before.

"Well, there is little more to tell. From that night Leigh failed rapidly, and at length there came a day when the physician said his life was all but over. As I sat by his side that evening, he asked me to lift him that he might look at the moon-lit bay. I heard him whisper, 'If I could only have heard it all, have finished that strain! Shall I ever, Whalley, shall I ever?'"

"I laid him back, and as his eyes closed, a look of rest and satisfied longing came upon him. Then faint and far, far off, I seemed to catch a strain of music, and I knew that the harmony was complete."

The deep voice ceased. The storm had passed over without breaking, and the moon shone out from the clouds and made of the rocks and bay a vision of peace.

GUIDO'S MADONNA.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

Shut in

By midnight darkness, lo! a maiden kneels:
From out far heaven, a white light softly steals
To touch her face, that face unmarred by sin.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!" Within
Her eyes are deeps of holy calm.

No warning din

Of coming troubles breaks the hush of night.

She only knows the Lord of Hosts hath said
The Lord hath bowed Him to her low estate.

Though darkness dim her eye, in Him is light.

Upon her head His blessing hand is laid;

Enough for her to trust in Him and wait.

'93.

SAMSON.

Never had a man a better opportunity to be a hero than had Samson. A judge of Israel, divinely appointed for a certain work, and divinely gifted with a strength for the performance of that work, his life out-look promised

everything that was great and noble. But heroism depends, not alone upon circumstances, but upon the spirit within, and the soul of Samson was not heroic. His life was to be not an epic, but a tragedy, for he possessed, not the necessary union of physical and moral power, but the fatal combination of great physical strength and great moral weakness.

Strength, in any form is attractive, and we cannot help being drawn to the mere brute force of Samson. We are stirred by an irrepressible thrill of admiration when the mighty slayer exults over his fallen foes: "With the jaw bone of an ass, heaps upon heaps, with the jaw bone of an ass have I slain a thousand men." Moreover, this feeling is increased by the element of the God-given in Samson's strength, which the writer of Judges keeps ever before us. "And the spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him," we are told, before each deed of prowess.

But in proportion as we admire Samson's physical strength, so much the more do we despise his moral weakness. Pitiably indeed, is the contrast between the two. The man who does not fear wild beasts, but rends lions as kids, is unable to control his own unruly passions. He who can vanquish the host of the Philistines by the might of his right arm cannot resist the wiles of a pleading woman, but is insensible alike to the sacredness of his Nazarite vow, and to the three-fold proof he has had of Delilah's base designs upon him. All the wonderful physical strength counts for naught when behind it is such feebleness of will power.

The weakness and littleness of Sampson's character is also seen in his failure to realize his divine mission in life. Knowing that he was purposed to do a certain definite work for his country, he yet was never stirred by any high ambition, and never acted save in accordance with the impulse of the moment. It is true that Samson, throughout his life, was an instrument in the hands of God: his

strength was God-given and it was to a great extent God-used. Nor can we be sure that, apparent failure though Samson's life was, it did not accomplish what was prophesied; for it is noticeable that Samson's work was not "to save Israel out of the hands of the Philistines," but "to begin to save Israel." Yet though Samson was an instrument of God, he was not a willing instrument: he had no sense of responsibility to God, no thought of co-operation with God; and for this reason he failed to accomplish, if not what was prophesied, certainly much that lay within his power. And for this same reason he himself failed to gain any spiritual food from the little he did accomplish. There is something strangely pathetic in the thought of a man, morally weak, of low and selfish aims, furthering the advancement of God's plan involuntarily or unintentionally, and not because of any all-absorbing desire to do the great, the right.

Samson fails to meet the requisites of a hero in his lack, not only of moral stamina, but also of moral beauty. There are few Old Testament characters in which we do not find some prophecy of the New Testament spirit of love. Joseph forgives and forgets the injury his brothers did him. David refuses to harm the enemy fallen into his power, and Saul in return forgives, for the time being, the outlaw whom he was pursuing. Moses, no less than Paul, wishes, in a triumph of self-sacrifice, that he could be accursed for the sake of his people. But in the character of Samson is no hint of this Christ-like spirit. Selfishness and revenge are his ruling motives. How shamelessly does he display his thirst for revenge! "As they did unto me, so have I done unto them," is his explanation of his reckless destruction of the Philistines. Samson, unlike David, is bitter against his enemies, not because they are God's enemies, but because they are his own enemies.

Samson's death was a fitting end for such a life. It was a grand epitome of his character. It makes a vivid

picture ;—the blind prisoner, with regained strength, pulling down the house upon himself and his three thousand enemies,—and it is one that arouses our mingled admiration, pity and contempt. We cannot help admiring the strong man, hurling ruin upon his tormentors and sharing it unflinchingly himself ; we cannot help pitying the blind man, weary of furnishing sport for those whose terror he so lately was, groping for the pillars that he might end his misery : and we cannot help despising the weak man, unable to endure the consequences of his own folly and sin, and showing in the last prayer and final act of his life only the desire for vengeance which was the key-note of his character.

MONTEREY.

Follow the road up hill and down hill through the sweet smelling pine woods till, almost without warning, it brings you face to face with the ocean, with only a strip of brown tar-weed and the tossed-up rocks between you and it. Make your way to these gray rocks, seamed and wrinkled by the ceaseless spray of ages, and climb along them till you come to a tiny strip of beach. Jump down upon this, find a seat on that broad ledge of rock above it, and give yourself up to the Great Ocean. Watch how the waves grow from tiny rounded hills to tall mountains, whose tops growing thinner and thinner, finally droop forward, and then the whole comes with a soft rush up the sloping sand, as far as the unyielding rocks will allow.

You call to mind all the images to which you have heard the sea likened, and try to make it resemble a dragon, a war-horse ; but in vain. It is like nothing in heaven above or in the earth beneath, it is simply the Great Sea, the “waters under the earth,” and therein lies half its mystery and charm.

It always seems incongruous to attribute to it our little human passions, and call it "fierce," "angry," "vengeful." The old Romans thus described their gods, and though they could not belittle the Divinity, they degraded their own souls. Those who measure the measureless sea by their own small weaknesses, and those who say, "Ah yes, it looks as though it were endless, but really there is another country beyond it," are shut out forever from the dim conception that it gives us of the Infinite.

But see, the tide is rising, and your little strip of beach is nearly covered. You run across it between two waves, and are soon on top of the gray rocks once more. You stop for a last look at "yon meeting of the sky and sea," then turn away with the waves still sounding in your ears, and the peace of the Great Ocean in your heart.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE TIMES OF OSSIAN.

FROM THE OSSIANIC POEMS.

"Ossian dall, an deigh na feinne." A feeble old man, blind and helpless, the last of a race of kings, dwelling in the desolate hall of his ancestors with no companion but Malvina, the betrothed of his dead son Oscar ; his only solace, his harp——this is Ossian.

Almost everything that we know about the man himself is gathered from his poems. Let us then look first at a few passages dealing with the poet's own life, and, afterwards, at some in which he pictures his countrymen.

The sadness, the impotence, the loneliness of his last years is shown in the following passages :

"But age is now on my tongue ; my soul has failed !
I hear at times the ghosts of bards and learn their pleasant song.
But memory fails on my mind. I hear the call of years !
They say, as they pass along, ' Why does Ossian sing ?
Soon shall he lie in the narrow house and no bard shall raise his fame !'
Roll on, ye dark-brown years : ye bring no joy in your course !
Let the tomb open to Ossian, for his strength has failed."

How the memory of the happy past, of his glorious youth, accentuates the present sorrow !

"Many a voice and many a harp in tuneful sound arose.
Of Fingal's noble deeds they sung ; of Fingal's noble race :
And sometimes on the lovely sound was heard the name of Ossian.
I often fought, and often won, in battles of the spear.
But blind, and tearful, and forlorn, I walk with little men !"

Again he says :

"Ossian, like a rock, came down. I exulted in the strength of the king.
Many were the deaths of my arm ! dismal the gleam of my sword !
My locks were not then so grey ; nor trembled my hands with age.
My eyes were not closed in darkness ; my feet failed not in the race !"

Here is the story of his happy love :

" Daughter of the hand of snow ! I was not so mournful and blind.
I was not so dark and forlorn when Everallin loved me !
Everallin with the dark-brown hair, the white-bosomed daughter of
Branno !
A thousand heroes sought the maid, she refused her love to a thousand !
The sons of the sword were despised : for graceful in her eyes was
Ossian !

Then come long years when Everallin, happy wife and
mother, welcomes home from the wars her warrior-bard
and brown-haired Oscar, their son. Then—

" ' Bring not, Carril,' I replied, ' bring not her memory to my mind.
My soul must melt at the remembrance. My eyes must have their tears.
Pale in the earth is she, the softly-blushing fair of my love !"

Here is mention of his son Oscar :

" O lay me, ye that see the light, near some rock of my hills !
Let the thick hazels be around, let the rustling oak be near.
Green be the place of my rest ; let the sound of the distant torrent be
heard.
Daughter of Toscar, take the harp, and raise the lovely song of Selma ;
That sleep may overtake my soul in the midst of joy ;
That the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty
Fingal.
Selma ! I behold thy towers, thy trees, thy shaded wall !
I see the heroes of Morven ; I hear the song of bards ;
Oscar lifts the sword of Cormalo ; a thousand youths admire its studded
thongs.
They look with wonder on my son : they admire the strength of his
arm.
They mark the joy of his father's eyes ; they long for an equal fame."

Then Oscar dies and " the heart of his father is sad."
He says :

" But lead me, O Malvina ! to the sound of my woods ; to the roar of
my mountain streams.
Let the chase be heard on Cona ; let me think on the days of other years.
And bring me the harp, O maid ! that I may touch it when the light of
my soul shall arise.
Be thou near, to learn the song ; future times shall hear of me !
The sons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona ;
And, looking up to the rocks, say, ' Here Ossian dwelt.' "

The spirit of the ancient Celts breathes in the poems of Ossian. We find here not only the characteristics which the Celts shared in common with their cousins, the Teutons, but also those peculiar qualities which have always differentiated them from all other nations.

In Ossian's time, the intellect of the Celtic people was as yet, scarcely awakened. They were still, as children, living among the great concrete facts of life and making no attempt to explain them. Even the tales of their bards are mere narratives of the wars and conquests of their ancestors. Yet, in Ossian, we can discern attempts to penetrate the mysteries of the universe. Examples of these speculations may be seen in his address to the sun.

“ Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ?

* * * * *

The oaks of the mountains fall : the mountains themselves decay with years ;

The ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven ;
But thou art forever the same ; rejoicing in the brightness of thy course.

* * * * *

But thou art perhaps, like me, for a season, thy years will have an end.
Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning,
Exult thee, O sun ! in the strength of thy youth !”

Passion—in the old sense, of strong feeling—this is the very groundwork of the Celtic character, as revealed in the Ossianic poems ; a passion for beauty, in all its forms, hence, for Nature so peculiarly beautiful in the Highlands ; a passion for war and the chase, for woman, for song.

So interwoven with the poems of Ossian is this intense love for Nature that, tear it away, and the whole web is destroyed. Here is one of the most beautiful descriptions :

“ Star of descending night ! fair is thy light in the west !

Thou liftest thy unshorn head from thy cloud ; thy steps are stately on thy hill.

What dost thou behold in the plain? The stormy winds are laid.
The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb
the distant rock.
The flies of evening are on their feeble wings; the hum of their course
is on the field.
What dost thou behold, fair light? But thou dost smile and depart.
The waves come with joy around thee: they bathe thy lovely hair.
Farewell, thou silent beam!"

The intense personal love of Nature is shown in the very language of the poems; "fair as a sunbeam;" "her voice like the summer wind;" "her face was heaven's bow in showers;" "Daura, fair as the moon on Fura; white as the driven snow; sweet as the breathing gale;" "the mountain-stream of battle;" "calm dew of the morning on the hill of roses; when the sun is faint on its side, and the lake is settled and blue in the vale."

Another instance:

"Hast thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky!
The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there,
The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads.
They see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with fear.
Rest, in thy shadowy cave, O sun! let thy return be in joy."

Expressions, similar to those above, may be found on every page.

The delight of the ancient Celts in war and the chase may be inferred from the fact that, in every one of the poems, one or the other plays a prominent part in the action. That they loved the sea and 'were sailors we learn from a number of passages like the following:

"We rushed, with joy, through the foam of the deep."

Love of woman—most of the poems contain love episodes which are among the most beautiful parts. Love of song? Why, the warrior's chief joy after the toils of battle and the chase was in the song of the bards and the maidens.

There is a certain delicacy of feeling which distinguishes the Celts from their ruder neighbors. In war, we have

the grandeur, the glory of victory, the shame of defeat rather than the description of the horrors. In feasts, the grosser element is entirely lost sight of. We have always the "feast of shells," the "roaring fire," the hall brilliant with "thousands of lights from the strangers' land," the songs, the joy! and this is all.

The Celts were swayed by passion almost uncontrolled by will. They were the creatures of impulse. Many instances could be cited of rash deeds of a moment, atoned for by years of regret. They were easily moved to joy, to sorrow, to anger, and to love. All this is the sign of a certain instability of character which might be called weakness.

The moral code of the Celts which we can gather from these poems is exceedingly simple. A maid should be modest and pure. Husband and wife should be loving and faithful. The warrior should be ready to fight, to the death, if need be, for king and home and dear ones. Yet he should never strike the fallen foe, never injure the weak, the aged, and never lift his hand against a woman.

"Be thou, in battle, a roaring storm: mild as the evening sun in peace!"

The Celts believed in the immortality of the soul—a strange, lifeless sort of immortality. They believed that the spirits of the dead rode on the clouds, "on the wings of the roaring winds;" that they visited their friends, in dreams and in waking moments, to warn them of some great danger, often as an omen of death. Sometimes they looked to spirits for guidance. These are described as pale, bloodless, transparent, clad in robes of mist and always unhappy.

The direct references to religious worship are few in number. The place of worship is always described as a lonely heath, or hill, with rocks and groves around, and the "circle" or "circles of Loda, with the stone of power; where spirits descended by night, in dark-red

streams of fire." Of the form of worship, except that it was through the medium of fire, we know nothing.

There is mention of but one God, the "spirit of Loda," and it seems probable that he was the only one worshipped by them. Yet he is spoken of in almost contemptuous terms as being defeated in combat by Fingal, Ossian's father.

It has been said that, at this time, owing to the suppression of the Druids by the Romans, and before the Christian missionaries, the Celts were left without a religion. This would perhaps explain the very slight mention of religion in the Ossianic poems.

Throughout the poems of Ossian there breathes a certain monotonous sadness, even when he quotes the songs of other bards. We are led to conclude that this was a characteristic of the old Celts, due partly to the nature of their surroundings, and partly to their religion. The warrior going forth to battle expresses joy in war ; and yet he is always looking towards, and dreading the end. Not that he fears to die, but that life is sweet and death, unknown. His only comfort is that he may be buried according to the rite, and that his fame may come down to future generations.

In addition to the wild, stern character of the scenery of his native land, and the gloomy, hopeless character of his religion, may there not have been some internal reason for this sadness, some instinct inborn that the race was destined to flourish only to die ? Was Ossian prophetic when he said :

"Raise the song of mourning, O bards ! over the land of strangers.
They have but fallen before us ; for one day, we must fall."

* * * * *

"There, silent dwells a feeble race !
They mark no years with their deeds, as slow they pass along."

And again :

"They shall admire the chiefs of old, the race that are no more !
While we ride on our clouds, Malvina, on the wings of the roaring
winds.

Our voices shall be heard, at times, in the desert ; we shall sing on the
breeze of the rock."

THE BELLS.

"Church Square" is the name of a certain quiet corner in a great, noisy city. On three sides of the quadrangular space are rows of common-place, red brick houses with well-trimmed grass-plots in front of them. In the centre is a little fountain surrounded by a few trees, benches and flower-beds. On the fourth side stands the great stone church, slender-spired and covered with creeping ivy.

A shabby, brown cottage nestles close to it and this is Nat's home. Nat is the hero of this story although he is only a little boy. He is not like other boys, for he cannot run about and play much, or even go to school, because there is "something wrong with his back," the doctor says. Then, too, all the eight years of his life have been spent in the shadow of the great, stone church, so he knows very little of the great world beyond "the Square."

Still, he has a little world of his own and is very happy in it. First of all, there is the sunshine, the beautiful, golden sunshine, which he regards as a special gift of Providence to him. But his greatest joy is his bells. Oh his dear, dear bells! How he does love them! They live high up in the belfry, at the very top of the church. Many a time as he sits on the steps thinking, he has wondered about them. "What are they really? And what makes them sing?"

One day he thought he had found this out. It was in the early spring when he first began to be out of doors, when he noticed beautiful white birds fluttering in and out of the belfry. Perhaps—surely—these were the spirits of the bells. Nat had heard the good rector talk about "spirits" and somehow he always thought of them as doves. After that he would sit watching the birds for hours at a time.

Nat loves all of his many bells, but one, a deep-voiced bell, is especially dear to him. "He must be very, very

old," thought the child, "and very wise." Every morning at six o'clock his old friend would waken him with his solemn "Good — morn — ing ! — Good — morn — ing !" Then, when the sun stood high in the heavens, he would call out to the busy city, "Rest—Rest—Rest !" twelve times, for Nat counted. And at sunset the warning would come—"Good—night—Good—night !" and then Nat always knew that it was his bedtime.

But all this is about Nat's bells ; now I must tell you about Nat himself, and about some things which happened in his past life.

Old Anthony the sexton, Nat's father, did not understand him. In the first place he had always a hard feeling towards him because his little, feeble life had cost his mother's. Then the boy's slow, quiet ways and great dreamy eyes irritated the quick, practical old sexton. He wished his son to be more like other boys. He was angered, too, because some people, in speaking of Nat, tapped their foreheads significantly and said he was "lacking." Stupid people these were, but Anthony partially believed them, because he could not penetrate into the mysteries of the child's dream-world. He was not unkind to Nat but he lavished all his affection on his daughter Daisy.

Perhaps this was because she was more like what her mother had been—a bright-eyed, saucy girl, always laughing and tossing her curls. She tyrannized over her father and, in her own light-hearted, careless way, was very fond of her little brother, who clung to her with almost idolatrous affection and babyish dependence.

There came a day in Nat's life which he never forgot. It was the day before Christmas, his seventh Christmas. All the afternoon he had been in the church, listening to the Christmas music which the choir was practicing for the next day. At dusk he crept home. The house was unusually still. He softly opened the sitting room door. In the fire-light he saw his father in the big chair, and the

rector leaning against the mantel. They did not notice Nat, who came in and sat down in his little chair without speaking. The rector was talking in a low tone to Nat's father, who did not seem to hear, Nat thought. Suddenly, however, he half rose, grasping the arm of his chair, and then sank back, muttering fiercely; "No, no! It is not true, I tell you!" At last the rector went away looking very sad.

Nat, feeling instinctively that his father was in trouble, yet not daring to speak to him, went up and laid his hand softly in the old man's.

Anthony started, stared vacantly a moment, and then pushed him away, saying harshly: "She's not dead, I tell you! No! It's a lie!" Then his voice broke: "Daisy, child, come to me—ah—but she's gone—gone!" He paced the floor with uncertain steps. "Gone—and with him, that villain! He turned her head with his idle flattery! Curse him! My pretty, curly-headed Daisy." He sank back into his chair moaning, "and I loved her so, I loved her so!"

Nat cried, he scarcely knew why. He could not understand. Daisy had gone? But where? Surely she would come back. All unheeded in his corner, the child at last cried himself to sleep.

Old Anthony sat staring into the fire, mute and still from sheer exhaustion. But his heart was bitter against all the world. Suddenly he seemed to hear faint music. It came nearer and nearer—the sound of bells. They pealed forth gloriously: "Peace on earth, good will to men!" To him it was a message from Heaven. For the first time, hot tears rolled down his withered cheeks.

Suddenly Nat awoke, startled by the flashing of a light near him. He sprang up and followed his father, who went out of the house, carrying his lantern.

A moment in the clear frosty air, and then the sexton unlocked the church door and went in, and Nat still followed him, shivering with cold. The feeble path of light

cast by the lantern, only enhanced the blackness of the vast building. The shadows terrified Nat, but he went bravely, up the long nave, across the transept, where the great organ stood mute, like a dead thing; up to the chancel, past the choir, and then stopped, for his father had stopped, when the rays of the lantern fell on the golden cross of the altar. Slowly the old man sank on his knees, and bowed his head. The air was heavy with the fragrance of evergreen.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a faint sound of sobbing. In a moment the old man was by Nat's side, as he crouched in the choir. "Nathaniel!" "Oh, father, I'm so, so afraid," cried Nat, "I just came to—to—take care of—you—and it's—so—lonely—and—and—don't be angry—father!" For a moment Anthony gazed at the child with a strange expression on his face, then, "Let us—go home—child!" said he huskily, and gathered the boy up in his arms.

And as he passed out into the snowy street it seemed to him more than once, as if he heard bells. But there was silence up in the belfry. "Listen, father!" whispered Nat, "my bells. They are saying, the little ones, hear them? 'good-will-to-men! good-will-to-men!' And the big, deep one says, 'Peace! Peace!' And Anthony whispered to his heart, as he clasped his boy closer, 'Peace! Peace!'"

But the dark winter days which followed brought no peace to Anthony. He and Nat mourned together for their lost one. Sometimes Nat would creep away by himself, and stretch out his hands to the window, crying, "Oh, dear sunshine, dear sunshine, do come back to me! I haven't any sister now, and I can't hear my bells, and it's so lonely."

Then the sunshine came, and with it, the birds and flowers. Still peace did not come. When Nat sat on the steps and tried to watch his bells as before, the cruel sunshine burned him and made his head ache. Again

and again he asked the bells: "Dear bells, do, do tell me where my dear sister is." And the bells always answered: "Far-a-way! Far-a-way!" "But she will come back, won't she? Oh, do tell me!" But the bells only repeated, "Far-a-way! Far-a-way!" until he would lay his little curly head on his knees and cry bitterly.

The beautiful sunshine went away and the dreary autumn rains set in. "Everything is crying," thought Nat. Winter came and after a while little Nat grew very tired. He loved to lie in his father's arms and dream of the time when Daisy should come back.

At last he lay in his little bed all the time, yet could not sleep. He moaned wildly that the sunshine burned him, and called pitifully for Daisy to come and take it away. The doctor looked grave. "He must sleep," said he.

Old Anthony was sitting by the child's bed on Easter Eve. Nat lay there very still watching the last rays of the sun as they slanted across the wall. "Father," said he, quietly, "open the window a little, please, I want to hear my bells." The chimes were ringing for Lenten service. Nat sprang up excitedly: "Listen, oh listen, they are talking to me! They say, 'she is—com—ing! she is com—ing!' O father I must get well quick now before Daisy comes." "Yes, yes, child," old Anthony's voice shook, "and now you must sleep."

He lay down obediently, and slipped his hand into his father's. Anthony heard him murmuring the prayer which *she* had taught him:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me:
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light."

When the twilight shadows crept into the room, Anthony bent over the child. He was asleep and breathing peacefully.

The next morning the doctor smiled when he looked at the boy. "You must get well now, Nat," said he. "Yes, before Daisy comes," cried the child, and Anthony turned away sadly.

Then Nat lay contentedly watching the shadows on the darkened wall. One shadow came creeping along the wall, and paused at his bedside. He turned, smiling brightly: "I knew you would come, oh, I *knew* you were coming, Daisy!" he cried. "The bells told me and they always know." She cried softly as she knelt by his bed. "Oh Nat, I wasn't coming—for—I was so—so—wicked—I didn't dare—and—this morning—I was going to—oh I was going to—I don't know what. I'd prayed and it didn't do any good, and—then—I heard your bells, and somehow—they drew me on, and I followed the sound, and, against my will, they brought me home." "God be thanked," said Anthony brokenly. But Nat sat up and raised a warning finger. "Hush, the bells. What are they saying? Don't you hear them, Daisy?" "Yes, dear, it is that little hymn you love so. Listen, Nat!" Joyously the bells pealed out that Easter morning:

"The King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

* * * * *

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me."

M. E. R., '91.

Editors' Table.

When by her own unaided genius the editor has sustained the weight of a department, she takes a melancholy satisfaction in dwelling upon the details of her hardship and we have the familiar picture of the weary editor, the dismal sanctum and the midnight oil.

But when her coffers overflow with literary treasure, she assumes a "many are called but few are chosen" air, offers balm to the wounded pride of the would-be contributor, or warns the too presumptuous by displaying the wealth and variety of the material from which she must choose. She delights also to dwell upon the exactions of her own taste and that of the public, and especially upon the insatiate appetite of her waste basket for rejected manuscript.

When the spirit of reform is abroad and literary endeavor is the watchword of the hour, she comes forward and solicits contributions that she may not be placed in the same category with the Philalethean Society as one who has no regard for the "mute inglorious Miltons" of the earth. She declares that Miltons may no longer be inglorious if they will only cease to be mute, and furthermore, that contributors need not be Miltons in order to become glorious. *Poeta nascitur* was a most pernicious dogma of the period of literary apathy from which we have just emerged, not less potent in its influence than was the Aristotelian logic in the Middle Ages. We rest with some assurance, however, in the belief that the bondage in which it has held the human mind is forever at an end, and for evidence of this we shall consult anxiously and often the time-honored "box at the door of Room N, marked 'MISCELLANY.'"

Proverbs, epigrams, and such like bits of "crystallized wisdom," are too apt, perhaps, like real crystals, to be

brilliant rather than useful. Life teaches its lessons to each of us in a different way, and the aphorism which expresses the sum of one man's experience is not often valuable as a guide to others. But there is a certain little piece of good advice which contains the solution of nearly every perplexity and doubt that an ordinary life can encounter. It is the old motto, "Do the next thing."

Not that there may not come times in one's experience when it is hard to see what the "next thing" is—and times when it seems as though there were no "next" at all. But one of the unappreciated blessings of our college life is the fact that these times come so seldom to us as students. For us there is always a duty, a piece of definite work lying close at hand; we need not perplex ourselves with questions and moralizings while a practical task is given us to do.

Is it not because we have unconsciously learned the value of work, here in college, that it can be said of us, as was said by some one not long ago, "The college girl can do almost anything, but she cannot contentedly do nothing?" Certainly the alumna who looks back upon her college life with the most regretful longing, is the one who is doing nothing, and who misses the old, cheerful, busy atmosphere of daily work.

"When evil came into the world" says the dear old priest in Hardy's "But Yet a Woman," "work was added, not as a punishment, but as an antidote."

There is no greater happiness in the world than the having assigned to one each day a task that leaves no time for despondency or doubt. It is this that marks the difference between the healthy life of action, and the morbid, selfish life of thought.

When Vassar shall have grown old enough to have her time-honored customs, like those great English schools whose glory is their traditions, we predict that there will be none more appreciated or more rigidly adhered to

than the Waffle-Supper (capital W and S, if you please, Mr. Printer).

The Waffle season begins about the first of November and lasts through February. They are emphatically a winter delicacy and belong in the same category with pop-corn, candy pulls, and open fires.

Who can describe the charms of a Waffle Supper? Man is a social creature, and the Waffle Supper furnishes an excuse for the gathering together of a select company of kindred spirits. For true enjoyment such gatherings must be small, and no uncongenial element must be permitted to intrude.

We are seated at the table. The toast is passed (to occupy the time while the waffle-iron is heating.) "May your shadow never grow less" for the slender girl. "May the skin of a gooseberry always be large enough to cover the head of all your enemies" for the one greatly beloved of her companions. A spirit of jollity prevails. Talking shop is by common consent prohibited. All remarks such as "Oh, girls! have you looked at your history for Monday?" are hushed. "Eat, drink and be merry" is the motto of the evening; and however pernicious such a principle may be for a life-time, it is a very good one for a half an hour or so on Friday evening.

The informality of these entertainments is another of their charms. We are freed from all artificial restraints such as usually surround our intercourse with our kind. The American girl never likes to waste time over unnecessary forms. "Please" and "May I trouble you to" are circumlocutions seldom heard at a Waffle-Supper. Requests to pass butter, syrup, etc., are reduced to a single word, thereby saving much time.

But have we been waiting all this time for the hero of the feast? No, long ere this, the Waffles have arrived, crisp and brown, the circle accurately divided into four sectors, square depressions on one side, and hearts on the other. The syrup circulates freely, the flow of talk

subsides. And when we have eaten our fill (for none ever goes away hungry) we walk briskly home in the keen air, and settle down once more after our brief dissipation.

But not too often, oh, Vassar Girl! There may be satiety of Waffles as of other things. Waffles also have to be eaten with the sauce of hunger and the spice of variety. It was a wise Horace who added to the "*Dulce est desipere*," "*in loco*."

There is no charge brought against college life more keenly resented by college students than the oft repeated one, that it is narrowing in its influence. But is not our very alertness to this accusation, and our eagerness to oppose it, in itself a half confession that it may, after all, contain an element of truth? Instead of refuting the statement with an unreasoning vehemence which but goes to disprove our denial, is it not better, is it not broader, to face the subject squarely and see for ourselves just wherein the foundation of the charge may lie? Then, by discovering at the outset just what the dangers are that beset us, and by guarding ourselves against them, we can prove by our lives, as we could never do by our words, that the final result of College training is essentially broadening, not narrowing. That it is so we firmly maintain, and we base our conviction upon the knowledge of the noble lives lived by college bred women. Yet, while we hold this belief unshaken, we must, in honesty, acknowledge that there exists in college life as nowhere else, peculiar narrowing tendencies—tendencies to be struggled against throughout one's course. The very nature of student life constitutes one of these tendencies. Living as we do in a little world apart by ourselves—a little world, but one full of absorbing cares and pleasures—it is inevitable that we should be tempted to forget that we are still inhabitants of the greater, outside world; it is only natural that we should gradually lose more and more of our interest in matters

which do not immediately concern us. The reading-room, which, in accordance with the good resolutions that mark the opening of the College year, we begun by frequenting so faithfully, becomes more and more deserted. The outer world grows dim and far-away, we fail to keep in touch with it, and finally, in despair, we plunge ourselves wholly and unreservedly into this smaller, partial life, trusting recklessly that when the time comes for us to step out again into the rush of ordinary occupations we can resume, as a garment, our cast-off interest. This, truly, is a real danger of college life, and only by recognizing it as such, and by avoiding it as such, can we escape the narrowing of character which must result from the limitation of one's interests.

Again, the independence of student life is another possible source of narrowness. Nowhere does one stand so alone, in a certain sense, nowhere is one so independent, as in College. Each student here is to a great degree absolute master of self—subject, indeed, to certain modes of life, to certain fixed plans of work, but that is all. We are released from the obligations which must exist, more or less, in the family. It is true, we are bound, in their stead, by the obligations of friendship, but these, voluntarily assumed, and voluntarily rendered, are themselves but the expression of our independence. Now in all this may there not be great possibility of harm? Independence of character, which, in right degree, is the great merit of college life, is, when carried to an extreme, its greatest danger. For excessive independence leads necessarily to selfishness. The self-dependent man is too often the self-centered man. And as nothing is so narrowing as self-absorption, it follows that the narrowness which we all are so anxious to avoid may be the outcome of the independence which we seek as a virtue.

United to this independence is still another characteristic of college life tending to the same evil results—selfishness and narrowness. The object of a college

course is too often understood to be merely the getting of an education. We are sent here to acquire knowledge, to gain culture; with this thought impressed upon us we are apt to forget that we are to gain this education, not for selfish purposes, but only as a means to greater usefulness. The word "get" is a dangerous one. We are, indeed, to get much; it is our duty as students to seek much, but we are to obtain only that we may give. Giving, and not getting, is the final purpose of a college education, as it is of all life. Only a thorough realization of this principle can act as a safe-guard against the narrowing influences of College, but when once it is wholly received, and heartily acted upon, the same features of student life that before led to narrowness, turn to opportunities for the development of greater breadth of character.

HOME MATTERS.

Alpha gave her first play this year, in Room J., Friday evening, October 10th. By the title we were led to expect something in the zoölogical rather than the dramatic line. However, "A Box of Monkeys" proved highly dramatic and highly entertaining.

Miss Cooley, as "Sierra," was, for the time, a perfect representative of "the young lady from a small Western town," with an abundance of fascination, wit, energy and slang. Miss Allen, as "Ted," proved a worthy coadjutor to Sierra, and her instantaneous transformations from a nice young hero into the butler, and again, into a melodramatic villain, deserve great praise. Miss Applegate and Miss Ward, as "Lady Guinevere" and "Chauncey" were a capital take-off on so-called English aristocracy. Over all, as presiding angel and guardian, was Miss Curry, in the person of Mrs. Ondego Jhones.

The last tableau of the piece, "Bless you, my children!" was especially affecting. After the farce, actors and audi-

tors adjourned to Room I, for refreshments. For the whole entertainment, we can say heartily: "Bravo, Alpha!"

It seemed a long time before the door of Room A opened to admit an impatient crowd of girls, waiting to see the first Beta play, on Friday evening, October 10th.

At last, however, there was a rush for programmes and seats, and happy indeed was the possessor of a "reserved." The safely trapped mouse, whose abnormal tail curled gracefully to form the word Beta, told us at once that we were to see Mr. Howell's clever comedy, "The Mouse Trap."

Of course it was good; the chapter plays always are, and have a swing and enthusiasm about them that a more studied performance sometimes lacks.

The cast showed the names of many old favorites, but one wonders if Miss Halliday will ever again display her powers in anything higher than light comedy. Miss Robbins was a charming young widow, and the other parts gave us shining examples of the strong-minded Boston woman.

It came to an end all too soon, but we were consoled by an invitation to adjourn to Room B, where ice cream and cake were served, and where we spent a pleasant half hour, until most of us found our way up to "J," voting the evening a great success.

At the October meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, Miss Robinson addressed us on the subject of her work among the Indians in Indian Territory. There are at present 250,000 Indians scattered over the United States, principally in the west and northwest. These differ among each other as widely as the various nations of Europe. When the gold excitement broke out in Georgia and the Indians there were sent west, Miss Robinson's grandfather and other missionaries went there.

Her mother and father were also missionaries, and the former has translated the New Testament and a number of hymns into the Indian language.

Miss Robinson's special interest is centered in a school for Indian girls, where they are taught to be self-helpful in addition to their general educational instruction. The teachers share in the homely tasks of common life in order that these may not be considered menial. Past experience insures the present and future success of this school. The girls are apt pupils and, during the course, nearly all become Christians. A few do poorly, as in every institution, but the majority do very well.

Dr. E. Pick, the well-known authority on Memory, lectured before a highly appreciative audience, on Friday evening, October 17th, taking as his subject "Memory, and the Rational Means of Improving It." He began by explaining the Herbartian theory of memory, showing how, according to his conception, when two ideas are present in consciousness at the same time, the stronger will expel the weaker; while, if they are of equal strength, they will become blended into one. This blending Dr. Pick made the basis of remembrance, for if one of the original ideas recurs to the mind at any future time, it will recall the other idea, with which it has been blended. It is evident that the best means of strengthening one's memory of any idea is to strengthen, as much as possible, the impression which it makes upon the mind. To accomplish this, Dr. Pick suggested, first, that in memorizing, the attention should be concentrated on as few ideas as possible; and second, that these ideas should be compared one with another, as this process would tend to make them of equal strength, so that they would blend.

The rest of the lecture was occupied in giving us some interesting examples of the practical value of these principles. Our admiration at the apparent facility with which Dr. Pick's son memorized the figures covering the

blackboard was equalled by our subsequent astonishment at our own achievements, and we went away feeling that our memories were much better than we had ever suspected them of being.

The All Hallowe'en entertainment given by the Seniors to the Freshmen took the form this year of a cob-web party. '91, the good spider, lured unsuspecting '94 into the web she had spread in the gymnasium, and set her to work to free herself, sending her through the lockers, chasing her over the partitions, and fishing her out of the swimming tank. When the breathless little fly had at last reached the end of her strand, she looked around to find that the whole cobweb had disappeared, and the spider was waiting to dance with her. Girls, do you suppose '91 meant to intimate that if one attacked one's mental cobwebs strand by strand, one would find a prize at the end, when the cobweb had vanished? Perish the thought: nobody could point a moral on All Hallowe'en.

After the entrance of the music—a "string" band, out of compliment to the occasion—everyone "danced with the girl she liked best" till self-government remarked "Good-night" rather pointedly. '94 had prepared a very charming surprise in the shape of two clever little songs, which her glee club sang just before the party broke up.

Could anything more fully come up to one's ideal of Hallowe'en fun than a "ghost party"? The Sophomores certainly thought not, when they received an invitation from the Juniors to an entertainment of this delightfully mysterious kind. The spirit world was situated in the upper hall of the Gymnasium, and towards this dimly lighted Hades shadowy figures were to be seen gliding along with a peculiarity of gait that was certainly not of this world.

As each spirit presented itself at the door of the nether world, gorgeous green and yellow coated ushers, the

ghosts of '90's Howl, with a suggestion of the Senior auction about them, waved their blue and yellow ribboned staffs and solemnly announced to the company the name of the new comer.

Once inside, you were surrounded by a crowd of ghastly apparitions who stared at you unblushingly out of tiny holes in their expressionless white cloth faces, and addressed to you all sorts of impudent remarks in the most supernatural voices.

After the first greetings were over and every one had stared sufficiently at every one else, the banjo orchestra struck up a lively waltz and the spirits began to hop about in a very unghostly fashion. Wallenstein with unexampled condescension danced vigorously with "little Annie Rooney"; while John Endicott seemed delighted with "Phil. before," marvellously arrayed in ribbons and furbelows. The sober ghost of Delta listened attentively to the spirit of "old Hallowe'en jokes." "90's lantern shone admiringly upon "She's my Annie" and "I'm her Joe," who in turn were paying much attention to languishing Ophelias. And scholarly "Phil. after" distributed her 1991 programmes, making the spirits thankful that their life had been in the past rather than in the future.

After the grand march masks were removed and we had the satisfaction of finding out who were the ghosts with whom we had promenaded and danced and interchanged inane remarks.

We found the evening coming to an end only too soon, and when we were forced to trail our ghostly draperies towards the land of the living, it was with a satisfied feeling that this Hallowe'en had been most fittingly and delightfully celebrated.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Ninety-four has gone through the ceremony of class-organization promptly and systematically. Their elec-

tions for the first semester are as follows : President, Miss Mumford ; Vice-President, Miss Codman ; Secretary, Miss Bartlett ; Treasurer, Miss Slade.

The Sophomore and Freshman excursion to Mohonk took place October 18th. We are sure that the trip was considered as delightful, and the kindness of the anonymous benefactor as fully appreciated by this second company as by the first.

At the first meeting of Thekla this year, October 24th, the following programme was presented :

1. Impromptu, A flat.....*Schubert.*
MISS WIETHAN.
2. Aufschung.....*Schumann.*
MISS HAGGERTY.
3. Polonaise, Opus 175.....*Loeschhorn.*
MISS SANDERS.
4. Impromptu.....*Schubert.*
MISS MILLARD.
5. Rondo Capriccioso, Opus 14.....*Mendelssohn.*
MISS PELL.
6. Nocturne, G sharp....*Chopin.*
MISS HAIGHT.
7. Polonaise.....*Scharwenka.*
MISS LOCKWOOD.

On the evening of October 25th, Dr. Mills read the introduction to his thesis, "The French Revolution in San Domingo" before the Senior and Junior classes in History.

An unusually large number of students are studying for the degree of A. M., *in absentia*.

About three hundred new books have been added to the Library since the College opened.

The annual meeting of the Vassar Students' Aid Society was held in New York, October 25th. At the business meeting the following officers were elected : President, Mrs. J. R. Kendrick ; Vice-President, Professor

Abby Leach ; Secretary, Miss Alice Hayes, '81 ; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Starbuck-Mackay. Among the auditors were Prof. Mary Whitney and Miss Rachel Jacobs, '77. The public meeting was addressed by Dr. Taylor and Dr. Lyman Abbott. Professor Ely attended the meeting, and quite a large number of other Vassar graduates were present. The scholarships offered in different localities this year will amount to about \$1,000.

Dr. Taylor, Prof. Leach and Dr. Snyder, visited the Pompeian House, in Saratoga, November 1st.

Dr. and Fraülein Hinkel are in New York, where the latter is teaching German.

Dr. S. L. Caldwell, son of the late President Caldwell, has visited the College.

Services on October 19th and 28th were conducted by Dr. Francis Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals, at Harvard, and Bishop Dudley, of Louisville, Ky.

Died, October 26th, 1890, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Mrs. Fanny Raymond-Ritter, wife of Dr. Louis Ritter.

The College deeply regrets the loss of the wife of its esteemed Musical Director, and tenders him its earnest sympathy.

PERSONALS.

'68.

Died, at Winchester, Mass., October 17, Mrs. Clara Glover-Ginn.

'73.

Mrs. Helen Hiscock-Backus has an article in *Harper's Bazar*, of July 12th, entitled "Vassar at Twenty-five."

'79.

Miss Eleanor P. Clarke is teaching at Miss Brackett's school in New York.

'80.

Miss McFadden is giving private lessons near New York.

'81.

Miss F. M. Abbott has an article in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* for October 4th, on "What Becomes of the Graduates?"

'82.

Married, October 13, at Springfield, O., Miss Emily Warder to Mr. Percy Norton.

Married, May 22, Miss Estelle Bartlett to Mr. Samuel Anton Howard.

Married, September 18, at San Francisco, Cal., Miss Mary L. Harker to Mr. Oscoe Elmore Derby.

'84.

Married, June 18, at Kendallville, Indiana, Miss Lydia Annie Mitchell to Mr. Perry Creager.

'85.

Married, in April, 1890, Miss Anna B. Wheeler, of Chattanooga, Tenn., to Mr. Dickerson, of Hamlet, Ga.

Married, October 16, at Grand Rapids, Mich., Miss Grace Chubb to Mr. Archibald L. George.

Miss Stevens is now serving her term at the College Settlement in New York.

'87.

Miss Palmer is continuing her work under Dr. Elkin, of Yale.

'88.

Born, August 27, to Mrs. Mary Sheldon-Stephenson, a son.

Miss Underhill will catalogue until January in the Columbia College Library, N. Y.

Married, in Minneapolis, Miss Helen H. Corser to Mr. Austin L. Belknap, of Minneapolis.

Miss Anna E. Harvey, Collegiate Special in '88, is studying medicine in the New York Woman's Medical College.

Miss Margaret Hooker, Art Special in '90, is studying art in New York.

Miss Hattie C. Witt, a Collegiate Special of '90, is teaching in Belvidere, Ill.

Miss Florence Wilkinson has gone to Wellesley.

Miss G. B. King, formerly of '92, will spend the winter in Europe.

The following named *alumnæ* and former students have visited the College :

Miss Wheeler, '90; Mrs. Betty Woods-Beauchamp, of London, '85; Miss Margaret Pierson, '78; Miss Jane Denton, '70; Miss Hooker, Mrs. Alice Nelson-Smith, Miss Cornelia Raymond, Miss Florence Hills.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

Most of our attention this month has been given to the Literary monthlies. Indeed, they claim at all times perhaps an undue share of our interest, but just now, surely, we are justified in being a little partial to them. For the October issues are the first to greet us after the months of vacation—and who is not eager to welcome back old friends? They make a goodly array, these monthly exchanges, and we are proud, as well as glad, to see them once more. Do they not look like friends worth the having, ranged there on the table in their neat bindings—pretty, some of them—modest, others—quaint, still

others—but neat, one and all? Open them; you will find good reading in them. Some will prove better than others, for we own to a special liking to a certain few of the monthlies, as well as to a partiality to them all as a class. Guess, if you can, which are our favorites.

What first strikes us in the month's magazines is the amount of fiction they contain; what we next note is the unusual excellence of this fiction. Short stories, as a rule, do not constitute the forte of a college paper—nor is this to be wondered at. That it is much more difficult to write a good story, than a good essay, is acknowledged by everyone. Moreover, the kind of talent required for the story receives little opportunity for development in a college course, while that needed for the essay is encouraged on every side. So we are specially pleased to note the character of this month's fiction. Not that it is all good; by no means. But, as a whole, it is much above the average. Few of the stories are commonplace, either in plot or style, and several of them are characterized by considerable power and effectiveness of treatment. Among such may be mentioned "Pierre" in the *Harvard Monthly*, "Tantine" and "With what Measure Ye Mete" in the *Nassau Lit.* Very well written, and of well-sustained interest, is "A Dimpled Platonist," in the *Amherst Lit.*, while "What the Little Basket Saw," in the *Yale Lit.*, with its "Scene, Virginia; time, one hundred years ago," is undeniably charming. Inferior to these, but possessing some originality of thought and style are two in the *Williams Lit.*, "Whither it Listeth," and "Tabitha."

Another department of the college magazine is well represented in the month's exchanges—that of literary criticism. The *Yale Lit.* contains an appreciative article on the "Border Ballads of Scotlands." In the *Dartmouth Lit.* is a sketch of John Boyle O'Reilly's literary work. The *Nassau Lit.*, choosing a broad subject, gives us a long, careful article on "Literature and Life." In

"Individualism in Ibsen's Plays," in the *Harvard Monthly*, we have one of those critical essays, marked alike by clearness and strength, that are so characteristic of the magazine.

The *Nassau Lit.*, in its Contributors' Club and Editorial Department takes a broader outlook into the educational world than most college papers are apt to do. The mere titles of the articles contained in these departments prove this: "The Smaller College," "The Philistines in College," "University Freedom in England," "University Insignia." And in substance, no less than in subject, the articles are marked by breadth of view. The paper on "University Insignia" raises the old question of cap and gown, and advocates, in a calm, forcible way, the adoption by American institutions of some indication of scholastic rank.

We acknowledge the receipt this month of the "*Trinity Tablet*," of Hartford College, and of the "*Tiger*," the representative from Princeton corresponding to the *Harvard Lampoon*, and the *Yale Record*.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Looking Further Backward" has been lying for some time on the Sanctum Table. What shall we say of the book? It is, of course, an attack upon Mr. Bellamy's scheme of Nationalism, proving its weakness by a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*. The chapters are cast in the form of lectures, delivered in the year 2023 by Won Lung Li, professor of history at Shawmutt College, to the "American Barbarians," as he addresses them. The idea of the book is well carried out. Nationalistic America, with no knowledge of war, and with a government possessing no war powers, is attacked by China, the only nation, which, in "Looking Backward" retains the ancient forms of government and civilization. So complete is the dependence of the nation upon the national government, and so

helpless is this government, when once the routine of the national system is interrupted, that the subjugation of the United States is easily completed. American citizens are deported in large numbers, and Chinese imported; woman is speedily reduced to her proper station, and the whole country is transformed into a loyal Chinese province. Thus the story cannot fail to strike one as a laughable absurdity, but whether, granting "Looking Backward" as a premise, "Looking Further Backward" is not a logical conclusion, is the point on which critics will differ. Certain is it that Mr. Vinton has selected the real defects of Mr. Bellamy's scheme as basis for his novel—the lack of means of self-defense and the loss of individualism. The love incident of the book is even tamer than that of "Looking Backward," and adds little interest. As was announced last month, the book is by Arthur Dudley Vinton, and is published by the Albany Book Company.

"Fra Lippo Lippi," by Margaret Vere Farrington, comes to us in so dainty a get-up, with its blue and white binding, its heavy, wide-margined pages, its large type, and, most of all, its charming illustrations, that one cannot help being at once prepossessed in favor of a story so well attired. And further acquaintanceship proves that such first impressions are not misleading. The romance is thoroughly pleasing. The style is direct and simple and marked by a certain conciseness, a lack of detail, which reminds one of the few telling touches of the artist's brush. As a whole, the story is decidedly picturesque. The life of the gay Carmelite, the pleasure-loving monk, affords a good basis for romance, and under the author's graceful treatment, gives us a narrative of considerable charm.

The Knickerbocker Nuggets are no longer a novelty, but they are still as attractive as at the time of their first appearance. It is a great pleasure to look over the two latest volumes—"Love Poems of Three Centuries" compiled by Jessie F. O'Donnell. Nothing could be better

than the selection of the poems, and they seem especially adapted to the dainty binding of the Nugget Series. The above books are published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and are for sale by H. S. Acker, Poughkeepsie.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

VASSAR STUDENTS' AID SOCIETY.

The First Annual Meeting of the Society was held at Sherry's, Fifth Avenue and Thirty-seventh Street, New York, on Saturday, October 25th, 1890.

The meeting was called to order by the President, Mrs. G. A. Kendrick, who emphasized in a brief address the relation between the work of this society and the general movement of the day toward the wider extension of the higher education, and spoke of the enduring nature of its task.

The Secretary reported that the Society now numbers 17 life members and 374 annual members, including residents of Mexico, Germany, South America and India. Many encouraging letters had come from former students expressing sympathy with the objects of the Society and no little pleasure in being allowed to claim a place among the daughters of Vassar and in the opportunity for acknowledging their indebtedness for the benefits received at her hands. The work of securing new addresses had been continued through the generosity of a member who gave printed lists covering the years from 1865 to 1869. A non-graduate who received a copy of one of these wrote forty letters and obtained information in regard to seventeen former students, an incident which illustrates not only the amount of work involved in this search, but also the general willingness to help which has made possible the measure of success the Society has achieved.

In March, the state of the treasury warranted the announcement of a scholarship, to be awarded in June, 1890. As the Society represented widely separated sections of the country, it was deemed fairest to all to open as widely the competition for the scholarship. The late announcement prevented the majority of the applicants from adapting their preparation to the College requirements, and but two passed the examination unconditionally. Both are now in college, the second as the recipient of aid from the college.

The Treasurer reported a total of \$751.98 received since October, 1889, from 17 life-members \$425, from annual members \$326.98; cash paid for scholarships \$200; for printing, postage and sundries \$117.93, and a balance in treasury, including life-membership fees, of \$434.05.

The organization of a Minnesota branch at St. Paul, November 22, 1889, has been followed by the formation of branches in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Poughkeepsie, Orange, N. J., and Louisville, and the appointment of committees in other centres. These branches reported the details of their organization, their plans for extending their influence by the admission of associate members and by giving series of lectures; and made announcement of local scholarships as follows:

The Boston branch, to residents of localities represented by the branch, one of \$200 for competition in June, 1891. Application must be made to Mrs. Frank H. Monks, Monmouth St., Brookline, Mass.

Brooklyn branch, to residents of Long Island, one of \$100, tenable four years, to be awarded in June, 1891. Application should be made to Mrs. Charles O. Gates, 100 Greene Ave., Brooklyn.

Kentucky branch, to residents of the State, a scholarship, probably of \$400, for competition in June, 1891, application to be made to Mrs. Patty B. Semple, 1222 Fourth Ave., Louisville.

The New York and Poughkeepsie branches anticipate being soon able to announce one each for award in June.

The parent Society, also offers two scholarships, of \$200 each, for *general* competition in June, 1891 and 1892, respectively. Application must be made to Miss Jessie F. Smith, South Weymouth, Mass.

Application for these scholarships must be made *before May 10th*.

The balloting to fill the vacancies caused by the expiration of terms of office resulted in the election of Professor Abby Leach, Mrs. George H. Mackay, Professor Mary W. Whitney and Miss Rachel Jacobs.

Invitations to the public meeting had been sent to about five hundred friends of education and of Vassar. Dr. Mary Taylor Bissell presided. In a stimulating address, Dr. Taylor dwelt upon the advantages of the principle of coöperation in the bestowal of aid to students, and pointed out the importance of extending assistance to those who were willing to prove their capacity by entering a competitive examination and who showed their desire to be self-reliant in their willingness to accept these scholarships in the form of a loan.

Dr. Lyman Abbott described the number and value of the scholarships given by English colleges and the comparative insignificance in number and value of those given in America, and emphasized the necessity of an increase in their number for the sake of the substantial progress of American civilization, urging the nobility of the aims of this society.

After music by Miss Adèle Bliss, the meeting became informal.

For the very great success of this meeting, the society is indebted to the zeal of the committee of arrangements, Mrs. Lillie Pratt Babbott, Mrs. Laura Brownell Collier, Miss Madge Healy, Dr. Elizabeth S. Brown, Dr. Angenette Parry.

A social meeting of the Society will be held at Vassar in commencement week.

Members are reminded that the annual fee is now due.

ALICE HAYES, *Secretary.*

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 3, 1890.

A meeting of the Boston Branch was held at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Thursday, October 30th. Dr. Emma B. Culbertson presided. The promise of a lecture by Professor David G. Lyon, of Harvard, on *The State of Learning* 550 B. C., attracted the largest attendance in the history of the branch. This branch now numbers 41 regular members, and three associates. Twelve new associates were elected.

Kentucky Branch. A meeting of all former students residing in Louisville was called at 1222 Fourth Ave., October 14, 1890, for the purpose of organizing a Kentucky branch of the V. S. A. S.

Those present were Mrs. C. B. Robinson, Mrs. Amos McCampbell, Mrs. Hector Delany, Mrs. Rowan Boone, Mrs. Gilbert Shanklin, Mrs. Robert Newhouse, Mrs. Patty Semple, Miss Ellen C. Semple, Miss Patty Thum, Miss Mary D. Anderson, Miss Orrie Hatcher.

The committee on organization appointed last spring, reported about \$150 already pledged towards a scholarship. With this beginning, the branch was organized. Elections resulted in the choice of the following officers: Mrs. Patty B. Semple, President; Mrs. C. B. Robinson, Vice-President; Miss Mary D. Anderson, Secretary and Treasurer; Mrs. Rowan Boone and Miss Jennie D. McKee.

It is proposed to raise \$400 to be offered as a scholarship in January and completed for in June, 1891.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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'91.

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DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 3.

MADELEINE.

"Have you been to see Madeleine?" everybody asked us. "What! you have not been to see Madeleine? why, she is the nicest peasant in the Commune."

We had seen her at the fête; a girl of twenty, the maddest dancer, the happiest creature there, her big, blue eyes glowing and her lips parted in excitement. She had seized upon all the bystanders, unmindful of bashful resistance, and had pulled every man, woman and child after her through the monotonous, running Breton dances. Her laugh had rung above the squeaking of the *binion* until sundown and she had been the last to go home to milk and feed her cows.

So, one October afternoon, when the setting sun was painting the western sky and making the wet sands blush as the waves touched them lightly, we walked along the cliffs and over the moors to see Madeleine.

A row of gnarled trees bowed by the sea winds showed us the spot where her thatched cottage stood, and in the distance we discovered Madeleine herself working in the field with her brothers. She had kicked off her shabby sabots at the gate where we stumbled over them as we walked along. We were hidden, at first by the trees and then by a great cart of dried sea weed, but when Madeleine saw us drawing near, she dropped her heavy rake,

and shouted a cheery *Bon soir !* and then threw back her head with one of those big, generous laughs that make one love the laughter at once. She was glad to see us, had noticed us at the fête—oh, how tired she was that night when she reached home!—and was proud to receive a visit from us. These and many other expressions of her evidently sincere pleasure came tumbling pell-mell from her lips without a suspicion of self-consciousness or embarrassment. Her cheeks were ruddy from hard work and sudden excitement, her eyes danced, and good-will was written all over her face as she laughed again and again those hearty laughs which came for no reason at all except sheer good nature—and displayed the whitest teeth imaginable.

She wore no *coiffe* that day, but only her white *bonnet* drawn down close so that its edges projected like little roofs over her ears. She was a square, substantial figure as she stood there, her hands hidden in the folds of her dark blue skirt, and her ankles sunk in the soft seaweed which she had been spreading on the ground.

She urged us to come into the house with all the cordiality of the most gracious hostess. No, the work was not done, the work was never done, but it was time to milk the cows anyway. So she ran and slipped on her sabots, with their wisp of straw protruding in the back, and we walked together along the sunken lanes, where great branches drooped on either side and the boughs overhead were hung with blackberry vines; waded through the muddy yard and arrived at the cottage.

As we walked along, Madeleine told us about a new apron and a pretty silk handkerchief that had "come from Paris with a lady," as she said. So we wanted to see them, and her best gown, and her finest, embroidered *coiffes*. We went into the dark house and sat on the high, polished benches, on either side of the narrow table, and she spread out her treasures which were produced from a gigantic chest. It was an olive satin apron, and

if only we would come on a Sunday—some Sunday when it was her turn to go to high mass—we should see her wear it and her best black gown trimmed with bands of velvet. Her *coiffes* had not been ironed. Poor little wrinkled things they were, lying in a basket like dead birds. You would never have known how fresh and light they could be on the wing, their foolish little white tags flapping in the breeze.

That room, with its stone floor and one tiny window, contained Madeleine's bed and several other beds too, high up under the ceiling, with doors that slid together and closed them like cupboards. There was a large, low fire-place where black caldrons stood, and where Madeleine had made the great, round pancakes that were hanging on rods over our heads, waiting to be broken up into soup, and already brown from the smoke.

This was a fine house, for it had another room just like the first, with the addition of a spinning wheel in the corner that was humming and clicking as Madeleine's old mother drew the hemp from the spindle. She stopped her work to chat a little, in her odd French, then ran away to get an apronful of apples for us—the largest, finest fruit that the farm produced. From this room the door opened into the stable, for the cows and pigs do not live with the family in all the cottages in Brittany.

And now it was growing dark and already we had kept Madeleine from her work a long time. But she did not mind, not she! She could milk by candle light; she always had to on winter mornings for it was not yet light at four o'clock. We thought four o'clock rather early to get up, but she! why she could not possibly stay in bed later than that—then too, there was so much to do. "Of course it is different for you. Your breakfast is all ready for you when you want it, and you do not have to work. But I do not believe you are any happier than I am," she added, as that wholesome, merry laugh bubbled out again.

And as we strolled away in the dark and heard the moaning of the waves, we thought that Madeleine was right. '89.

ANOTHER VERSION OF "RED RIDING HOOD."

Gretchen tossed her pink, plump arms above her head, and sighed deeply, as she stood in the door-way. She looked out upon the green forest, stretching as far as she could see, with the sunlight sifting in golden showers through the leaves. She heard the song of a lark high in the air. A light breeze, bringing with it the freshness of the spring and the fragrance of violets and May-flowers, blew about her face, and lifted her hair. Still Gretchen was unhappy. Yes, for the whole world was having a good time out-of-doors, while she alone must stay in the house and work.

"Gretchen!" called a shrill voice from within.

"Yes, mother," she answered slowly without moving.

"Gretchen, Gretchen! Why dost thou not come when I call?" The housemother herself came to the door.

"Child, I have been thinking—we don't see much of the grandmother these days—perhaps she is sick. Let thy work go till to-morrow. A run through the forest will not harm thee. Take her my greeting and——"

"Ach, yes, yes, little mother!" And Gretchen's face was all sunshine again.

"—— and, take her the loaf of fresh cake which we made yesterday and a roll of butter."

"Yes, mother, yes!" and Gretchen began clattering up the rickety old stairs.

"Gretchen! Gretchen!—— and be sure to wear thy cloak and hood, for the air is still damp, and —— (don't interrupt me) hurry back, and do not stop on the way. There; that is all. Now go!"

A few moments later a red-cloaked little maiden, with a red cap on her yellow braids and a basket on her arm, was tripping gaily down the foot-path through the forest. As she went she gathered the wild flowers. "Grandmother will like them," thought she. After a time she grew a little tired, for it was a long walk. Walking more slowly she began to sing. Her happy voice rang out :

" Und ich muss es dir gestehen,
Meinen Liebsten fand ich dort,
's ist ein —— "

—— " junger schumcker Jäger."

A deep voice back among the trees finished the line.

Gretchen sprang back with a little shriek, and dropped her basket in dismay as the self-announced " Jäger " parted the bushes and stood before her bowing. The next moment, he had picked up her basket and stood holding it, while he said with a smile which showed all his white teeth :

" Good-morning, little Red Riding-Hood, and where art thou going?"

Gretchen's eyes grew big as saucers. " Oh," thought she, " what a ter-ri-ble man !" Indeed, his great beard alone was enough to alarm the poor child.

But she only tossed her head and said shortly :

" My name is *Gretchen*, and I'm going to my grandmother's, and I want my basket, please."

" Nay, but I am going that way too. So let me carry the basket, my fair little maid."

She turned away and glanced sidewise at the brilliant green and gold uniform of the Jäger. He was evidently one of those dre-e-e-adful soldiers, who had recently been stationed in the village. She looked hastily about for help, but no one was in sight. However, just in front of them was the fork in the path. With a sudden movement she caught her basket and fled swiftly down the nearest fork.

She heard the deep-toned "Ha! Ha! Ha!" of the Jäger as he turned down the other. "Thou takest the middle-path, Riding-Hood," he called after her," and I'll take the pin way. Auf wiedersehen."

Gretchen ran on with burning cheeks until she was completely exhausted. Then she sank down under a big tree crying. "The horrid beast! He's—he's—just like the wolf in the tale!" At last she went on again, starting at every rustle among the leaves and reached the grandmother's peaceful little vine-covered cottage in safety.

She lifted up the latch and went in. Near the window, and with its back to the door, stood the grandmother's big, stuffed easy-chair and over its top her cap was bobbing.

"Good-morning, grandmother," cried Gretchen loudly, (for the grandmother was very deaf), I've brought thee some fresh — o-o-o-o-O-O-O-h-h!"

Away the basket flew, and Gretchen retreated precipitately into a corner; for there in the grandmother's cap was the great bearded face of the "wolf" showing all his teeth.

"Oh, grandmother, what big eyes you've got!" said he mockingly. "'The better to see you with, my dear.' 'Oh, grandmother, what big ears, you've got!' 'The better to hear you with, my dear.' 'Oh grandmother—well—ahem!—'. 'The better to kiss you with, my dear.'"

And he went towards her.

"Where is my grandmother?" gasped poor Gretchen,

The wolf's face at once became grave. He divested himself of the old lady's cap and spectacles and laid them carefully upon the table. "There is her cap, there are her spectacles," he said in a solemn tone. "Dost thou expect to see more of her?"

An awful fear filled Gretchen's heart. *Could* it be possible—*had* he then really—really?" "Oh, grandmother, grandmother!" she wailed and dashed wildly through the

house. Every room was empty. No trace of her grandmother. The wolf was grinning quietly when she came back.

"Oh, what shall I do? whatever shall I do?" she sobbed.

"Don't cry, little girl, come now, don't cry!" He tried to put his arms around her and was rewarded by a sharp blow on the face. Gretchen covered her ears with her hands and screamed long and loudly until——

—— A loud barking was heard outside. The next moment the wolf found himself grappling with two huge mastiffs; and a short, bow-legged young man, with his arms akimbo, stood in the doorway and surveyed the scene, then gave a long whistle! "P-f-u-u-i-i-i-i!"

"Oh Hänschen, Hänschen!" cried the girl running up to him. He paid no attention to her, but, still preserving his pugnacious attitude, tramped up to the wolf and demanded;

"Who are you—huh? What you doing here—huh?"

"For mercy's sake, my good man, take away your dogs," growled the wolf, swearing fearfully.

Hänschen grinned broadly.

"They're tearing me to pieces, I say!" roared the wolf. "It's all right, fellow; I'm an officer in the Jägers; the old woman here's—thunder!——my old nurse—long ago. Just came to—to see her and—down, you brute, down!—just having a little—fun with the—lightning!—the girl. No harm. For pity's sake, take these beasts away!"

"Huh? So? A little fun—huh? Well, next time, just you look out how you take your fun with my girl." Hänschen brandished his fist in dangerous proximity to the wolf's eyes and then called off the dogs. "Before you go, where's the grandmother?"

"Fool! Idiot! Blockhead!" growled the wolf as he strode through the door, "go out into the cabbage-bed

and get a head for yourself!" And he slunk away in his now ragged uniform.

Hänschen stared after him open-mouthed, completely mystified by this last remark. Gretchen stood by the window, with her apron over her face, sobbing violently. Presently he sidled up to her.

"What's the matter, Gretchen—huh?"

"The dreadful—beast ate my—grandmother—all up! He said so!"

Hänschen looked alarmed "Did you look everywhere—huh?"

She nodded, "There isn't—anything—left of her—ooooO!—but her cap and—O O O O!—her spectacles!"

Hänschen walked up to the articles in question, and gravely contemplated them, with his hands thrust deep into his trousers' pockets. The case was a difficult one, "B-b-boooo-h-h-ooo!" from Gretchen.

"Come, now, Gretchen, don't you cry. Huh?" said Hans. But she didn't stop, and, moreover, turned her back upon him.

So he plucked up all his courage and, standing on tiptoe, boldly kissed her rosy—ear. "Come on, now, Gretchen, let's look again—huh?" said he. And they went out into the kitchen hand-in-hand.

Here Hänschen opened all the cupboards, peeped into the pantry, under the table, behind the chairs and even into the great oven. Still no grandmother.

The two stood and looked at each other in dismay. Suddenly an idea struck Hänschen and flashed across his face. He slapped his knee vigorously. "Come," said he, and they went out into the garden together. "Huh?" cried Hänschen triumphantly. The deaf old grandmother was peacefully weeding the cabbage-bed.

M. E. R., '91.



Decked with ivy and with holly.
Crowned the season's guest
I come bringing kindly greetings
And of cheer the best

Ah! I see the friendly winter
With a veil of snow
Has transformed to mark my coming
All the world below

Joyous chime out a welcome;
Near the mistle toe,
Childish voices sing their carols
Clear and sweet and low.

Though I bring the Magi's offerings
Myrrh and golden treasure,
May all Peace Goodwill and Joy
Prise in fuller measure.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A CHRISTMAS SHOP-WINDOW.

The day before Christmas had come and with it came the snow, falling thick and fast, whitening the streets and houses and covering the city with a spotless robe for the morrow.

In spite of the storm the streets were thronged with busy and merry Münchener hastening to and fro on their final Christmas errands. The shop windows had been filled with their most enticing wares; the bakeries and confectionery stores displayed marvels of the culinary art, cakes of a beauty and toothsome undreamed of by Americans while Marzipan in every conceivable form exhibited its irresistible sweetness to all passers-by. The candle-stick-maker and the butcher vied with the baker in the æsthetic arrangement of their windows. Indeed, he who has not visited Germany cannot conceive of the possibilities of the sausages, of its complexities, its colors, its infinite varieties. The masters of the sausage art had hung their windows with festoons of their delicacies. There were white sausages, yellow sausages, pale pink, brown, red and variegated sausages, tied with ribbon to match, and mosaic sausages rivaling in the richness of their tints the inlaid floors of Venice.

The markets, the toy-shops, in short, all the shops in Munich during Christmas week might furnish inspiration to painter, poet and musician alike as "things of beauty and joys forever."

Such were the pictures which greeted our eyes as we left the studio late in the afternoon and took our way down the Augustina Strasse. It had stopped snowing and the crisp, sparkling air seemed filled with the spirit

of the season. Frau Mamma and Herr Papa hurried by with beaming faces and after them trudged Dienst-männer and Mädchen bearing the Weihnacht Bäume which were to delight the hearts of the little ones.

As we crossed the street, attracted by the light from the window of a toy shop, Virginia pressed my arm. "Did you ever see so beautiful a Christmas! I half believe it began in this Deutschland, which seems to be its very home. But look, this must be Santa Claus's own store, all the treasures of Nuremberg are here."

It was truly a marvelous window, filled with the most wonderful toys, such as we had dreamed of when we sat before the fire-place at home and heard grandmother tell stories of the toy wonders of the quaint old city of the Pegnitz.

The window jutted out upon the street and we had stepped to one side by the door, when two children, poorly clad, came up to the front, and pressed their wistful faces against the glass. They were silent a moment, then the boy said,

"I don't believe it, Greta!"

"What dost thou not believe, Hänsel?"

"I don't believe there is any Christ Kindel, because if there is one why doesn't he come to thee and me as Heinrich said he would? Thou knowest, Greta, how we both tried all the past year to help the mother, and she said she was very proud of us. 'Aber das heilige Kindel kam nicht,'" and Hänsel's voice choked.

"He may come this year, dear Brother," Greta said softly, turning her blue eyes full of sympathy to her brother's sad little face. "Perhaps we did not try enough last year. The Father Heinrich told me only yesterday he had asked the blessed Virgin to send her child to remember me and thee, and I think he will not forget this Christmas."

"I do not believe it," Hänsel repeated almost sulkily. He remembers only rich children, he does not come to

the poor. But come, Greta, let us go away from the window, there is nothing for us in it."

"Hänsel!" Greta's face was filled with a new hope, "May be if we ask the selige Kindel, here, to come to us to-night, he will remember us." She glanced timidly up and down the street. There was no one in sight. She sank on her knees pulling her brother down beside her, and then with folded hands the two children reverently and pleadingly asked the Christ Child to come to them.

We could not hear their words, but when they rose and left the window, Virginia said "Amen!" then turning to me, she asked in a voice that trembled a little, "You know the children, shall the Christ Child come to them to-night?" We entered the shop without another word. The window was quickly stripped of its richest treasures by its astonished owner. On the way home we found some things that would please the mother and a huge sausage for the father.

Arrived at our *pension*, Karl, the little musician was taken into our counsel and we spent a merry evening transforming him into the village heilige Kindel. At nine o'clock we stole out of the house, laden with good things, and made our way through the streets to the court with its poor, low houses, which led to the studio. There was a light in the middle house and through the window we could see the Dienst-mann's family, as we had often seen them, gathered about their table eating a meager Abenbrod.

Karl threw off his coat and in his white robe which we had hurriedly made stood laden with his Christmas burdens, bare-headed before the door. The children had evidently heard a slight noise and almost before Virginia and I had hidden ourselves in the arched entrance way, the door was thrown open and a flood of light surrounded Carl like a halo. "Das Kindel, das heilige Kindel!" we heard Hänsel cry. And then something happened which made mist come before our eyes and our heads bow.

As Karl put down his bundles and stood a moment hesitatingly, father, mother and children knelt with a common impulse, in simple faith before him. The boy's face looked radiant and beautiful in the warm light, and very like the Christ child he seemed, as he involuntarily stretched out his hand and said, softly, "Gott segne euch!"

A gust of wind blew the door shut and before it was reopened Karl joined us, in the archway. Hand in hand we went out into the silent street and looking up to the myriads of stars, thanked God for His Christmas and for the light which had that day lead us to the little shop-window.

'92.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

[Ynglish as she was ytaught.]	[English as she is taught.]
With sentence balanced full neatly, And period rounded so completely, Will ever Freshman speke more swetely Ye Ynglish tonge?	Cease your quarrel with solecism, Leave all thought of barbarism, Banish all this pessimism To 'Kamschatka.'
Antitheses I wield with mighte In verbal contraste I delighte. Forsoothe, am I not semely hight Macaulay Redivivus?	Let us tell you of a story (Now we've left the hortatory) Nothing of an allegory, Nor from Kipling.
But now, ah me! her commen Ex- tension, With general concepts, their Inten- sion Is quite beyonde my Comprehension " As everie schoolboy knows."	Chapter One :—A search for themes; Love, war, socialistic schemes, Visions, phantasies and dreams Were in order.
Genus, differentia minde have vexed ; Exceptions a., b., c. come next. Fayre consolation in the text, ὁ βίος βραχύς.	Chapter Two :—We wove our plots; Knights and Ladies—Walter Scott's, To our pens resigned their lots For thirty minutes.
	Chapter Three :—When now Brete Hart Saw these <i>Condensed</i> Novels start Into being, his fair art He relinquished.

Editors' Table.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
Then let us all be merry."

So says an old song, and these old songs contain many wise sayings, therefore let us who are in pursuit of wisdom follow the exhortations contained therein, and flinging care and study, trouble and trial to the winds let us be merry indeed. What fitter season is there for merriment and rejoicing, for do we not celebrate the birthday of Him who came to save mankind from sin and sorrow? Verily, let us rejoice and be glad and strive that we may make others rejoice with us. Now is no time for quarrelling or ill feeling; no hard thoughts must mar the joy and beauty of our Christmas-tide. If we have quarreled with any of our good friends, if we have any hard or bitter feelings against any one, let us "have it out" and shake hands on it before going home to our Christmas. If any one has hurt or offended us and we think that any advances should come from her, let us nevertheless see if we have not enough of the Christmas spirit to show her that her advances will be met more than half way, or let us even make the approaches to peace and happiness ourselves. Let us not go away leaving any old scores unsettled, but rather have the slate wiped clean for a fresh start with the New Year, that no clouds which it were possible for us to sweep away may dim the brightness of our Christmas sky, and no uncomfortable thoughts of some one whom we might have made happier disturb the merriment of our Christmas day.

We go, most of us, to our different homes, into an atmosphere totally different from that in which we have lived for the past few months. The MISCELLANY has no right to offer advice here, but perhaps may be pardoned a

few words. May we all take care that we are not betrayed into selfishness by the joy of those at home over our home coming ; and their eagerness to do everything which may make us happy. Let us remember that the pleasure afforded by our presence merely is not all we owe them.

Those of us who stay here at college have perhaps more opportunity to exercise and develop the Christian virtues than those who leave—we think we have, any-how, as we watch those who are "homeward bound" start for the train. It does seem pretty hard at first to go back to the deserted rooms and echoing corridors—and we wish we, too, were going home. But fertile is the brain of the Vassar girl when entertainment is desired, and many are the festivities of Christmas week at Vassar. As for rest, what unlimited opportunities has she who stays at College, as compared with her who plunges into the mad whirl of home society !

To one and all, those who stay and those who go, the MISCELLANY offers its best wishes and hopes for the Christmas season, and the benediction which belongs particularly to this time, "Peace on earth, good will towards men."

"We are never tired, so long as we can see far enough." So speaks Emerson, the philosopher, suggesting a cure for weariness that is indeed novel, but one in whose efficacy none can disbelieve. "Are you tired?" Emerson would say,—*"Go to the hill-top."* Yes—go to the hill-top, and then let who can doubt the curative power of *"seeing far enough."* There is strange magic in the hill-top—pity that we do not make more use of it ! We students of Vassar are fortunate in living in a region not destitute of hills, where we may, at pleasure, take a half-hour's walk that will bring us to a look-off point whence we may gain a broad view, and the rest resulting from such a view. How often do we take this walk—a walk well

worth the taking, if only for its own sake? The ramble through fields and woods—the climbing of stone-walls—the lingering to pick the hardy little partridge-vines, whose bright berries defy the cold of winter—does not this alone bring a feeling of freedom and invigoration? But the walk is only secondary, when we seek the hill-top. At the end comes the slight ascent, with its widening view, and then the summit is reached. What a blessed consciousness of rest and peace steals over us as we behold the quiet stretch of the landscape, the protecting dome of the sky, the unbroken line of the horizon! Life seems fragmentary and distracting on low ground, because of the limitation of our vision; we see only in bits; the eye is constantly interrupted in its effort to look beyond: but from the summit of the hill we see everything in its entirety; overhead is the whole vault of the heavens; around us is the complete circle of the horizon;—what wonder that we gain a new sense of the completeness of life? Who can remember weariness in the presence of such calm, such majesty? “Self” seems now too petty to hold any place in our thoughts; we can think only of the wonder and beauty that lies about us. And in this very forgetting of self do we gain peace. Peace—this is the first gift of the hill-top, but it is followed by gradually deepening courage and inspiration. The power of the hill-top, moreover, to encourage and inspire, is not fleeting, but abiding. We must descend from the hill, but we do not leave behind its revelation of peace, and of completion, and of strength. We can never wholly lose the inspiration once gained from “seeing far enough.”

May not these words of Emerson's also have meaning for us in other than their literal signification? Communion with external beauty has indeed great power over the soul, yet, after all, there are times of discouragement, of heart weariness, when nature is insufficient. Is Emerson's statement, then, limited in its application? Not

if we interpret his words in the broadest sense. There is inner, as well as outward sight, and one who is in a state of spiritual exaltation, one whose soul-vision is broad, who beholds things in their true proportion, who can see, as it were, the unbroken horizon of life, with its purposes and its possibilities—such a one cannot know discouragement. Only to one whose standpoint is low, do trifles loom up like mountains. What are our Sundays, but days set apart for us to make ascent to that spiritual elevation from which we can gain a broad outlook—a view whose inspiration is to cheer and strengthen us for the six days when we live, for the most part, on lower ground? Ah, it is to the heights of life that we owe our power and our courage. Is it not always true, that “we are never tired, so long as we can see far enough?”

We often hear others question and perhaps are ourselves tempted to ask whether the studies which we are pursuing in college will be of any practical value to us or to others in the future. Within the last year a work has been started which may answer the question to the satisfaction of a few at least.

This is the New England Kitchen which has been established in Boston under the direction of Mrs. Mary H. Abel and Mrs. Ellen H. Richards of '70. In a report given by Mrs. Abel she states that their purpose has been to cook the “cheapest and most nutritious food materials by better methods than are commonly in use, and to sell the same at moderate prices for consumption at home.” With this in view they have applied scientific principles to all their work, to choosing their apparatus, selecting fuel and determining the length of time necessary for proper cooking.

The Kitchen was opened January 24, 1890. Some of the dishes which were offered for sale were beef broth, vegetable soup, pea soup, corn mush, cracked wheat, and

spiced beef. Since then other dishes have been added. One rule has been strictly carried out, that no food shall be presented for sale which is not nutritious. The customers of the Kitchen are people living in apartments who have neither the time nor the utensils for cooking at their own homes.

This is a step in the right direction and perhaps some who are at a loss how to utilize their college education may in this work find a suggestion.

What an epitome of one's college course is a pile of old note-books! Records of many an hour's hard work, they might well be set side by side with the "memorabil," which tells the history of former years of Friday nights and Saturdays. But the aroma of sentiment which hovers about the latter trophy is somehow absent from the tattered pile of note books, and seldom, we fancy, are they treated by departing Seniors with the respect they deserve.

Perhaps it is because they call up unpleasant memories,—and yet they were valuable possessions once. Here is our maiden effort at note-taking, its first pages written in the clear, careful hand of school-girl days, which grows more and more demoralized till at the end of the book it has become the "unmannerly scrawl" that has been the despair of our correspondents ever since. That was in the days when we were so deluded as to suppose it necessary to write down every sentence which fell from our instructor's lips, hence the degeneration in our penmanship.

In our Sophomore year, perhaps, we went to the opposite extreme, and were seized with a craze for abbreviations and short-hand devices. Consequently this neat-looking history note-book, so artistically decorated—by our own hand, if you please—with red ink, presents the appearance of having been written in an unknown tongue,

Here is a stained, scorched specimen, whose pages still exhale a faint odor of hydrogen sulphide. How many memories it recalls of long afternoons spent in the laboratory, spent in an atmosphere of that useful group, re-agents!

Well, they have had their day, these old note-books, and their hoards of valuable information are no longer necessary to our maturer minds. Truly, it is a melancholy and suggestive thought that is called up by the contemplation of them, storehouses of the vast amount of knowledge we have forgotten.

HOME MATTERS.

Knowing, that '91 excels in whatever she undertakes, '93 waited expectantly for the first glimpse of her parlor. Had we been Freshmen, our curiosity and excitement might perhaps have tempted us to steal a look behind the drapery that for so long hung before the opening and concealed the mysteries of the room; but, as such a course would have ill befitted the superior wisdom and prudence of Sophomores, we were totally unprepared for the beauty that was revealed to us on the afternoon of November 5th.

A parlor so exquisitely dainty and artistic, so delightfully inviting, was surely never seen.

The warm cheerfulness of the rose and gray, and the tempting window-seat with its pile of cushions, made us seem at home immediately, and it was with feelings of inexpressible pleasure and admiration that we replied to the cordial welcome extended to us by '91, through her glee-club. After the singing we were served to delicious tea in two of the neighboring rooms, and then returned for another glimpse of the parlor.

All too soon the supper bell summoned us back from this little ideal realm to the dull routine of everyday life; but we left the parlor with many lingering glances and

many wishes that '91 need never relinquish it to another class—at least, until our turn should come.

At the November meeting of the Y. W. C. A., Dr. D. C. Potter addressed us on the subject of the work that he is doing for the lower classes in New York. Dr. Potter is pastor of the Baptist church on Second Avenue, New York, and this church with two branches on East Sixth Street and East Twentieth Street, is the head of this movement and the center of the organization.

The aim of these churches is to reach and help the masses of people who are cut off by poverty and ignorance from Christianity and all society. The methods are practical, the work being done first of all through the church members themselves and secondly by means of various circles and societies, which hold services, raise money and furnish clothing, organize systems of circulating libraries, visit sick, and provide homes for a certain number of young men and women.

There is also a Summer "Home" for children, and in connection with it, an "Orphan Shelter."

Dr. Potter said that the need of this work could not be realized. In New York City are 21,600 tenement houses, with an average of fifteen families in each. These people for the most part have no sense of their needs, no home instinct, no ambitions. They are completely ostracized from other quarters and must be dealt with as people of another world. Their destructive influence cannot be estimated.

Various experiments have been tried, to remedy the evil, and it has been found that the one way to do so is through Churches and Gospel Halls. Woman's work is especially needed and especially successful.

Another proof of '93's generous spirit was shown in the management of her welcoming party to the Freshmen on November 14. Not only were the present members of the two younger classes in college there, as guests

or hostesses, but also any who expect to join either '93 or '94 later in the course.

Dr. and Mrs. Taylor, Miss Goodsell and the class presidents, Miss Cutting and Miss Mumford, received in the college parlors, which were decorated in the time honored "Rose and Gray" and '93's "White and Gold." Ninety-four had voted to have no distinctive class colors, but the profusion of pink carnations and the dainty programs plainly showed that she had a part in the festivities.

No suggestion of the formal every day parlors could be found in the prettily arranged rooms, where attractive tea-tables with pink and yellow shaded candelabra, added to the charm. Songs were sung by the class Glee Clubs; Miss Cutting spoke a few words of greeting to '94, and was thanked by Miss Mumford for such a hearty welcome to college.

The new students will long remember the evening made so enjoyable by their elder sisters, and how all too soon the Sophomore Glee Club sang a clever "Good-night," and '94's first and '93's last "Sophomore Party" was at an end.

For the first two lectures of the year, the College had the good fortune to secure the services of Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hopkins. On Friday evening, November 21st, he gave us an entertaining account of the American element in Greek life. Classical study to-day, he said, has passed beyond "the accomplishment stage," and has reached the point where it must be shown to have a living interest for the modern world. This aim Greek scholars are seeking to reach in various ways; among others, by studying ancient Greece through the Greece of the present day. But in no way can Greek life be made more real to us Americans than by recognizing our affinity as a race with the ancient Greeks themselves.

That this affinity exists is proved, Dr. Gildersleeve thinks, by the strong bent towards Greek study which is

shown by American scholars. Many elements in our national character find their counterpart in that of the Hellenic people. For instance, the disrespect of Aristophanes for the gods, which has so puzzled European critics, is exactly paralleled by the Yankee mixture of reverence and irreverence.

In their versatility, intellectual and moral, in the ease with which they assimilated foreign customs and ideas in their democratic spirit, in the practical wisdom which knows the value of money, and lastly, in their love of moralizing, the ancient Greeks were true Americans.

It is in the Attic orators, who give us such a clear picture of everyday life at Athens, and in the comic writers that we are able to trace this curious analogy most plainly. Especially is this true of Aristophanes, whose comedies show us the close correspondence of American individual traits and social peculiarities with those of the Greeks in his own time.

At the second lecture, on the morning of November 22d, Dr. Gildersleeve took as his subject "Sappho."

To get a clear conception of this greatest of Greek women we must first of all do away with the false ideas concerning woman's position in Greece; ideas gained principally from Euripides and Aristophanes, whose representations of the life of Greek women were gross caricatures. In the poetry of Greece, however, the women are all noble, cultured and queenly.

The Æolians, Sappho's people, were the most passionate and mobile of all Greek tribes. The island of Lesbos was the home of beauty and song, and so both race and land were well fitted to give birth to the world's greatest poetess.

Sappho was born at Mitylene, B. C. 620, and passed the best part of her life in Lesbos, as the center of a poetic school, and the friend of Alcaeus. The scattered fragments of her poetry that remain show her as a woman essentially feminine, loving flowers and dress, but withal

of a highstrung, intensely passionate nature and a most tender heart. There are only two poems of hers which exist in anything like a complete state, and these are untranslatable, for no English words can equal the Greek in fire and beauty.

Sappho composed many hymeneal songs, and shows by these her ability to enter into the spirit of human joy, as elsewhere she shows her sympathy with human sorrow. She had a true poet's love for nature, and birds were her especial favorites. In spite of the slanders that later Attic comedians heaped upon her, she has remained one of the few women whose charm is undying.

The sternest advocate of reform in the Philaethean Society could not have found it in her heart to frown upon the delightful frivolity of our first Hall Play, "The Private Secretary," given in Philaethean Hall on Saturday evening, November 22d. The play is not new to the Vassar stage, but it was new to the greater part of the audience, and its rendering, judged by the standard of college theatricals, left no room for adverse criticism.

Miss Ward, in the title rôle, proved herself well named "the inimitable," by her delicious drawl, and the unruffled composure with which she bore herself, accompanied by her "goods and chattels" through the most trying situations.

As Mr. Cattermole, "C-a-t" etc., Miss Stagg shared the honors of the evening with the Private Secretary. She achieved the feat, seldom successfully accomplished here, of completely losing her own personality in her part. We quite forgot that the harum scarum, irascible little old gentleman had no real existence off the stage.

Miss Lawrence and Miss Macauley were two charming heroines, and Miss Lawrence was especially captivating in the one love scene of the play. Miss Stearns, as the scapegrace nephew, "Douglas Cattermole," if perhaps a

little stiff at times, was capital in the "Paradise Lost" scene.

Miss Houston's rendering of Harry Marsland, though otherwise good, was somewhat marred by indistinct enunciation. As for the other actors, Miss Rickert, Miss Cooley and Miss Holbrook are most promising débutantes, while Miss Curry's dramatic reputation is too well established to call for comment on her performance.

Programmes and stage setting reflected glory upon the wit and artistic ability of her committee, as did the whole affair upon their management.

To those of us who remained at college, the Thanksgiving holidays were a delightful rest from our usual routine. On Thursday, the appearance of our old friends, crackers and apples, on the breakfast table served to remind us of the long interval until dinner, and the "Christian dollies" held a prominent place throughout the morning. Dinner came in due season and was served in the usual fashion, except that, in spite of the hopes expressed by the too-confident Glee Club, the festive pig did not help to adorn the board.

After dinner, President and Mrs. Taylor entertained the students in their parlors. We always have a pleasant time at Mrs. Taylor's, and this proved no exception. The melody we sang at dinner seemed to linger with us through the afternoon and carry us back to our childhood in our games. After the dancing, the Glee Club gave us several toasts and the day was ended except for the discussion of the results of "The Game."

The remaining days of the vacation were quiet and uneventful. Cream for breakfast and a cessation of college duties seemed to keep all in good spirits, while the disappearance of various groups and the savory odor in the corridors bespoke "spreads" and candy pulling. Saturday night came all too soon, although we were glad

to welcome back our friends and have a comfortable chat over the holidays.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Philalethea was celebrated on December 5th. Instead of procuring some celebrity from abroad to overpower us by his learning and eloquence, we chose rather to show our guests what we ourselves could do in the way of an entertainment, and the result was a concert by the Glee and Banjo Clubs.

The Chapel was beautifully decorated with smilax and palms. When the guests were seated, the two clubs came up the right aisle, preceded by Miss Lawrence, President of the Philalethean Society and Miss Florence Halliday, Leader of the Glee Club.

After Miss Lawrence's exceedingly charming and graceful address, the concert was opened by a "Song of Welcome." Among the selections which followed "Vassar — College" and the Medley seemed to be most appreciated by the audience, both being encored. "Italia," "The Gipsies" and the "Wiegenlied" were effectively rendered. The Banjo Club, under the leadership of Miss Cutting, proved to our college brothers (?) that "picking the strings," as an art, is not confined to the masculine persuasion. Dr. Ritter's exquisite "Song to the Twilight" was the closing number of a most enjoyable programme.

After the concert, the usual order of dancing and promenade was carried out. The reluctance of our guests to depart showed conclusively that the entertainment was a success. The committee did nobly, and deserve great credit for making Philalethean Day such an enjoyable event in our college year.

COLLEGE NOTES.

A new spectroscope has recently come for the Observatory.

A committee has been appointed to draw up a consti-

tution for the new chapter of the Philaethean Society, and it is hoped that the chapter will soon be at work.

A change is to be made in the gymnastics this year. Individual work is to be substituted for class work and each student is to exercise but three times a week.

Professor Van Ingen gave an illustrated lecture on "A Picture and its Component Parts," before the Long Island Historical Society, in Brooklyn, November 24.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has kindly furnished the means for the erection of a skating-rink. The building has been put up east of the lake and it is supposed that by means of it the number of skating days will be increased. Two years ago Mr. Rockefeller provided the means for the hydrants about the lake.

Among the new books which have been added to the Library since College opened are : "Social and Economic History of New England from 1620-1789," by Weedon, and a "History of Rome," by Duruy edited by J. P. Mahaffy. This latter is a beautiful book in sixteen volumes, containing more than a thousand illustrations and over a hundred maps and plans.

PERSONALS.

'73.

Mrs. Helen Hiscock-Backus has an interesting article in the October *University* on the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ.

'74.

At the meeting of the Congress of the Association for the advancement of Women, in Toronto, October 15-18, Mrs. Francis Fisher Wood read a paper on "Scientific Training for Mothers." The Toronto *Mail* said of it, "Mrs. Wood's paper was throughout, a model of clearness in thought, expression and delivery, and won hearty applause at its conclusion."

'78.

At the annual meeting of the Women's National Indian Association in Boston, November 19, Miss Marie E. Ives read a report of the Young People's Department.

Died, August 6, 1890, at Glencoe, Illinois, Martha Louise McLeish, daughter of Mrs. Martha Hillard-McLeish.

'79.

Miss S. E. Wentworth, is associated with Mrs. Ellen H. Richards in the management of the New England Kitchen, 142 Pleasant Street, Boston.

'81.

The article, "What are Our Graduates Doing," by Miss F. M. Abbott, has been extensively copied in papers.

'83.

Miss Mary G. Stevens is teaching in St. Paul, Minnesota.

'84.

Born, November 12, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, to Mrs. Justina Merrick-Hollister, a son.

'88.

Born, September 14, at Buffalo, New York, to Mrs. Marian Austin-Clark, a son.

'89.

Miss Emma K. Hunt is teaching in Paquet Institute at Short Hills, New Jersey.

Miss Hartwell sailed for Germany, November 26, to spend the winter.

Miss Frances Fitch of the Art Class of '89, is taking special work in Art in New York.

The following named alumnæ and former students have visited the College:

Miss Borgman, '90; Miss Edith Wheeler, '90; Miss Mace, '90; Miss Wetmore, '90; Miss L. S. King, '90;

Miss F. M. Clark, '90; Miss Start, '90; Miss M. E. Cochran, '90; Miss Thurston, '90; Miss Kelly, '90; Miss Hamilton, '90; Miss Sanders, '90; Miss Hartwell, '89; Miss Nellie Hill, '89; Miss Cornish, '89; Miss M. B. Baker, '89; Miss Newell, '86; Miss Evelyn Baldwin, '83; Mrs. Abby Hussey-Severance, '80; Miss Sophia Nichols, '79; Miss Wylie, '77; Miss Cushing, '74; Miss Brinkerhoff, Miss Temple, Miss Bridges, Miss Bradley.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

We have always admitted our partiality for those parts of our exchanges devoted to chat and reverie. And at this season of the year—the time of the first snows, of Christmas anticipations, is it any wonder that we cannot resist the impulse to linger over these departments of the Magazines? However good may be the essays and stories that occupy the front place, the position of honor, they are at best formal, and when under the spell of the first snow, who does not long for informality and sociability? So we seek the "Window-seat," in the *Amherst Lit.* to listen to the talk of its occupants. There is nothing remarkable said, perhaps, but we like the free and easy turn of the conversation. It is direct and hearty, and altogether, what we hear harmonizes well with our half-communicative, half-meditative mood. When silence falls upon the "Window-seat," we take our way to the *Yale Lit.* and turn over the leaves of its "Portfolio." "I like what Charles Lamb says about the Quakers." This is the sentence first to greet us. Could anything be more happy than a reminder of Charles Lamb on such a day as this—a gentle, snowy day, characterized by a half pathetic cheeriness very suggestive of our well-beloved Elia? Our thanks to the "Portfolio" for bringing the kindly writer to mind—or, we might better say, to heart. But well is it we had not thought of him before, else might a certain volume of essays be now absorbing our attention, to the neglect of our honored exchanges! What a delightful

editor Elia would have made, by the way! How charmingly would he have moralized! With what quaint kindness and humor would he have criticised! But, freeing our thoughts from Charles Lamb, we turn over the leaves of the Portfolio, with its simple comments on life and literature. On the second page is a bit of a sketch of Dante Gabriel Rossetti—very slight, of course, but appreciative, giving a suggestive insight into the character of the poet painter. Last in order comes a glimpse into the ancient literature of Wales. And we lay aside the "Portfolio." "Gossip" is the department in the *Nassau Lit.* corresponding to the "Window-Seat" and the "Portfolio." So for a while we indulge in gossip, which, assuredly, proves to be of a very harmless type. Following close upon "Gossip" comes the "Editor's Table," which starts out so attractively, with a familiar little poem, and some appropriate and rather original remarks on books—old and new—that we are impelled to tarry at the "Table." To be sure, the reverie on books but leads up to the exchange comments of the month, but these are presented in so pleasing a style, at once leisurely and thorough, that we feel in no hurry to leave them. On finishing them, we close the *Nassau Lit.*, but we are still loath to leave the cosy-corners of our magazines. We know, however, that our most sociable times are over. "By the Way," in the *Dartmouth Lit.*, opens with a little talk suggested by N. S. Shaler's paper appearing in *Scribners*, on "Nature and Man in North America." We have no fault to find with the subject, save that it is unfitted for a dreamy, idle mood. Much more suited to our humor is the next comer—a little study of Austin Dobson's verse, containing a few well-chosen quotations. "The Brown Study" of the *Brown Magazine* promises by its title to meet our desire, but alas! its promise is unfulfilled. We are sorry that the "Brown Study" has changed its character. If we remember rightly, it started

out last year on quite a different line from that now pursued—one more deserving of the name.

Next to what we have termed the cosy-corners of the magazines, do we enjoy the editorials. They are, as is only natural, marked by a much stronger personality than the contributed articles. Then, too, they give an insight into the life of the College that it is very pleasant to have. Editorials are tell-tale things. From them, more than from anything else, can one gain an idea of the distinguishing characteristics of the various colleges. To know whether a college inclines to athletics or to literature, one need look no further than the editorial pages. Such frankness, outspokenness is always likeable; hence we like editorials. Moreover, though they are not written for the benefit of outsiders, yet they often touch upon questions closely concerning all colleges. Such an editorial, for instance, as that in the *Amherst Lit.* on the perils of culture, can be read by all students with no little profit.

In another editorial the *Amherst Lit.* laments the over-attention given by the College to oratory. If its criticism be true, we congratulate the *Lit.* on so safely escaping certain evils often resulting from an excess of oratory, and devoting its pages to purely literary matter, as distinguished from oratorical. We wish that the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* would exercise the same care in this matter. Whether or not Hamilton College is suffering from too great devotion to oratory we do not know, but certain it is that the *Hamilton Lit.* is suffering grievously from an over-dose of prize orations.

The *Trinity Tablet* maintains an even standard of excellence. To one accustomed to the fluctuations of the average college paper, this is no slight thing. The special feature of the *Tablet* seems to be its verse, which is exceptionally good.

The poetry of the *Harvard Monthly* is of an unusual character. A month rarely passes in which it does not contain a poem of the style of "Antinovs," in the No-

vember number. They are almost invariably good, as well as unusual, and Antinovs is no exception in this respect. It is a poem marked by much power, both of conception and expression. Of a totally different character, but no less excellent, is "The Serf's Secret" in the same number. This is short, so we are tempted to quote it entire.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

It is that I would fainer be
The little page, on bended knee,
Who stoops to gather up her train
Beneath the porch-lamp's ruby rain
Than hold a realm in fee.

It is that in her scornful eye
Too hid for courtly sneer to spy,
I saw, one day, a look which said
That I, and only I, might shed
Love-light across her sky.

I know a secret, such a one
The hawthorn blossoms spider-spun,
The dew-damp daisies in the grass
Laugh up to greet me as I pass
To meet the upland sun.

Indignation is not always justifiable, but we think we have a right to be indignant at the carelessness of the *Dartmouth* in attributing to the MISCELLANY such a poem as is credited to our name in the last number under "Fruit of the Shears." There is a point beyond which carelessness is inexcusable.

The Christmas *Century*, as befits the season, is one affording unusual enjoyment. As always, its contents cover a wide range of subjects, but many of the subjects possess more than common interest. "Some views on Acting" by Tommaso Salvini, is especially interesting, coming as it does so soon after the completion of Joseph Jefferson's autobiography. Salvini's views, as expressed

in the article, are strong ones, strongly put, and will appeal to all lovers of the stage. Who is not glad to have him so forcibly oppose Coquelin's idea—that an actor should not feel, but only make believe to feel the emotion he is portraying? "I believe," says Salvini, "that every great actor ought to be, and is, moved by the emotion he portrays." And again: "It is, in a word, the power of feeling that makes the artist." Perhaps the strongest paper of the number is Lyman Abbott's article on the question "Can a Nation have a Religion?" Clear and direct in style, bold and convincing in argument, the paper is also, as the editor suggests in "Some Christmas Reflections," marked by a depth of Christian feeling which well warrants its place in a Christmas number. Of the large amount of fiction contained, perhaps the best stories are "Fourteen to One" by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, written in a strikingly graphic style, and "Sister Dolorosa," the first installment of a three part story by James Lane Allen. All who read the "White Owl" and "Two Gentlemen of Kentucky" will welcome another story from the pen that knows so well how to depict the un-American life of southern Kentucky. Other articles in the *Century*, of special interest are "Franklin in Allegory," and "The Record of Virtue; an Experiment in Moral Chemistry."

BOOK NOTICES.

"Gustavus Adolphus and the struggle of Protestantism for Existence" is one of the series, "Heroes of the Nations," now being published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. "Gustavus Adolphus" is by C. R. L. Fletcher, M. A., late fellow of All Soul's College, Oxford, and is a clear, simply written work based upon a careful study of one of the most interesting periods of history.

Another series in process of publishing by the same company is "The Story of the Nations." If we may

take "Switzerland," by Lina Hoy and Richard Stead as a fair representative, our criticism of the series would be favorable.

Another work connected with History which we have received is "Tabular Views of Universal History" compiled by G. P. Putnam, A. M., and continued to date by Lynds E. Jones. This, of course, is useful only as a book of reference, but as such it will be found most convenient in arrangement. All three books mentioned are for sale by H. S. Acker, Poughkeepsie.

From the Interstate Commerce Commission we have received the "Second Annual Report on the Statistics of Railways in the United States to the Interstate Commerce Commission for the year ending June 30, 1889," and from the Bureau of Education, Washington, "The Teaching and History of Mathematics in the United States," by Florian Cajori, M. S.

D. Appleton and Company, New York, have re-printed in pamphlet form the essay which appeared in the *Popular Science Monthly* for November, 1890, entitled "My Class in Geometry," by George Iles.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

46 EAST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK CITY, }
December 5, 1890.

The Ninth Annual Meeting of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ was held at Chicago, October 23rd and 24th, and at Evanston, October 25th. The Association was the guest of the Chicago Branch. There were both literary and social programmes. The visiting members were entertained most hospitably at the Chicago Women's Club, and the Fortnightly Club.

Among the papers read, those contributed by Vassar representatives were "The Endowment of Colleges," by Miss Alla W. Foster, of '72; "The European Fellowship," by Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, of '69, and "The Relation of College Women to Progress in Domestic Science," by Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of '70. The Association is to print Mrs. Richard's paper. The following is quoted from it:

. . . . "In all work for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, philanthropic and practical, there must be a basis of

knowledge of the laws and forces which science has discovered and harnessed for our use.

An example of this kind of work undertaken by college women may now be found in Boston. It is a little shop called the New England Kitchen—a college settlement of a somewhat novel sort—a place for the cooking and sale of certain typical foods. The cooking is done on scientific principles, and in sight of the customers, as an object lesson in methods and cleanliness. It is also a kind of household experiment station, where new apparatus may be tested and frank opinions expressed; a place to which many perplexed house-keepers bring their problems, to find comfort in their despair, if not relief in their trouble. The kitchen was started primarily in order to learn how the people really live, how they cook, what they buy ready cooked, and what peculiar tastes and prejudices they have. As a means of doing this it was determined to study the methods of cooking of two things—the cheaper cuts of beef and the cereals—and to offer for sale the results of the experiments, the proof of this pudding being the selling."

Certain facts from the Secretary's report are of special interest and should be carefully noted by the occasional member who thinks that the existence of the association is not justified. It is not generally known that the standard adopted by the A. C. A. has been accepted as authoritative by several schools and colleges, that its members are exempt from certain examinations at Oxford, England, and that educational authorities frequently seek its data.

Among the newly elected officers are: Mrs. Annie Howes-Barus, '74, and Mrs. Helen Hiscock-Backus, '73, vice-presidents, and Miss Alla W. Foster, '72, and Miss Eva Tappan, '75, state directors.

Miss Jenckes, of '84, and Miss Lowry, of '85, are spending the winter in New York. Miss Davis, of '85, has lately returned from Europe, where she passed two years.

Dr. Adele Cady, of '85, is a physician at the New York Infant Asylum.

Miss Newell, of '86 is teacher of Latin and Greek at Dana Hall, Morristown, New Jersey.

A new branch of the A. C. A. has been formed at Albany, and Miss Lida S. King, of '90, is its treasurer.

Mrs. Lizzie Williams-Champney, of '69, has just published her ninth book on "Vassar Girls."

Miss M. Evelyn Hakes, of '79, on account of illness, has resigned the presidency of the N. Y. A. C. A., and has been succeeded by Mrs. Mary Chumar-Trask, of '70.

In Evanston, Illinois, the ladies have started a co-operative kitchen, and Mrs. Katherine DeClercq Moore, of '69, is at the head of the movement.

Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, of '70, is the instigator of the New England

Kitchen scheme, and Miss Sarah E. Wentworth, of '79, is successfully managing the "kitchen" in Boston.

The energy of both graduates and undergraduates needs to be aroused in regard to the College Settlements' Association. The register and reports show a membership and an activity far below those of either Smith or Wellesley, the two colleges most heartily interested. Communications in regard to the Association may be addressed to Miss Vida D. Scudder, 250 Newbury Street, Boston, Massachusetts.

At the November meeting of the N. Y. A. C. A., Miss Maria P. Bruce, of '72, formerly teacher of elocution at Vassar, gave a talk on Toynbee Hall and the People's Palace, both of which she had visited during her trip in Europe.

The Womens' University Club has given two of its Saturday afternoon teas. These are largely attended and the number of friends that one is sure to meet at them, lessens the disappointment one feels in not meeting members at the Club oftener in the "between times." On the Friday after Thanksgiving the Club entertained, as its special guests, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the English actors. The membership has increased to seventy-five, of whom fifty have received degrees from Vassar.

The annual meeting of the New York Alumnæ promises to be exceptionally interesting this year, and even at this early date, is a subject of discussion and anticipation.

ELIZABETH RAE BURN HOY,
VASSAR, '87.

VASSAR STUDENTS' AID SOCIETY.

The following report was unavoidably delayed :

The committee on announcement of scholarships has issued between four and five hundred circulars, announcing the scholarship offered by the society for June, 1891.

Some one hundred of these have been sent to educational journals and to the representative daily and weekly publications of our larger cities, the rest to High and Preparatory schools, whose course of study includes Cicero and Latin prose composition.

Difficulty has been experienced in gaining full and accurate information regarding the character and work of such schools, and the committee would ask the co-operation of the members of the society in perfecting and adding to their list. To this end we request that any one knowing of schools or individuals to whom our announcement could with propriety be sent, would forward the address to the chairman of the committee.

JESSIE F. SMITH, *Chairman.*

SOUTH WEYMOUTH, Mass., Nov. 22, 1890.

On Nov. 1 the Vassar College Alumnæ Endowment Committee issued their financial statement and circular of appeal. Copies are given below :

Thirteen thousand dollars are needed to complete the Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund.

The committee, being given discretionary powers, depart this year from their usual practice of soliciting through class collectors.

Subscriptions are asked directly. Hopes of large returns are entertained, in gifts from all who honor the memory of Maria Mitchell.

MARIA MITCHELL ENDOWMENT FUND. 1880—1890.

Collected by Maria Mitchell, LL.D., now \$4,058.77,
to be paid in by Boston Branch Associate Alumnæ

Vassar College when amount reaches . . . \$5,000 00
1880—1886—Through Endowment Committee—

1. Special—From Classes,

Residue of Alumnæ Building Fund, . . .	\$1,301 31
'75—Incomplete Scholarship, . . .	228 16
'79— " " . . .	631 03
N. Y. Branch Assoc. Al. V. C., . . .	624 00
Mrs. Mary Thaw Thompson, '77. . .	500 00
Other sums, . . .	172 00

2. Regular—From Classes, (including many
former students, now graduates), . . .

6,216 93

3. Interest, 1,458 97

\$11,132 40

1886—1887—Through Endowment Committee—

Working for Physical Culture Fund.

1887—1888—Through Endowment Committee—

1. Special—

'79's Class Baby.	\$1,000 00
Lecture in Orange, N. J., (Dr. Backus), . . .	105 00
Mr. George Barnes,	50 00
Lecture in Brooklyn,	48 00
Through Miss Iddings,	25 00

2. Regular—From Classes, 2,903 00

\$4,131 00

1888—1889—Through Endowment Committee—

1. Special—

Memorial to Miss Harrison, '76, . . .	\$1,000 00
" Fortnightly Club," Chicago, . . .	458 00
" Woman's Club," Brooklyn, . . .	100 00
Mrs. Morgan L. Smith,	100 00
'88, when Seniors,	80 35

Alumnæ Department,

Mrs. W. L. Underwood, (through Observa-		
tory Committee),		\$25 00
2. Regular—From Classes,		1,904 06
3. Interest, ,		200 90
		<hr/>
		\$3,868 31
1889—Through Endowment Committee—		
1. Special—		
Collegiate School, Englewood, N. J., . . .		\$160 00
Mrs. Southworth,		100 00
Mr. Charles Pratt,		100 00
Mrs. Ginn,		50 00
Mrs. Hermann,		50 00
Dr. Elmendorf,		50 00
Minn. Students' Aid Society,		7 85
Other sums,		78 75
2. Regular—From Classes,		1,821 75
3. Interest to August 19,		884 90
		<hr/>
		\$3,303 25

SUMMARY.

Maria Mitchell, LL.D.,	\$5,000 00
Special Contributions,	1,679 60
Special Contributions from Students,	2,500 00
Interest,	2,544 77
Classes,	15,710 59
<hr/>	
Total Collections,	\$27,434 96
Contributed to Repairs on Observatory,	1,132 40
<hr/>	
Total to Fund,	\$26,302 56
To be raised,	13,697 44
<hr/>	
	\$40,000 00

"So we pull in slowly," wrote Maria Mitchell. She was reporting a generous subscription to the Vassar Observatory Endowment Fund. "So we pull in slowly," we echo, encouraged by the foregoing fair page. Generous subscriptions and successful investment are making good returns.

Yet much remains to be done.

Professor Mitchell's controlling desire was to see the astronomical department at Vassar rendered independent and self-supporting. Illness and death prevented her realizing this her dearest wish. Our determination is to complete this work begun by her; especially because we may so raise a fitting memorial to her. This is our inspiration.

Our fund is growing. Secure \$13,000 before June, and we shall have the MARIA MITCHELL ENDOWMENT FUND.

Treasurer, MISS M. H. PIERSON,

13 Hillyer Street, Orange, N. J.

NOVEMBER 1, 1890.

MY DEAR _____

Please send your subscription to the address given below. Kindly give your full name and your class.

Our financial statement will, we hope, explain itself. The total to the credit of the Maria Mitchell Fund is \$26,302.56. Something over \$10,000 has been collected since the present committee have served you. We are getting 8 per cent. annually on this latter sum. Add, now, a thousand dollars to the fund, and in a year it will have earned almost a hundred; for, through the generosity of friends to Maria Mitchell's memory, interest as it comes in is reinvested.

It is the hope of the committee that the accompanying circular may through you, reach other friends of Dr. Mitchell—outside our alumnæ—who will gladly avail themselves of an opportunity to subscribe to this memorial to her. The circular is prepared so that such use may be made of it. We can furnish you with other copies. We solicit correspondence with yourself and such other friends as we have mentioned if we can, in any way, further enlighten you or aid the work.

The Physical Culture Fund is embodied in a beautiful gymnasium. No other interesting object now diverts the alumna from the Maria Mitchell Endowment Fund. The Associated Alumnæ of Vassar College unite their efforts to complete this fund. We shall soon see what, so working, we can do.

Truly yours,

(MRS. H. C.) EMILY JORDAN FOLGER,

Chairman Endowment Committee,

546 Jefferson Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

The Endowment Committee—

MRS. H. C. FOLGER JR., '79.

MISS M. H. PIERSON, '78.

MISS F. B. TAYLOR, '82.

MISS L. L. IDDIGS, '89.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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'91.

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'92.

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VOL. XX.

JANUARY, 1891.

No. 4.

IBSEN.

When, in 1879, Ibsen published his "Doll's House," the storm of public opinion which had been gathering ever since the appearance of his first dramas, broke out in Scandinavia. Fast and furious rose the discussions, until the very social invitations given out in Stockholm were forced to bear the words, "You are requested not to mention Ibsen's Doll's House!" Two years later came "Ghosts" to strengthen the writer's influence, which still continues almost undiminished in his native country. But not in Norway did the poet's fame stop. In Germany, in England, in America, no less, have discussions been rife. In these countries, no less, has there been a popular craze on the subject of Ibsen's dramas—especially "The Doll's House." Because of this fact, because it has been the fashion to read Ibsen, to talk Ibsen, one hesitates to venture an opinion concerning him. So long as any author is the "craze," so long is it hard to guess what his position in literature will be, if, indeed, he is to hold a permanent position. Ibsen's name is on every one's lips, but whether it is fame or notoriety that he has gained, time alone will show. Reputation is often largely froth. Still, though no final decision can be reached by us who look at Ibsen's dramas from so near a standpoint, it is at least interesting to study them some-

what to discover what it is that caused them to leap into such meteor-like prominence, and whether they promise to keep their place in the literary firmament, or instead, to disappear, meteor-fashion, as they came.

What, then, has Ibsen written, of such startling moment, and is its significance really as deep as would appear? Ibsen, every one would answer, has written "*The Doll's House*." And in the "*Doll's House*" he treats of?—the marriage question. Yes, but the *Doll's House* is not all Ibsen has written, nor is marriage the only question he has touched—though through his treatment of it and of woman he has gained the name of "*The Woman's Poet*." "*Pillars of Society*," "*Ghosts*," "*Rosmerholm*," "*An Enemy of Society*," these and others are works of Ibsen, having little or nothing to do, some of them, with the subject of marriage, but dealing, one and all, with the great question of which marriage is but one phase—that of individualism in its relation to existing conditions of society. Ibsen's treatment of this question is simple. The individual in his view, is all; society is nothing. But more than this: to him, individual rights are opposed to social obligations. The individual loses, not gains, by social compact. In "*An Enemy of the People*" is found this statement—"The strongest man is he who stands most alone." This strikes the key-note of all his works. "Before all else I am a human being," says Nora, as she announces her intention to leave the *Doll's House*, her husband and her children. And in the statement she implies that, being before all else a human being, she is bound by obligations to no other human beings, but to herself alone. Wifehood, motherhood, these are but social relations, which if they hamper the individual, the individual not only has a right to ignore, but is bound to ignore. Here again is expressed the same idea of individualism, this time in relation to the State. "*The State*," says Ibsen, "is the curse of the individual. . . . The State must

go. That will be a revolution which will find me on its side. Undermine the idea of the State, set up in its place spontaneous action and the idea that spiritual relationship is the only thing that makes for unity and you will start the elements of a liberty which will be something worth possessing." Spiritual unity, indeed, we all desire no less than Ibsen. But so long as men are what they are, ruled by conflicting motives, spiritually at variance one with another, is it possible for there to be spontaneous action and complete spiritual union? Until the millenium comes and men are spiritually at one, there must exist, besides spiritual relationships, relationships political, religious, social. And these must exist, not only for the preservation in society, but also—and this is what Ibsen fails to see—for the preservation of the individual. Herein, it may be asserted, lies the fallacy of Ibsen's reasoning, the error which will go to prevent his works from being a permanent force in the world. It is not that he is too strong an advocate of individualism—we would not have him abate this doctrine one whit—but it is that he opposes two things not in opposition; that he regards as antagonistic two things, which, in reality, are mutually dependent; that he fails to see that society is not *against*, but *for* the individual. "The great question of the times," said Phillips Brooks in a recent sermon, "is Individualism or Socialism—The Individual or Society?" The only answer to the question is "The Individual *and* Society." This is a truth that Ibsen cannot grasp.

And because Ibsen misses this truth he is led to take an attitude which is not the attitude of a strong man. He becomes a destroyer, not a builder up. True, his eventual object is the establishing of the individual, but he leaves little time for that, with all society to be destroyed first: and, if he had the time, where could he find the space for building, in the midst of so much débris? "Pigmies can destroy, but it takes a great man to build," said Mirabeau. Does not Ibsen lose all claim

to true greatness, by joining the ranks of the destroyers? Too many of them there are already; builders are what the world needs. And Ibsen, we cannot help feeling, had he but turned his hand to building, might have proved a skillful architect. One can tell that from the way in which he pulls down. His are no feeble efforts to tear away a clapboard here and there. His are blows aimed at the very beams of the house, ringing blows, that resound through all the chambers. See what he says of the State again; how frankly he avows his destructive instinct: "I would gladly take part in a revolution to abolish the State, but feel no interest and have no faith in revolution which aims merely to reform it." This expresses his attitude towards all social systems, systems that are the result of centuries of development. They must be razed to the ground; "mere reformation" he will have none of. It is interesting, in this connection, to note a comparison Edmund Gosse draws between Björnson and Ibsen. "Björnson," he says "is a frank republican, opposed to kings and priests on principle, and ready to take a personal part in setting up a revolutionized form of government. To Ibsen all existing forms of government lie under suspicion, and the President of a Norse Republic delights not him. Björnson perceives certain absurdities in our existing code of sexual morality, and cheerfully proposes to modify manners. To Ibsen the whole conventional relation of the sexes is sinister and fraught with dangerous possibilities. Björnson is dissatisfied with certain conditions of Scandinavian Lutheranism; to Ibsen all the ethics of religion seem about to be arraigned before the bar of humanity. The younger poet wishes to sweep and garnish the house; the elder is questioning within himself whether it would not be best, as the Persian poet says,

' To grasp this very scheme of things entire,
... To shatter it to bits, and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire.' "

Is Ibsen, then, a Nihilist? Take his own words for answer: "My poem," he says, speaking of "Ghosts," "does not preach nihilism nor any other 'ism.' Indeed, it does not undertake to preach at all. It indicates that with us, as elsewhere, nihilistic ideas are working and worming under the surface. If true to modern life, it could not be otherwise." Nihilism, then, Ibsen disowns, yet he admits that his aim is to show nihilistic forces "working and worming under the surface." Is there so great a distinction? For it is noticeable that Ibsen not only shows the nihilistic forces that there are at work, but he shows these alone. No hint is there in all his writings of opposing forces, working for good and not for evil, for the edification of man, and not for his destruction.

This brings us to a consideration of Ibsen's character that should perhaps have come first in order. We have said that Ibsen destroys: need it be added that he takes a pessimistic view of life? For what could be the cause of his destructive propensities but his pessimism? Because he has power to see only the nihilistic forces "working and worming under the surface" does he show us only these; because he finds the state unfit for reformation, does he counsel its destruction; because he finds the "Pillars of Society" to be base and corrupt to the foundation, as represented in his drama by that name, does he urge their overthrow; because he finds the institution of marriage to be only a hollow mockery, instead of the sacred temple of pure love, does he regard it at best but the incidental accompaniment of true love and mutual understanding,—does he, in his "Love's Comedy," make Falk and Swanhild part, in order that their love may remain "pure, ideal, and eternal as a memory." A poet's writings are determined by his vision, and because Ibsen can see only the evils of society, does he write against society. But here, again, we ask, does not Ibsen's limitation in vision keep him from being truly great in the rank of poets? The poet is the seer, and surely it cannot be

denied that his power of sight is limited, who cannot see good as well as evil. Pessimism, it is true may be greater, nobler, than a certain form of optimism which characterizes too large a majority of people—the shallow, unthinking optimism which refuses to look beneath the surface of life; but still greater than the power to look deep into the evil of things, is the power to look through the evil into the eternal good that lies back of all. And this power Ibsen wholly lacks. “Whatever is unsettled, sinister and critical in this close of the nineteenth century,” says Edmund Gosse, “has at least found an exponent in the author of ‘Ghosts,’ and of ‘A Doll’s House.’” Ibsen voices the complaints of the age. The hollowness, the falsities of life he sees everywhere. Nowhere does he get a glimpse of the redeeming good. There is a boyish composition of his, relating a dream, which well exemplifies his later view of life. It runs thus:

“‘As I was journeying, with several companions, over a high mountain, we were suddenly overtaken by night, and being very weary we lay down to sleep, like Jacob, with stones for our pillows. My comrades were soon wrapped in slumber, and after a long time, excessive fatigue compelled me also to close my eyes. Then an angel appeared to me in a dream and said, ‘Arise and follow me!’ ‘Whither wilt thou conduct me in this darkness?’ I asked. ‘Come’ he replied. ‘I will show thee a vision of human life as it really is.’ Then I followed him with fear and trembling, and we descended as it were a flight of numerous steps, until the rocks rose in huge arches over our heads, and before us lay a vast city of the dead, a whole world of pallid corpses and bleached skeletons in endless succession; and over them all a dim crepuscular light, which the church walls and the white crosses of tombs seemed to emit and cast over the illimitable grave-yard. Icy terror seized me at the sight, and the angel who stood at my side said, ‘Here thou seest, all is vanity.’ Then there came a rushing sound, like

the first faint breathings of a rising storm, the low moan composed of a thousand sighs, and it grew to a howling tempest, so that the dead moved and stretched out their arms toward me. And I awoke with a shriek, damp with the cold dew of the night.'"

Would not one recognize in this the author of "*Rosmerholm*"—of "*Ghosts*"—of "*Pillars of Society*?" In all these dramas do we hear the dread voice saying, "Here, thou seest, all is vanity." Moreover—and this is what we find hardest to forgive in Ibsen—he reveals to us the hollowness of all existing things, not with a sympathetic sorrow, that weeps for the woes of humanity and would gladly bear them if it could, but with a kind of morbid triumph, with almost, if we may so express it, an "I told you so" air. As Dr. Brandes has well put it, "It became a passion with him to tap with his finger whatever looked like genuine metal, and to detect with a kind of painful satisfaction the ring of hollowness which grated on his ear and at the same time confirmed his expectation."

Nothing has been said so far of Ibsen's character as a realist, but much has been implied. His excessive realism was but the inevitable outcome of his views of life and modes of thought. Perhaps no better illustration of it could be found than his abandonment of poetry as a means of expression. His early dramas were poems. There is a certain pathos in the thought that he was driven to adopt prose as means to a truer representation of real life,—as if he had come to lose sight of the poetry in life. It was in 1870 that he renounced verse, and he writes at this time, speaking of the new drama he was engaged upon, "The piece is, as you will find, developed in the most realistic way possible. The illusion I wish to produce is that of truth itself; I want to produce upon the reader the impression that what he is reading is actually taking place before him. If I were to use verse, I should by so doing be stultifying my own in-

tention and the object which I placed before me." And again, "On the whole my feeling is that literary form ought to be in relation to the amount of ideality which is spread over the representation. My new drama is not indeed a tragedy in the old world signification of the word, but what I have tried to depict in it is human beings, and for that very reason I have not allowed them to talk 'the language of the gods.'" In more senses than one Ibsen refuses to allow his characters to talk "the language of the gods," and in so doing does he not do violence to human nature? Human nature, in so far as it has received the divine gift, is itself divine, and must be so portrayed. Ibsen's realism, like many another writer's, is unreal, because it fails to take into consideration the ideal which fills so large a place in human life.

This Ibsen, then, realist, pessimist, destructionist,—what place will he occupy in literature and thought? what place ought he to occupy? Revelations, though displeasing, though painful, are sometimes necessary, and beneficial. Is society in need of Ibsen's declaration of its unsoundness? Yes, if by that declaration it is roused to improvement. But railing seldom incites to effort. The great need of society is not to be told the evil but to be shown the good. Encouragement, not discouragement, is what the world needs. Let it have words of cheer, of help, of uplifting, or none at all.

Thou foolish one to tell thyself
The universe hath need of thee,
And proudly bid confining walls
To tumble down and set thee free!
Hast thou a scheme to mend the world?
Thou pineest for a wider sphere,
And lost in dreams of future use
Dost oft forget the now and here.
Behold the hills in lonely wilds
That stand for centuries the same,
Nor ever break their silent calm
With angry bursts of smoke and flame!

But for the verdure of their slopes,
Their wooded tops against the sky,
Where were the gentle sheep to feed?
Where were the sunset clouds to lie?

Behold the river in the dale
That cares not wherefore it was made!
It decks its breast with tufts of foam
And lightly dances down the glade.

It turns a mill wheel on its way
And fancies that its destiny;
But still with laughing, rippling flow,
'Tis drawn, unwitting, to the sea.

An atom thou, put here to form
A small, but an important part,
Alone and free thou wouldst be lost,
Thy place is only where thou art.

Then cease thy restless, foolish strife,
And think of what thy walls enclose!
Be great in all thy little acts,
Or, if the need be, in repose!

'89.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE OLD MAN OF THE SKIFF.

It was on Wolf River that we met, the Old Man of the Skiff and I. It was the time of overflow and the waters of that small, slow river were hurrying swiftly along to meet the Mississippi. It was with difficulty that I propelled my frail dug-out. Presently a sound came that was not the fall of the water-snake nor the lapping of greedy water against the tree-trunks.

The prow of a boat had turned the bend of the river. On nearer view it proved to be a skiff some fifteen feet long and wide in proportion, having a cabin and lower deck. The afternoon sun falling in long lines of light through the tall trees and across the muddy waters did not add grace or beauty to its rough, unpainted boards, nor to the solitary man who with a long pole was idly guiding it; a rude, strange man, yet with the freshness of the forest about him. A strong, gray beard descended his chest; his eyes gleamed keen as a fox-hunter's from beneath his slouch hat; every line and muscle of his face showed determination. He wore a rough skin jacket bulging at the pockets into which he occasionally thrust his hands and smiled. But for the most part he leaned forward grasping his paddle with that life in inaction which Indians have.

When the boat and man came near he gave a long halloo as greeting from the captain of one craft to that of another, then slowly paddled by my side without remark. There was a child with me in the boat, a sweet-faced child with large, wondering eyes. She regarded the old man silently; then, "What 'oo dot in 'oo pottets?" she asked. The old man looked at the child curiously and answered; "Purties, my dear, purties," and a sun-ray

seemed to have left the trees and the river and to have settled in his eyes, so kindly did they beam.

"Lady," he asked turning to me suddenly, "Would you mind hitching yo' dug-out to mine fur a while? I wants to show the little 'un the purties." On my complying he paddled to a small cove where both boats rested quietly; then he entered the skiff's cabin and brought out a chair. "I've got some nice things here," he said, pointing to his pockets as he seated himself, "and I'm a-goin' to show 'em to you, but I allurs has to light my pipe fust. Smokin' an' thinkin' goes together with me."

Thereupon he produced a long clay pipe and lit it. He puffed for some time in silence but when the white smoke began to curl away overhead, commenced; "Yo' wouldn' like livin' in a thing like this, would ye now? Wull, yo' don' know the comforts of a log-cabin any more, I reckon. This here's my home, and that cabin yanner's my kitchen, parlo' and everything else. I calls this my garden, 'cause I ken see all the flowers of heaven out here o' nights. When one ain't partic'ler 'bout style an' loves travelin', a skiff's a palace to live in. But I hates folks that brags on their homes and I ain't a-goin' to begin. I fetched yo' here to show the little 'un my pots an' arrowheads. These," taking some specimens from his pockets, "is the plain black Chickasaw bowls. I reckon there hain' no use to show 'em to you. I'm clean out'n stock now as the sto'men says. You see I digs these here up for the Smithsonian In'stution, an' I made a haul in Arkansas last week but sen' 'em all away yesterday 'ceppin' these." He had a round black basin in his hand and was stroking it gently. "Now, ef I was to tell yo' that yo' could rub this an' make grey clouds come, I s'pose you wouldn' b'lieve it. But it's so, and that's the way the Grey Cloud Nation used to mark its kettles and gridirons. Plucky little tribe, but her're some arrowheads. Take this here, little 'un, to keep off bad luck with. My little girl had

hair like yo's," and the old man's eye looked beyond the river and came back slowly to his pipe.

"In my days" he went on, "folks was more crazed on account 'n the Red Skins themselves than their pott'ry. I lived in the far West then; they've put my old home in the state of Iowy now. When I was a boy I went 'bout 'mong the Indians, learned their ways and could talk to nigh about eighteen Indian tribes. They let me into findin' out Indian Mounds and tellin' 'em from any common hills, an' I can spot 'em every time in a hundred. Sometimes I goes to a country-house and asks the folks to let me dig in the hill that their chicken-house sits on. They laugh an' say that I won' find nothin' in there. But I knows what I'm 'bout, an' purty soon their eyes stands open when I comes back with a pile of pots and heads. All this valley's full of relics; in some places there's cities laid out as good as the white man can do it."

The child had stretched out her arms and been lifted on the old man's knee, where she sat listening and watching the clouds of smoke floats upward. At last she asked, "Where 'oo 'ittle dirl?"

He had begun to refill his pipe, but he laid it on the floor and, putting one arm around the child and holding her close, said as if he were telling the story for her alone; "I have lost my little girl an' I'm all alone. We had a big overflow one year and it washed the country clean bare. I was down on the levee keepin' watch for three days an' nights; when I com' back my house an' child was gone. I hain' ever seen her to this day, but I know she's waitin' for me some'her's and her pa hain't ever given her up. I've been diggin' for pots since then and goin' up an' down the river. I looks at every face and never lets a one pass me by. My little child's been lost a long time but I'll find her yet."

The sunlight lay like a golden spell on the river when we bade the Old Man of the Skiff good-bye. We saw him paddling his rude dwelling down the stream; the

child waved at him from the boat ; from the forest the turtle-dove moaned, and the dip of his oar was the only sound that bespoke human presence on the still river. When the man and the boat were become a picture in blackness cleft from the surrounding color, he waved us a farewell. I have never seen him since nor do I know whether in any trip he found the little child which the overflow had borne away.

M. O. M., '93.

A SUCCESSFUL INVENTION.

"Come on to bed, Jack."

"Wait a minute, Ben, I must finish this."

"Well! it's after taps, and you'll be marked," and turning away Ben left his room-mate hard at work, while he jumped into bed.

It was a cold winter night, and both boys had been studying hard. Jack, who was a bright student, was very fond of all sorts of sport and spent much of his time trying to invent unheard-of contrivances, none of which, however, had proved entirely satisfactory, for when the practical experiment was made, some fault was always to be found.

There was an arrangement for carrying heavy parcels, out of which Jack had expected to make his fortune, but which had proved defective. To be sure it had carried the parcel for a block, but then it had suddenly collapsed, and so the "crack parcel carrier," as it was called, had been thrown away among the "pile of failures." Here it kept company with a "pie-lifter" which was to take the hot pie from the oven. He had persuaded the cook to try this, but when it dropped her nice hot pie on the floor it also was discarded. The pile contained besides these a can-opener, a "boot-shiner," a new kind of cannon, and many other inventions which would have been quite useful if they had proved successful.

There were also many other things in the room to attract Jack's attention from his school work. A snake which he was trying to tame was in one corner. Three white mice were running around, and a little fox terrier puppy, Jack's pet and pride, was curled up on the bed. He had no permission to keep this menagerie in his room, but as he was a lucky boy he had not yet been found out. Tuck, the puppy, was the only one which caused him any trouble, but all the boys were fond of Tuck, and Jack had bought the chambermaid's silence, so all seemed to be going well.

Because he could learn so quickly, Jack was apt to leave his lessons till very late. This evening he had been teaching Tuck to say his prayers, and consequently had not begun to study until quite late, thinking that he could make up lost time by getting up early in the morning.

After studying half an hour after Ben was in bed, Jack was satisfied that by getting up early he could finish his lesson, but this was not to be. Before he was fairly asleep, as it seemed to him, he heard Ben's voice telling him that reveille had sounded. But Ben had as much trouble in making him get up as he had had in persuading him to go to bed.

"You've got just five minutes before breakfast, Jack, and you're going to be awfully late," said he going out of the room.

"It's a pity you can't stay and help a fellow," growled Jack, losing his temper as he saw Ben all dressed and ready for breakfast. But Ben was out of hearing, and with a shiver and a shake Jack hurried to make up for lost time.

The breakfast bell rang before he was ready, but putting on his shoes, and buttoning the top buttons, he ran down the hall tying his necktie, and buttoning his jacket, and reached the dining-room just before the door was closed.

The hurry put him in a good humor, and he was again his merry self.

"Have you been inventing anything lately?" asked a tall, thin boy, whom the others had christened "Lanky."

"Yes, I have," answered Jack, too much engrossed in a hot buckwheat cake to explain fully. "You had better come up to my room after breakfast, and I'll show you."

After Jack had eaten a hearty breakfast, for all that he did he did thoroughly, the two went up to the room, which was, in the other boys' estimation, "the jolliest place in the whole building."

Tuck, the mice, and the snake had to be fed, and then Jack brought out from his closet a long rope. "This isn't exactly an invention, it's much too simple, but the other night I was wondering what I should do in case of fire, and I thought I would just have this handy."

Several of the boys had come into the room, and all were very much interested in the fire-escape.

"Why don't you try it, Jack?" said one. "You'll have plenty of time before school."

Jack had not thought of making a practical experiment of his invention and much better would it have been for him, if the suggestion had not been made. He knew that he would be late if he stopped to try it, but the temptation was too strong and he began to adjust the rope.

"Jack, you'll be late for school, and Mr. Hamilton will be down on you; you'd better not do it," said Ben, anxious to keep his friend out of trouble.

"O! go on!" called out the other boys. "You've got plenty of time."

"It will only take a minute, Ben. I don't care if I am a little late, I've been early all this week. Now boys, you hold this end while I fix the other. You see by these knots I slide down to the piazza roof, and of course I can get to the ground from there easy enough. Now I am

all ready. Hurrah! watch the quick and easy exit from a burning house!"

The boys watched and saw Jack start down the rope, quickly indeed, but not so easily as he had expected, for somehow the knots were not large enough, his hands began to burn, and before he knew what was going to become of him, he reached the piazza with a thump. Looking up he saw the scared and anxious faces of the boys, and with a laugh he sprang up to climb back to his room. This, however, was impossible, for the descent had left little skin on his hands, and he could not bear the pain when he grasped the rope.

The bell had already rung, so telling the boys to take in the rope, he scrambled down to the ground, and went into the schoolroom. Mr. Hamilton was "down on him," as Ben had prophesied, and demanded a full explanation.

Jack knew that he was reckless, but then, thought he, what difference could it make to any one else as long as he hurt only himself?

Very soon, however, something did happen to make him see how foolish he was. He had lately neglected his lessons, for with his pets and his inventions he had had little time to study. For several mornings he had determined to get up early and finish his work, but every time he had failed. "I wonder if I can't make something to wake me," he said to Ben. "Next Saturday I am going to spend all my time inventing something to do it."

"O! you had better spend your time making up that Algebra," said Ben. "If you weren't all the time inventing you wouldn't need to get up early." But Jack was sure of success and would not be dissuaded, and when Ben saw all the things Jack brought from town, he became as enthusiastic as Jack himself, and both of the boys went to work with a will.

"This pully must be fastened into the wall, directly

over the bed. Then this rope with the hook just reaches the bed-clothes, and I'm going to put the other part of the rope out of the transom."

"I don't see how that's going to wake you up," said Ben.

"Well! I'm going to ask the watchman to pull the rope when he goes past the door. You know he passes about five o'clock in the morning. Then you see the hook will pull the bedclothes, and that will surely wake me."

The pully was fastened to the ceiling, the rope adjusted, and everything made ready for Monday morning. The good-natured watchman was willing to pull the rope, and with great eagerness the two boys waited for the experiment to be tried.

It was a long time before Jack could go to sleep that night, and when at last sleep did come to him, he seemed to be in a large boat which kept tossing about. Everything was in confusion, and suddenly the boat struck against something, the waves dashed over his face, and he slowly awoke to find his eyes, ears, and mouth full of dust. "Hello!" What's the matter?" he heard Ben say, but poor Jack had all he could do to crawl out from the ruins, so Ben received no answer.

The watchman had done as he had promised, but the sudden jerk of the rope had been too great a strain on the ceiling, and instead of the bedclothes' going up the ceiling had come down.

Confusion reigned supreme for the moment. Tuck barked, the snake glided out of his corner, the mice jumped upon the bed, and the two boys, choked with dust, only made matters worse by trying to restore order.

"Do make Tuck stop," moaned out Jack, "and take these confounded mice off. Mr. Hamilton will be up here in a second if we ain't careful." Tuck became quiet at his master's voice, and Ben having disposed of the mice was putting the snake in his cage, when the door opened and Mr. Hamilton appeared with a candle in his hand. Tuck began to bark more lustily than ever. Jack was about to try to explain matters, when the snake glided out to-

ward Mr. Hamilton, who began to retreat toward the door. Ben ran and caught the reptile, thinking that it was all up with himself and Jack, but if he had seen the twinkle in Mr. Hamilton's eye, he would have felt less scared.

"What have you boys been trying to do?" asked Mr. Hamilton, at the same time taking a huge piece of plaster off Jack's leg. "What is this rope?" Ben had been trying to quiet Tuck, but the dog was determined to get to his master and at this moment, to Jack's dismay, jumped past Mr. Hamilton and upon the bed.

"Where did this dog come from?" continued Mr. Hamilton, but before Jack could explain, the mice scampered out from their hiding place and ran nimbly over the plaster.

This was too much for Mr. Hamilton, and he turned away, apparently absorbed in examining the rope.

"You had better go up to the Infirmary, Jack," he said, as he was going out. "I did not know you had permission to keep a menagerie up here."

The boys looked at each other in amazement. "Isn't he a trump?" said Jack. "When I saw him come in, I tell you I was scared. I thought he would probably tell us to pack up and get out. He acted as if he didn't know what to make of it, didn't he?"

"Well! I'm glad he's been and gone. When Tuck jumped past him I thought I would go off. I was pretty scared though. I'm sort of afraid we are going to hear more of it, for I don't believe we'll be let off so easily," answered Ben, helping Jack up to the Infirmary.

But Mr. Hamilton never did speak to them about it, except to suggest to Jack that he might keep his dog out in the barn.

Jack's week in the sick-room gave him time to think it over, and his remark to Ben, "I'm going to quit fooling and study for the rest of the year," showed that the invention was even more of a success than Jack had expected.

ROSSA B. COOLEY.

Editors' Table.

"A great work comes not save through suffering." This truth may,—we hope it does,—explain the suffering on the editor's part which attends the writing of an editorial, but nevertheless it sometimes appears as though the greatness of the production evolved is hardly sufficient to account for the distress of mind entailed in its evolution. There seems to be something strangely difficult about expressing one's thoughts in writing. Of course, in the case of an editorial, there is the added perplexity of finding a subject over which to wax eloquent; but when the subject is found, the eloquence by no means follows as a matter of course. Do we not all recall the agonies we have undergone on "essay Saturdays," when we had a dozen subjects to choose from; and remember how, though we were really interested in at least half of the topics, that essay *would* not get itself written? The trouble was not all due to lack of ideas, either. We were not expected to have new ideas,—nobody has any new ideas;—all that was required of us was to give old thoughts a correct, fluent and tolerably original expression; but we found even this a painful task.

It is for some such reason that the MISCELLANY'S list of contributors is so discouragingly short. Not because a large majority of the students do not write well enough when they care to try, but because they do not write easily enough, is the editor's lot such a hard one. The thought of producing anything like an essay is suggestive of such horrors to the mind of the average Vassar girl, that an editor naturally hesitates to inflict misery upon her friends by demanding contributions from them. To the same cause is due the fact that,—with all apologies to the enthusiastic reform which is being carried on in Philaethis we have no literary society.

Undoubtedly, "these things ought not so to be." Since we are presumably cultured young women, we should be able to write as readily and as naturally as we talk, and the education which does not give this power is lacking in a not unimportant respect. We cannot all have genius, but there should come a time when every college graduate shall have the ability to write easily and well if occasion requires.

The recent events in connection with the Indian troubles rouse us all to an expression of our opinion in regard to the policy which has been for so many years pursued by our great and glorious government towards a weaker race under its protection.

Truly the United States acts largely on the principle that might makes right. For a long time she has had opportunities to prove herself great in every sense of the word, to show her European sisters that true greatness involves justice and moderation, but the opportunities have passed unheeded—no, they have been shamefully abused. Throughout the whole of her career she has acted, so far as the Indians are concerned, the part of a liar and a bully, breaking compacts without scruples, employing arms for the enforcement of unjust decrees. The Indians may be a treacherous and a brutal race but they have had constantly before them examples of treachery if not of brutality. It is claimed that the red man quickly adopts the vices of the white man, and the vices only. It is a question if he has ever perceived the virtues. Perhaps they are reserved for the benefit of the appreciative, the thoroughly appreciative.

Certain it is that if the character of the Indian ever permitted growth and development towards higher things it has never received the education necessary for that growth and development, and, in the weak and erring judgment of men (some men) the Indian was in his primitive state a nobler character than he is now, since

his contact with the training school of civilization. From the spoliation of the Cherokees, which will ever remain a blot on the annals of one of our states, to the present outbreak, the United States has one long course of treachery and deceit for which to answer.

It might be kinder to seize this occasion for the extermination of a race which can have neither pride nor happiness in existence, and which—to judge from the actions of our government—seems to be a drag on civilization, than to let it linger on for some years more, a miserable set of men cheated out of homes and even out of food by nation, state, or individual.

When for some time one has been in pursuit of an idea, for an editorial perchance, and with much difficulty has finally grasped it and reduced to a definite form it is with a feeling of resentment that she finds upon turning to some familiar author that he has the effrontery to have treated *her* idea already in a highly satisfactory manner. This is a fault we often find in Dr. Holmes. His little habit of anticipation exasperates us because the ease and naturalness with which he handles the subject seems to us almost flippancy when we think of the struggles we have had in expressing it. Charles Dudley Warner, too, in his *Back Log Studies*, falls into the same error. We are sorry to criticise the genial Fire-tender, because we are always grateful to him for the happy way in which he puts thoughts that have been vague with us and quite beyond our power of expression. It is only about the special editorial subject that we are quarreling with him. And what troubles us chiefly is that we are thus forced to compare our treatment with his and then made to suffer under a humiliating sense of our presumption in making the comparison and of the hopeless inefficiency of our treatment. He shows us, however, in the most amiable way as he sits in reverie before his beloved fire-place, that one of our most serious faults has been in thinking too

much about thinking, in holding our mind too rigidly to a definite line when we should have indulged its vagrant tendency and let thoughts come of themselves,—that a bright and pleasing fancy is a will-o'-the-wisp that eludes us the more eagerly we pursue. It is one of the many things that we may seek without finding.

And *apropos* of earnest but fruitless seeking, we often meet in these days, especially among those of literary aspirations, one who seems to us to illustrate this principle, namely, the experience-seeker. We meet her here at college often in our walks, where we may know her by an air of studied alertness. To be always consciously and conscientiously studying is no doubt a laudable occupation, but we must confess a lazy willingness to trust occasionally to the "Powers which of themselves the mind impress" and are able "to feed this mind of ours in a wise passiveness."

Not long since we heard such a person as we have referred to say that she was going to learn to skate just for the experience. We wondered what she meant to do with her experience, whether she intended to adorn her conversation at some future time with the remark, "When I used to skate at college," or whether she contemplated sending her hero and heroine down the river of life on skates and desired to know something of their feelings.

If one who takes her pleasure in the form of experience can accept adversity in the same spirit there may be a gain in looking at things in this way. At any rate the experience-seeker is much to be preferred to the indifferent person, but nevertheless we are inclined to place her in the goodly fellowship of those who seek and do not find.

No one could attend the recent meetings of the American Historical Association, held in Washington during the holidays, without receiving new interest, not only in history as a study, but also in our great leaders of his-

torical work and in the general educational work of the nation. This Association, which was organized in September, 1884, and now has a membership of about six hundred, has for its object the creation of a broader, as well as a more thorough interest in history. It seeks to accomplish this end by means of annual meetings and publications, one large volume of papers being published annually, and also by co-operation with the different local and state historical associations. A new channel of influence was opened to it two years ago, when it received a charter of incorporation as a national organization. A connection was thus established with the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, which has enabled the Association to become in a certain sense a distributing agency. A direct outgrowth of this connection has been the publication, under the auspices of the Government, of a comprehensive work, entitled "The Study of History," and of a series of monographs on the history of education in the different states. The Association thus publishes works which would otherwise be inaccessible to the student; works not remunerative, from the publisher's stand-point, but essential to historical research. As Harvard University and Johns Hopkins University are the only institutions possessing a fund for the publication of such works, the Historical Association in this way supplies a long-felt need. It has already published four volumes of this character. The main work of the Association is thus one of collecting and distributing. It has also a secondary object, which it accomplishes no less successfully, that of encouraging among college professors and instructors the spirit of individual research and investigation, and of bringing to them opportunities which otherwise would be beyond their reach.

That the Association is thoroughly alive, and accomplishes all that it designs, the recent meetings are sufficient proof. The sessions, held almost continuously

for over two days, were attended by an audience not large, indeed, but composed of our leading representatives of historical study. At each meeting a series of papers was presented, relating to various branches of history—Canadian, European, American, constitutional, and economic—and to historical science. A large number of these papers were by young men, recently graduated from our universities, but the list of speakers also contained names famous throughout the country—such names as President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins, Dr. William T. Harris, Commissioner of Education, Dr. Philip Schaff, Dr. Bourinot, of the Canadian House of Commons, Professor R. H. Dabney, Professor J. F. Jameson, and Mr. James Schouler, of Boston. At the end of each paper opportunity was given for discussion of the question presented. The discussions thus called forth proved perhaps the most interesting feature of the meetings, so much so that it was impossible not to wish that the programme might have contained fewer and shorter papers, in order to leave more time for impromptu remarks. This desire is not to be wondered at in view of the fact that the discussions were mainly carried on by men remarkable both for their scholarship and their ability as speakers—men, for instance, like Dr. Edward Eggleston and Senator Hoar. Another very attractive feature of the meetings—one not included in the programme,—was an address, given under the joint auspices of the American Historical and Economic Associations, by Dr. Richard G. Moulton, of Cambridge, England, on the University Extension movement. Dr. Moulton is a true orator, such as one rarely hears, and no audience could fail to be carried away by his enthusiasm, his charm of delivery, and his concise, forcible way of presenting his subject, which in itself is most interesting. Dr. Moulton defined the University Extension movement as an attempt to bring university education to the whole nation by means of a system of itinerant teach-

ers. He ended his address with a strong plea for University Extension in this country and with a glowing speculation regarding the final outcome of the movement—the establishment of a University of England, a University of America—national universities which are to include all citizens. The closing session of the Association, held on the evening of December 31, was devoted to the subject of historical science, and, as was fitting, was the most interesting of all. It was easy to see from the spirit of the closing remarks, that the meetings had been a source of great inspiration and encouragement to all attending them, and had given new promise for future success in educational and historical work,—a fit ending for the old year, a fit beginning for the new.

HOME MATTERS.

The Christmas music, to which all at Vassar look forward with great pleasure, was given in the Chapel, Sunday evening, December 14th.

The programme this year was longer than usual, a new and delightful feature being the large proportion of organ music. In the Fugue by Dunham, the different parts were brought out with great distinctness, while the Pastorale, by Whiting, was singularly beautiful. The singing was good on the whole, although a certain lack of finish was evident at times, particularly in Lassen's "Holy Christmas Night." Macfarren's "While All Things Were in Quiet Silence," always a favorite here, was rendered with excellent effect. The two Carols were full of the joy of the glad season and were sung with the real Christmas spirit.

The programme was very well chosen, although we would have been glad to have had some of the old composers represented. Miss Story, to whom we are already so greatly indebted, deserves our gratitude for one of the pleasantest evenings of the year.

The following is the programme :

Fugue (organ),	<i>Dunham.</i>
Holy Light,	<i>Barnby.</i>
Offertoire (organ),	<i>Grison.</i>
Pastorale,	<i>Whiting.</i>
SCRIPTURE READING.	
"While All Things Were in Quiet Silence,"	<i>Macfarren.</i>
There Were Shepherds,	<i>Foster.</i>
Pastorale (organ),	
Holy Christmas Night,	<i>Lassen.</i>
Christmas Carol,	<i>Renicke.</i>
SCRIPTURE READING.	
Nazareth (organ),	<i>Gounod-Westbrook.</i>
Carol, Ring, Happy Bells,	<i>Foster.</i>
Pastorale,	<i>Best.</i>
Offertoire (organ),	<i>Batiste.</i>

To the question, "Why are vacations given?" those who go home for the holidays would doubtless answer, for pleasure; those who remain, for rest and pleasure. Rest and pleasure may indeed be found at Vassar in vacation, but there is another purpose patent to one who has followed the course of events with care, namely, a strengthening of the moral character.

The first virtue called into play is fortitude, the fortitude required to escort the last of one's friends to the lodge, to hear with composure the wish expressed that "you may have a lovely time here," and then to return to vacant corridors and deserted rooms and all the imaginary discomforts that may be conjured up. It is possible for one so inclined to indulge in a more than moderate amount of "suffering by anticipation" at this point; to see times in the two weeks when she positively must work, to imagine what a mockery Christmas will be without holly or Christmas trees or home friends.

Our proleptic sufferings, however, were soon interrupted by the announcement of a sleigh-ride. And what can be a more effective cure for despondency than a sleigh-ride! Motion of any kind is usually destructive to this malady—

only in a state of inertia is it to be feared; but when with motion we combine the "tintinnabulation of the bells" despondency disappears as by magic. Those of a poetical turn of mind were lost in contemplation of the snow-covered landscape and the shining moon; others charmed their listeners with bits of anecdote and reminiscence and with little snatches of song, while some were too well satisfied with the simple delight of sleighing either to talk or to observe. But whenever an allusion was made to the unknown friend, to whom we were indebted for the ride, even these silent ones joined in his praises. A candy-pull in the college kitchen on the first Saturday evening was another of the pleasant features of vacation.

Then followed days of leisure, most delightful days of all and those to which we look back with the deepest regret at the close of vacation. On such days one might breakfast at a reasonably late hour, spend the morning over a favorite book or simply wander about in the library, and then skate or coast, not for sixty minutes but just as long as she wished, with never a thought of an unlearned Greek lesson. An evening game of whist brought the day to a pleasant though inglorious end. This idle, aimless kind of life has a greater fascination here than elsewhere because of its contrast to the busy life with which we are more familiar. But what of our vacation as a source of moral discipline?

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and Christmas day was long foreshadowed by the arrival of boxes. The expressman's daily visits were awaited with anxious interest, and he was usually met in the lower hall by the more impatient and expectant of our number. Happy was she whose box appeared early, but she who several times a day for several days was asked the harrowing question, "Hasn't your box come yet?" had the consciousness that she was growing in the grace of patience. On Christmas night we met in the college parlors and passed

the time in attempting to renew our childhood by playing the games of that primitive period. Drop-the-handkerchief, going-to-Jerusalem and dumb crambo found special favor.

Another lull in the festivities followed, enlivened, however, by a second sleigh-ride. Despite the frostiness of the air and the absence of the moon, this was even a jollier party than the first. We sang the inevitable "Rose and Gray" as a matter of course, and indulged in an occasional blast of the horn, which woke the echoes and brought the dwellers on the Hyde Park road to their doors and windows.

On Friday we began to feel that our vacation was practically over, but by the kindness of our unknown friend we were to have a party that evening which proved to be a happy combination of a *causerie* and fancy dress ball. We found ourselves in the motley presence of Greek and Japanese maidens, gypsies, the English nobility. In fact all sorts and conditions of men were represented. Miss Alice Brown as "Big Chief" carried off the honors of the evening. Topsy also had many admirers, while a gay little Troubadour "touched his guitar" to the detriment of the hearts of all the ladies, even of those who were his seniors by many centuries. Did time permit we should be glad to speak at length of such honored guests as Oliver Cromwell and General Washington. The party was generally pronounced a most effective closing scene for our vacation.

On Saturday our friends returned. We were glad to see them individually, but collectively they were unwelcome because of the suggestion they brought of approaching examinations. Of course they inquired with interest how much work we had done, and we were forced to confess that we had spent all our time in learning the meaning of the single phrase, *otium cum dignitate*.

COLLEGE NOTES.

We are pleased to notice the publication in book form of the addresses at the celebration of Vassar's twenty-fifth anniversary, last June. The Library edition is bound in our own pink and gray.

The Poughkeepsie Branch of the Students' Aid Society is in a very flourishing condition. Its first meeting was held at Vassar Institute, December 12. Prof. Drennan read part of the "Prologue" to the Canterbury Tales, and also the "Pardoner's Tale." Tea was then served in the hall. The following week, December 19, Miss J. B. Perry addressed the society on the subject of the "Titles, Idealism and Realism as used in modern Literature and Art." Entertainments will be held later, to raise money for the scholarship. The Branch numbers about thirty regular and forty associate members.

Our new catalogues are in an unusually compact, interesting and attractive form.

The MISCELLANY regrets the resignation of Miss Reed, of '92, from its board of editors. Miss Hartridge has been elected to fill the vacancy.

At a meeting of Thekla, December 12, the following programme was given :

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Gypsy Rondo, | <i>Hadyn.</i> |
| | MISS SHWARTZ. |
| 2. Nocturne, B flat, | <i>Field.</i> |
| | MISS BAKER. |
| 3. Allegro assai, Op. 72, | <i>Mendelssohn.</i> |
| | MISS DOUGHTY. |
| 4. Bridal Song, | <i>Jensen.</i> |
| | MISS BERRY. |
| 5. Allegretto, from Sonata. in F. Op. 10, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| | MISS CLARK. |
| 6. Mazurka, | <i>Godard.</i> |
| | MISS WIETHAN. |
| 7. Bolero, | <i>Chopin.</i> |
| | MISS HAIGHT. |

PERSONALS.

'78.

Mrs. Harriet Ransom-Milnowski, who has been spending a month in Cambridge, sailed for Bremen, December 31.

'81.

Born, December 14, at New York City, to Mrs. Cora Van Benschoten-Potter, a son.

'87.

Married, at Ogdensburg, June 18, 1890, Miss Ida Frank to Mr. Louis Guttman, of New York. Present address, 34 East 58th Street, New York City.

'88.

Born, September 14, at Buffalo, N. Y., to Mrs. Marian Austin-Clark, a son.

Miss Maud King is assistant principal in a High School in San Antonio, Texas.

'89.

Miss Hartwell is in Europe for the winter.

'90.

Married, in Salisbury, Conn., January 1, 1891, Miss Fannie M. Clark to Mr. John H. Belder.

We quote from a newspaper, "A great ally of the Empress of Japan in her peaceful revolution has been the Countess Oyama, who once as Stematatz Yamakawa was a student of Vassar College. She was one of several young ladies of rank sent out by their Government to be educated in this country. She is a woman of fashion now, and one of the most prominent of the leaders of the Court set."

Married, Oakland, Cal., January 1, 1891, Miss Jennie Waters to Mr. William F. Bowers.

Miss Sellner has returned from a six months' trip abroad.

Miss Grace Darling, formerly of '80, is studying the Kindergarten System in Boston.

Miss Lois M. Masten, a former student, is superintendent of the Misses' Training School of the Buffalo General Hospital.

Miss Ida J. Fenn, of New Britain, Conn., is teaching in the High School in Schenectady, New York.

The following named alumnae and former students have visited the College: Miss Freeman, '78; Mrs. Elizabeth Deming-Yates, '85; Miss Morrill, '86; Miss Bowen, Miss L. R. Smith, '87; Miss Borgman, Miss M. E. Cochran, Miss Story, '90; Miss Coverly.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The editor feels a certain reluctance to read the Christmas magazines which have accumulated during the holidays. For Christmas is a thing of the past, and one does not like to look back—even to Christmas gladness—at the beginning of the New Year. January, of all the year, is the month of looking forward, the month of on-pressing. Measured by weeks, Christmas was not long ago, but it was in the year 1890, and with 1890 we have done. So the December exchanges do not prove so attractive as might be wished. Still, they are all we have, and after all, though there is a great gulf between Christmas-tide and the New Year, the two seasons are akin in spirit, and the "Merry Christmas" wished us by the College editor is in almost every instance followed by the "Happy New Year!"

One would know they celebrated a festive season, merely to glance at the months exchanges, so gayly attired are some of them. The *Targum* appears in brilliant scarlet, with gold for decoration. The *Red and Blue* substantiates its title to a startling degree; the *Tufonian* and *Crescent* are adorned with holly, while the

Brunonian chooses the mistletoe. Others content themselves merely with gold and red labels, calling attention to the fact that they are "Christmas numbers" or "Holiday numbers." Still others, however—staid, dignified magazines like the *Literary Monthlies*—wear just their plain, every-month garb.

The contents of the magazines—contrary to appearances—show a noticeable lack of Christmas articles. The lack is not to be deplored, however, as stories written to fit the season are apt to lose in spontaneity what they seek to gain in appropriateness. Nevertheless, it is pleasant to see some little heed paid to the time of "peace and good-will, such as is shown by the verse of the month.

The *Williams Literary Monthly* celebrates the season by presenting a "fiction number." The idea is certainly novel, but whether it is altogether to be recommended is more doubtful. The stories are all above the average—at least, such is our impression—but it is hard to read through fifty pages of light college fiction without having one's appreciation and enjoyment somewhat dulled, especially when the stories are so markedly similar in tone as these in the *Williams Lit.*

College and School pursues a uniform course, always containing some desired bits of information in regard to other colleges, and some suggestive hints on practical subjects. Perhaps the most noticeable article in the last number is the one on the "Higher Educational Work of Chautauqua University," which describes concisely and clearly the work accomplished by the University, and speaks of its recently established connection with University Extension.

Two articles interesting to read in connection with each other are "Lamb as a Letter-Writer" in the *Amherst Lit.* and "Byron and his Letters" in the *Yale Lit.*, similar subjects, in that both treat of letter-writing—but subjects how widely opposed, as regards the writers considered! The two essays show very different kinds of

treatment—that on Lamb being much the most exhaustive—but both are well-written and interesting.

Other good critical work of the month is represented by such articles as Björnstjerne Björnson, in the *Dartmouth Lit.*, "Swinburne" in the *Virginia University Magazine*, "The Pastourelles of the Twelfth Century," in the *Yale Lit.*, and three papers in the *Brown Magazine*, "The Poetry of Matthew Arnold," "Is Miss Murfree True to the Real?" and "Here and There Among French Lyrics."

The *Virginia University Magazine* must receive a different sort of mention in the case of others of its articles. "When the Lark is Happiest" is a curious production. The style in many parts is excellent, but there is absolute lack of unity. How could it be otherwise, when about equal prominence is given to such various subjects as an alarm-clock, a fishing-trip, and an Indian legend?

The feature of the January *Century* is the first installment of the selections from the Talleyrand Memoirs, prefaced by a brief but graphic sketch of Talleyrand's life and character, by Whitelaw Reid. These memoirs possess rare interest both from the unusual manner of their publication—appearing as they do fifty years after the death of Talleyrand—and from the remarkable character and career of their writer. Holding important state offices as he did, from the time of Louis XVI to that of Louis Philippe, Talleyrand was peculiarly able to throw light on the momentous times in which he lived. And no less interesting than his vivid descriptions of French affairs, are the glimpses he gives us of our own country long years ago—the country of Washington and Alexander Hamilton. One of the most enjoyable parts of the *Century* is its modest department called "Topics of the Times." The discussions of present questions here found always contain a fund of valuable thought.

BOOK NOTICES.

Received from James P. Downs, Publisher, New York, the first Manual of the Memory and Thought Series, entitled "The Mastery of Memorizing." This embodies the introduction to a new system of memory training, which, judging from this pamphlet, is logical and practical.

Received, Bulletin No. 1, of the United States Board on Geographic Names, issued December 31, 1890, published by the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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VOL. XX.

FEBRUARY, 1891.

No. 5.

A SKETCH.

Miss Horton sat on the wide front piazza idly rocking. It was not often that she was so lazily engaged ; it would have been more in keeping with her ordinary manner if she had been rocking vigorously, or if she had been sitting upright in a straight-backed chair. But Miss Horton was not strictly accountable for her behaviour this morning, for the warm, southern atmosphere, the smoky haze of the Indian summer, and the soft breeze which was slightly rustling the red-brown leaves in the big oak trees, brought a dreamy languor to her.

The thought was going through her mind as she sat there that since her visit here began she had not met with any person who was a particular " type," any one who would do to make a unique character in a book. For Miss Horton was a " writer of books," and hoped in this visit to her aunt to meet with some people who would be of interest to her northern readers. As yet, however, she had found no material.

She was thinking this as she sat there watching the constant tapping of the red leaf of a Virginia creeper against the white, fluted pillar. Presently she heard the hinges of the little side gate creak and looked up in time to see a bent figure with a sun-bonnet on and a tin bucket

in its left hand disappear around the corner of the house. Then she heard a voice, with what might be termed a combative ring in it, saying: "I ain't come to beg. You know I ain't in the habit of doin' that if I am poor, I just want you to let me have this little bucket full of meal till Sammy gits time to go to town."

Miss Horton got up with such alacrity that she set the chair to rocking violently. This woman might be a type of strange people; she would go where she could see her and perhaps have an opportunity to speak to her. She started through the hall, but stopped at the stairway and took a look at the woman standing by the kitchen door in the morning sunlight.

The sunbonnet which she still had on hid part of her face, but as much of it as Miss Horton could see was that of an old woman with hard lines about the mouth and an uncompromising look in the eyes. She was holding the little tin bucket and her grasp on it was close and vice-like. Her shoulders were bent, but she held her head upright with an air of dogged determination and the manner of one not to be imposed upon.

Miss Horton's aunt was saying; "You may have the meal; you know we have our own mill and we shall never miss that little."

Again the voice with the antagonistic element in it was heard: "No, I'm much obliged to you but I ain't going to take it that way. I ain't beholden to you just because you're big folks and live in a fine white house. I can pay back what I borrows." She stood by the steps while the bucket was being filled with meal, clutching it tightly when it was given back to her, said a short "I'm much obleeged," and left.

"Who is she and where does she live?" Miss Horton asked, going out to the kitchen after she had seen the last glimpse of the calico sunbonnet disappear down the slope in front of the house. Her aunt was busying herself among some jars and jelly glasses in the cupboard

and did not hear her question. "Aunt Martha," a coal black dignitary who presided over the sacred precincts of the kitchen, responded with her head in the air: "She ain't nobody, an' she libes ober dar whar yo' see dat smoke comin up. Yo' can't see de house frum heah, an' mos' likely yo' couldn't see it if yo' was close to it. It's jest one log room not as big as my cabin is. Dey's been livin dar sence a long time befo' de wah. I don' know whar dey come from den an' I don' 'spose nobody else knows. I reckon dey jest sprung up. Dat sort o' folks is allus springin' up on de big folks' lan' an' jes' stayin' dar till de jedgment. Dey name's Mason. I don' have nuffin' to do wid 'em 'cept when de cum roun' to borry things." Aunt Martha gave the meal scoop which she was holding a flourish and went back into the pantry with her head higher than ever.

"She might be an interesting person to know," Miss Horton commented to herself, having in mind the while the part she might play as a character in some future book. Many times during the day the woman came into her thoughts—the combative voice, the face with the hard lines in it, the bent figure and the hand with its close grasp of the bucket. She at last decided that she would go to see her, talk with her and find out if she could what had happened to her to bring that element of hardness into her life. She must have had some grief which had warped and narrowed her nature.

The next afternoon she stood on the front steps swinging her hat in her hand. "Tell me a little something about this woman, Aunt Margaret," she said, preparatory to starting to the little cabin whose blue smoke she could see curling up over the hill and mingling with the fainter haze which marks the Indian summer time.

"She is just the sort of person who feels insulted if you give her anything. Not from pride, perhaps, but because she imagines that people are under the impression that she is trying to get as much as she can from them.

Didn't you see how angry I made her yesterday by offering her the meal? She is excusable though, for her only son was killed in the war and she has never gotten over it. However, she is unnecessarily bitter. She blames us who were slave owners, because her son fought in the war. She claims that he had no negroes to fight for and only fought for the rich Southern folks and their negroes, and then was killed while doing it. She cannot understand that we fought for what we considered a just cause, and that the slaves were only a minor question. She hates the Yankees, too, with a deep hatred, because they killed her son. She is very bitter."

Miss Horton listened in silence to her aunt's talk, then put on her hat and walked down the broad drive between the rows of cedar trees. This outline of Mrs. Mason's pathetic story appealed to her naturally kind heart, and made her forget her interest in her as a "character," and think of her only as a lonely old woman whose life had had few pleasures, and who in consequence had been shut up within herself and grown unlovely and bitter.

The love which was usually in Miss Horton's heart for the ordinary, narrow people of the world was perhaps greater than it had ever been before as she walked briskly out of the gate and across the road. Through another gate she went into the wooded enclosure. There was a foot-path leading down the steps to a small stream, then up another hill from the top of which she could see the log house where for more than twenty years Mrs. Mason had lived. She stood looking at it for awhile. Such a dreary, uncomfortable cabin! All the negroes' houses she had seen were much better. There were no flowers—no "princes' feather" nor "bachelor button" nor "old maid," no vine over the door, as the negroes generally had; only a hard, ugly poverty.

The narrow path down the slope led, without any break by fence or paling, straight up to the door. Miss Horton walked along drawing her skirts close about her to avoid

contact with the half-cultivated cabbages which adorned each side. A few straggling sticks were stuck up, about which unhealthy looking bean vines were trying to twine themselves. An onion bed was farther off, and a little distance away to the side of the house a barefooted boy who was indistinctly visible between the dry corn stalks, was calling out "gee" to a ill-fed, yellow horse pulling a dilapidated plough.

When she had reached the door the bright autumn sun was shining in unpleasantly on the bare, dull floor; not giving the glorious, brilliant effect it was giving to those yellow-topped hickory trees in the distance, or to the white upper story of her aunt's house, which she could see from here. It only heightened the dreary effect made by the cabbage rows, the raw-boned horse and the unkept path.

The planks of the floor rattled loosely as she stepped inside the door, and it was not until then that Mrs. Mason saw her. She had been sitting by the fire-place, where a few smoldering chips were doing their best to keep warm an oven, busily knitting on a gray woolen stocking.

"Good evenin'," she said gruffly in response to Miss Horton's salutation. There were the same hard lines about her mouth, the same close grip in the knitting which Miss Horton had noticed in the hand the day before. There was, too, a look on her face and a tone in her voice which seemed to ask, "What have you come for, and what do you want?" but the only thing she said was "good evenin'."

"I thought I would come and see you a little while this afternoon," Miss Horton said somewhat stiffly. She began to see that it would not be so easy as she thought to make this woman feel that she had nothing but kindly feelings toward her, and she decided that as a "character" she was particularly uncomfortable, and might, perhaps, never be able to figure in her coming novel as "a

type of a class found in the South." She had half a mind to go back, for the unwavering look she was getting was not at all pleasant and the antagonism of the tone was certainly not flattering; but something stopped her—something in the face, back of its harshness, something in the bent figure, and the gray hair, which, although it was drawn into a tight knob at the back of her head instead of being in the smooth, soft bands which we associate with placid old age, nevertheless was gray hair. These stopped her and made her tone quite natural and kind.

"They are all busy at my aunt's to-day, and that made me think of coming over and talking with you. I'm Miss Horton, you know. I'm visiting my aunt, Mrs. Rayburn. I thought you might be lonesome."

"Yes, I'm lonesome, but I'm used to bein' lonesome, and I don't see as how you ought to take so much pains about comin' to see me. I've been lonesome twenty year and more, and I reckon I can be lonesome till I die." This in the same tone with which she had greeted her on entering.

"Is there no one here but you? I should think you would be lonesome then." Miss Horton spoke energetically and looked around for a seat, as Mrs. Mason did not seem inclined to offer her one. There were only three chairs in the room, all straight with "split" bottoms. She sat down in the one near the door and took off her hat.

"I ain't all by myself. There's Sammy, he's my niece's son that died, but there ain't nobody else. He ain't no comp'ny though, he's so young; he's just thirteen. But it ain't no odds to you if I'm lonesome, and I gits along all right. I ain't a-needin' nobody's help." This speech was followed by a suspicious glance toward her questioner.

"Did your niece live with you?" Miss Horton asked, ignoring the tone of Mrs. Mason's remarks and determined to draw her out of herself.

"No, she didn't live with me. She died way off yonder

somewheres and I tuk Sammy. Nobody didn't live with me but my son and he ain't lived with me for more'n twenty year." There was a little softening in her tone as she spoke of her son, but it immediately grew hard again as she said, "But I ain't got no reason to talk about him. You don't care about him."

"Yes, do talk about him," Miss Horton said quickly. "I should like to hear of him." She saw by a subtle insight that the best thing would be to let her talk about this dearly loved son.

There was an earnestness in her voice which apparently won Mrs. Mason; for she broke out with "He was such a good son, but he's dead now. The Yankees killed him. They killed him at Shiloh. I don't know where that is, but that's where they killed him, 'cause a young man that was in the same comp'ny come and told me. You know the Yankees don't you?" Her tone was getting louder and her eyes were flashing. "How they used to come a gallopin' around here, just a tearin' up things and a swearin' and a shootin' at everybody. They shot *him* too. It was them Yankees with their blue coats and their bayonets what killed him. I don't know why they just picked out him and killed him when there was piles of rich folks could a spared one of theirn and not a missed him. He was the only one I had. I hopes them very men that killed him'll have their only sons killed and tuk away from 'em. I hate 'em; don't you?"

Miss Horton could feel nothing but pity for this solitary old woman in spite of the fact that she had not yet reached the stage of enthusiasm for things southern in which she could declare undying enmity to the heroes in blue whom she had seen marching out under the proudly waving stars and stripes. But she answered nothing when Mrs. Mason asked the question. The woman did not mind, however. All the bitterness had come into her face which must have been there on that day when her son was killed.

While she was talking she had been knitting vigorously, but now she let the stocking lie idly in her lap and looked steadily into the fire where the chips still smouldered under the oven. She broke out presently :

"There ain't nobody that's had the time I've had. Don't I 'member how fine and han'some he looked that mornin' when he rid off ! He had on the new uniform what I'd made for him, and how the buttons did shine !" She looked into the fire again with a steady gaze.

At length she said : "I've got it now, the coat I mean. That's it hangin' in the corner over there under that there curtain. Do you want to see it ?" This was followed by a furtive glance at Miss Horton's face, but apparently satisfied with its expression she got up and went across the floor whose loose planks creaked as she walked.

In the corner of the room opposite the one where the bed stood, hung a faded red calico curtain and below this was an old battered trunk carefully strapped. She pulled the red curtain slowly to one side and took down with loving, gentle hands the coat with its dulled buttons, and a rusty, useless sword. She smoothed out a little wrinkle in the collar as she brought it over to Miss Horton's chair.

"That's his coat ; that's the one he wore off the last time I ever seen him." Her tone was quite gentle now ; she seemed to have forgotten all her antagonism toward her visitor. "I made it for him and he said it was the finest one he ever seen. You ought to seen him when he rid off with his sword a clankin' and the buttons a shinin'. They aint' bright now 'cause that was more'n twenty years ago." She was rubbing one of the buttons gently as she spoke. In this mother who guarded so tenderly a tarnished sword and an ugly, gray homespun coat, Miss Horton saw quite a different woman from the hard-featured creature who had met her at the door with that "good evenin'."

Mrs. Mason rubbed the button a little longer in an ab-

stracted way before she went back to the curtain and hung the sword and coat on their proper nails. Then she stopped by the trunk, straightened one of the straps which was a little crooked, and looked at Miss Horton. "I've got his pictur' in here," pointing at the trunk. "I can show it to you if you want to see it." From a nail in one of the logs of the wall she took a key, put it in the trunk, turned it half around, then drew it out. "I don't never show this pictur' to nobody" she said, then stood hesitating.

Miss Horton respected the mother's affection that so jealously guarded the loved son's picture, and sincerely meant it when she said—"Show it to me, won't you? I should like to see it."

She watched the old woman as she sat down in front of the trunk on the bare, rattling floor and began to lay out the things. She put them out slowly, looking at each article with a face now bitter, now soft in expression. Everything seemed to have reference to the son. There was a sling-shot, an old rubber ball and a suit of clothes rough looking and full of holes, that must have belonged to him in his boyhood.

The last thing she took out was something wrapped in a large red-spotted handkerchief. She unwrapped the handkerchief, displaying a little case which she carried over to Miss Horton's chair. It was an old fashioned daguerreotype representing a lank youth with an expressionless face and smoothly plastered hair, in a gray homespun uniform glittering with brass buttons. She held the picture tightly in her hand while Miss Horton looked at it.

"That's him. That's the coat I showed you. He had that pictur' tuk just afore he left, and give it to me. Ain't it handsome?" She brushed some imaginary dust off it as she spoke.

She rolled the picture up again, put it back in its place and locked the trunk; and when she turned around it

was with the old hard look in her eyes. "And he's dead now. They killed him and I can't never forgit it. But I ain't got no call to be talkin' to strangers about him. It ain't no odds to nobody but me. Must you be goin' now? Well, good evenin'."

When she was almost at the top of the hill Miss Horton turned to look back. She could still see the bent figure standing in the door with the light of the afternoon sun throwing into relief the wrinkled face and tight knot of gray hair, and she could hear the voice with the combative ring in it calling out, "Come in now Sammy; you ain't got no reason to stay out so late."

I. F. B., '93.

VALENTINES.

TO THE POINT.

Come, love, a word with you ;
My wandering heart at last is caught and caged.
I'm blunt, you see, but then the truth will out.
I love you—Let's hang out "Engaged."

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

Sweet music stole into my dreams,
And my full heart strained long
Lest it should lose one note so pure,
One throb of that sweet song.

The song grew soon to stronger tone,
Though still in dreams I heard ;
And straight I knew 'twas from your hand,
By your sweet art so stirred.

Yet still I felt,—so pure the strain,
All mortal art above—
That some fair god or goddess born
Had framed that song of love.

Thus sank the notes to whispers sweet,
To tell to me alone
That Venus' son attuned the strain,
And love and thou art one.

TO MY VALENTINE.

Wily Cupid, Venus born,
Earthward looks with hope to lure ;
Seeks he carefully and long
For a place whence, conquest sure,
He may send his wingéd dart ;
Laughs he softly to himself
As he fashions lips apart
Like his bow, the wicked elf !
But he finds words understood,
Oftentimes, as they're not meant,
Spoken in the tenderest mood
Cruel meanings may be lent.
So he hides behind the eyes,
Sends his arrows aiming true.
In a look the swift shaft flies ;
See—he's looking straight at you !

THE TALE OF A PEGASUS.

WITH A MORAL.

I had a Pegasus, not great, indeed,
Nor swift of foot, nor highly pedigreed,
And yet a merry, willing little beast,
And ne'er was carnival or fête or feast
But I did ride him forth, and gently spurred
Him on to dance and caper till some word
Of kindly, careless praise about his gait,
His coat, his spirit, made my heart elate.
Poor little fellow ! In my foolish pride
Morning and noon and night I used to ride,
Until I wore him out ; he soon grew thin,
And every foot went lame. His sides fell in,
His ribs stood out, and when he tried to prance,
Half-hidden laughter greeted him, or glance
Of scornful pity—though he did his best.
At last I had to own he needed rest ;
So I have turned him out, and left him free
To end his days in peace.—But as for me,
To serenade my love with song and lute,
Saddened and humbled, I must go on foot.

THE ROSE'S MESSAGE.

Can you read in the heart of a rose, love,
A message of love strong and true ?

His Valentine.

Can you hear in the scent that it gives, love,
A whisper of longing for you ?
Can you feel in the petals that fall, love,
That a true heart is pining away ?
Can you know in the thorns of the stem, love.
The pain that that heart feels each day ?
Will you read the dear message I send, love,
In the roses I lay at your feet ?
O believe that the rose heart is mine, love,
Do not spurn it or crush it, my Sweet !

HIS VALENTINE.

He sat and tore his curly hair
By many a midnight taper,
And ruined countless dainty sheets
Of most expensive paper.
The reason, this ; he wished to send,
(If rhymes he could discover.)
The very sweetest Valentine,
This most ambitious lover.
But all in vain. A winsome face
Seemed peeping o'er his shoulder
To stop his pen and steal his wits,
And yet how could he scold her ?
His similes were dull and flat,
His rhymes grew worse each minute ;
Her voice to him was all that had
A bit of music in it.
And when the dear old Saint's Day came,
Instead of missive scented,
A bit of paste-board at her door
Was all that he presented.
But holding fast her hand in his
And bending low above her
He boldly said " I love you, Sweet !" —
This most courageous lover.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

A LEGEND OF ST. FRANCIS.

Francis the Holy : men had called him so,
Since when, full forty years before, he came
To dwell among them : for they did not know,
Nor cared to know, what was his other name :
Thus had he lived, spotless and free from blame.
The gray-haired sires, who were young lads when
He first appeared there, oftentimes would tell,
Of the dead plague, that summer, and how then,
All woe and want and misery befell,
Until the gentle stranger broke the spell,
And, in his humble robes of quiet brown,
Attended to the dying and the dead ;
Went to and fro, within the stricken town,
Upon sore hearts a holy comfort shed,
Till, at his presence, all the evil fled.
From that time forward, love and joy increased.
The fertile fields were rich with ripening grain,
The crops all prospered. To both man and beast,
A season, full of hope, was come again,
Peace, out of tumult, sunshine, after rain.
Thus passed the years away, and Francis' face
Calm as an angel's, radiant and sweet,
Was often seen among them. Every place
Knew the soft echo of his willing feet ;
Men knelt to kiss his garments in the street,
And women crowded daily to his side,
Holding their children up for him to bless.
Yet in his heart was not a thought of pride :
His was that perfect, patient holiness
That loving God so much, loves man no less.
He was not beautiful, as men are fair,
The quiet face was wrinkled, worn and thin,
But filled with more than earthly beauty. There
Was never laid the burning brand of sin ;
The flesh but veiled the perfect soul within.
He comforted the dying, healed the sad,
Prayed for the simple, brought them to repent,
Shared all their sorrows, at their joy was glad,

From home to home, on deeds of mercy went,
Like a good spirit, to their succor sent.
The old would bless him as they passed away;
The young would come for help in time of need ;
All loved and revered him ; and, day by day,
To doubting hearts he taught his simple creed,
That brought them life and health and strength indeed.
For forty years, he trod the narrow street
And then, the footsteps, fainter than of yore.
The dear calm face, the accent clear and sweet,
The gentle tap upon some sufferer's door
One summer day were seen and heard no more.
The distant mountains rose as faint and dim ;
The winding rivers shimmered in the sun
Just as on other days ; the valley's rim
Was just as green ; but hundreds mourned as one,
For the dear friend whose earthly work was done.
In the poor room with rough, damp, walls of stone,
And rude straw pallet, cold and hard and bare,
Where he had lived those forty years alone,
Still and serene they found him lying there,
The sunlight falling on his silver hair.
But lo ! the features gray, and pale and worn,
Were all transfigured with angelic light !
Instead of a brown habit, old and torn
A spotless garment, shining pure and white
With more than earthly beauty met their sight,
And in the thin hands, meekly folded o'er
The loving breast, so loyal, brave and true
There lay a flower, never seen before
By human vision, glorious, sparkling blue,
That even as they watched it fairer grew.
It was no mortal blossom. To their eyes
It seemed to fill with radiance all the room.
The glory from the gates of Paradise
Was held within that wondrous sparkling bloom
A bit of heaven shining through earth's gloom.
In a still spot upon the river's edge,
Under the shadow of the mountain's crest,
Where the soft ripples flash among the sedges,
With the blue flower shining on his breast
Francis the Holy sleeps in peaceful rest.

IN AUGUST.

“ Much water goeth by the mill
That the miller knows not of.”

It was the first of August ; not a breath of air was stirring, the atmosphere seemed to resolve itself into visible waves of heat. Up from the low-lying land in the valley crept a faint, sickening odor, the smell of wet vegetable matter exposed to the sun. The dusty country road ran down the steep slope at whose base straggled the little village of Stone Bank. A small stream crossed the road under a crazy, wooden bridge, and flowed into a lake which lay a short distance to the left, reflecting back the glare of the sky.

The first house in the village stood almost under the shadow of the hill and far back from the road, as if its builder had shunned intercourse with men. It was a low, unpainted building, its walls, as well as the projecting roof, covered with gray, weather-beaten shingles. To an imaginative mind it might seem the material expression of a life beaten by many storms and brooding over its bitter past in solitude and hardness of heart.

Many, many years before, Tollaf Waller had made this home in a new land for his fair-haired young wife, Tora. It was modeled, as nearly as possible, after the one they had left in far-away Norway, and here they had grown old together, with no bright child-life to warm theirs into love and kindness to all the world.

They knew little English, and, with the quiet, reserved bearing of their northern race, they had made no friends when they first came to Stone Bank. Year after year they had lived alone, adding dollar by dollar to the little store of money they had brought with them. Rumor said they were now well off, but they made no change in their simple mode of life, and the house held nothing besides the curious old Norwegian furniture, black with age, which had been handed down through untold generations. To the younger members of the community, the tall, wrinkled,

keen-eyed old man and woman, who seemed to have grown to look alike in the cheerless, unlovely years they had spent together, were mysterious but interesting bogies, and many a mother found the threat, 'Tora and Tollaf will come after you!' a greater incentive to good behavior than the most dreaded punishment. Even to the more timid among the grown folk the sight of the strange old pair was far from agreeable. By most of their neighbors, however, they were more disliked than feared.

At first they did not mean to be unfriendly, but they drew back instinctively from the prying curiosity and shrill-voiced inquiries of the villagers, who, in their turn, soon set them down as "disagreeable, stand-off foreign folks." The breach thus made grew wider and wider, each side thinking the other at fault, and closing their eyes to the good that might be found.

Tora and Tollaf did not at once realize the impression they had made, but when Tora's shy efforts at acquaintance were rudely scorned by the women, and Tollaf's quaint, homespun clothes jeered at by all the boys in the place, they resolved to have nothing to do with "these strange, rude, noisy people," as Toza indignantly expressed it.

In the whole country there was no keener head than Tollaf Waller's at driving a bargain. Little by little he had bought land until the fields on both sides of the river were his, as well as the old mill, which stood on the river bank just above the lake, and was as queer and weather-beaten as the house. The farmers dealt unwillingly with the tall, white-haired old man, who thought so little of them and their interests, and who gained an extra penny whenever there was one to be gained, but there was no other mill for miles around, and Tollaf ground their grist well.

Of the two, however, Tora was the object of the greater dislike. The women grew angry, and yet shrank at the sight of her strange light eyes gleaming coldly under

her heavy brows, and the expression of her determined mouth, with its faintly contemptuous curves.

This particular summer, public opinion had burst out into more than passive disapproval. The growth of his trade had decided Tollaſt Waller to increase the power of his mill, and in the middle of July heat he ſet about building a new and much larger dam. By this means the river, kept from its natural outlet, overflowed its banks and flooded ſeveral low fields, while the lake, deprived for a time of a large ſupply of water, ſank rapidly, leaving expoſed a long ſtretch of muddy bottom, overgrown with a tangled maſs of rank water plants. Day after day the ſun beat down, ſhriveling the very leaves on the trees into withered caricatures of their freſh June ſelves, and taking ſtrength and vigor from poor overheated humanity. There, almoſt at the doors of the village, lay the expoſed lake bottom, feſtering, polluting the air with its fetid breath, ſpreading abroad the germs of diſeaſe. The dam was in working order now, and the water would ſoon run freely once more, but, in the meantime, the miſchief had been done.

The firſt of Auguſt ſeemed more unbearable than any day before it. Tora Waller ſat in her ſtiff, high-backed, wooden chair, waiting for her huſband to come in. The room, with its well-ſcrubbed floor and dark ſtrips of rag carpet, its quaint dreſſer and ſettle, its white linen curtains and green ſhades, drawn cloſe and caſting a cool half-light, was a reſreſhing contrast to the blinding glare without.

Toza was knitting a long white ſtrip. Her face, under its crown of ſtill heavy, yellowiſh-white hair, braided around and around her head, was hard and ſet, but a keen reader of character might have found in it ſigns of noble impulſes, cruſhed down by years of indifference and ſelfiſhneſs.

The afternoon wore ſlowly away. The ſtrip grew longer and longer under her buſy fingers. It was five

o'clock. A heavy step was heard. The door opened, and Tollaf entered. Tora looked up at him without speaking. They were people of few words. The old man sat down opposite her. There was a look in his face Toza had never seen before. His eyes were anxious and troubled.

"The dam is done. The water runs to-morrow," he said, in Norwegian.

"Yes," she replied, the needles clicking steadily.

"They say the standing water has brought a bad fever to the village."

"Yes," in the same monotonous tone.

"The blacksmith's boy and Mrs. Craig's two little girls are dead," continued Tollaf, with a faint tinge of anxiety in his voice.

"Yes," once more, from his wife.

"And many others are very ill."

Toza looked at him intently. "It is not your fault," she said, slowly. "You did not know the water would cause fever. It is your dam, anyway. You own the dam, you own the mill and the meadows. You may do what you please on your own land."

Not another word passed between them on the subject.

The shadows fell, but no breath of cool air came with the sunset, and the heat seemed palpable in the thick darkness. A fearful night to the fever-stricken villagers, struggling against death in their close, stifling rooms! No light shone from the Wallers' house. It was ten o'clock. Suddenly there rose a confused noise of shouting, the mingled sounds made by a crowd, the splintering and cracking of timbers, the thud of stones rolled from their places. Half muffled the noises came through the night from the direction of the river, so indistinctly they did not break even the uneasy sleep of old age.

Day came; breathless, blinding day. Tollaf went early to the mill to see the workmen and find out if the dam were finished. As he reached the river path he

looked down toward the mill, stopped short, looked again, tottered forward a few steps, and put his hand to his head in a dazed, helpless way. A strange, gray pallor crept over his face. He saw in an instant what had happened. A blaze of furious anger drove the pallor away. The veins on his forehead stood out like purple cords. It was the old Norse "Berserker" rage, and Tollaf's face was terrible to see. Without another glance at the river, flowing unhindered save by bits of broken timbers and scattered stones, he turned and ran toward the village.

In front of the little tavern, a knot of stern-faced, determined men were standing. They were husbands and fathers, the leading men of the place. In righteous indignation they had headed the band that did the deed, and now they were prepared to face the consequences and to uphold their opinions manfully. Yet, after all, their only opponent was an old, white-haired man.

Tollaf came to a standstill before them. His eyes gleamed fire, his tall figure swayed like a sapling under his gusts of passion. Strange, fierce Norwegian curses came pouring thick and fast from his lips. The men stood amazed. They had never imagined the silent old man like this.

A resolute, commanding-looking man stepped to the front and raised his hand. Tollaf involuntarily paused in his flood of words.

"Tollaf Waller," the man said, solemnly. "Tollaf Waller, fifty years have you lived in this place, and never, in the memory of one man in Stone Bank, have you done a good or kind act to man, woman or child. You have lived, worked, and made money for yourself—yourself, and no one else. We've stood your meanness, and tight-fistedness, and selfishness too long to make a row about it now, if it only hurt us, but now, by your cursed dam, you are killing our women and children like cattle. We've taken the matter into our own hands, and, so help me God, you'll never do another such thing."

Wonderingly, the old man looked from one to another in a bewildered, helpless way. All his rage seemed spent. The burden of his years fell back on him. His face was drawn and sunken. He looked like a dead man, except for a convulsive twitching of his lips.

Then he turned without a word, and, with uncertain step, went down the street to his own house. He pulled open the door. "Tora," he called. She came out of an inner room.

"Tora," he said again. "Tora, we have been wrong, you and I." The words came with difficulty; "Hansen said dying—like—cattle—women—and—children. Help—them—wrong—you— —and——"

He swayed forward. His breath sounded in hoarse, choking gasps: "Give money—like——cattle——wrong——Tora——" The voice failed, and he fell heavily.

Tora stood as if turned to stone. She thought he was dead, but she did not move or call for help.

Tollaf lay in a ghastly heap, one arm bent under, his white hair spread on the dark strip of carpet.

Shadows fell across the doorway. The men at the tavern, frightened at Tollaf's face, had followed at a distance. Help was quickly summoned. The old prejudice and bitter feeling seemed wiped away in giving and receiving assistance.

The next day Tollaf, not dead, but stricken with paralysis, lay helpless in the one tiny bedroom. He could not speak or move, but his eyes followed every motion of Tora, and he listened eagerly as she spoke in the familiar Norse tongue. A cool breeze came through the door, and outside could be heard the murmur of a gentle summer rain. Tora came and knelt by his bed. Tears were falling from eyes that had not known tears for many years.

"I have done what I could, Tollaf," she whispered. "I gave them money to buy medicine and to pay the

doctor. He says the danger is past now that cooler weather has come. I told them I would gladly help to nurse the sick myself, but that you were my first care. Oh, how blind we have been! I see it all now. But they are kind; they forgive us, even us, who have never done them any good. Tollaf, it seems as if we were young again, in the dear Norse land. Oh, my husband, life is sweet only when we have the love of others. But we have not known it until too late. Oh, Tollaf, my dear, dear Tollaf, surely GOD, the good GOD, will forgive us, as these, his creatures, have."

Into the eyes of the silent, motionless figure on the bed came a glad, new light. Then it died out, and darkness fell.

And outside the rain fell softly on the parched ground, and the cool air blew through the room where Tora still knelt by the bed, the dead not more silent than the living.

THE LIFE OF HENRY D. THOREAU.

DID IT PAY?

Such a man as Thoreau draws all eyes towards him. He was watched by the people of his own time somewhat as a new experiment is watched by the chemist, and until some one shall go a step farther in developing the line of work suggested by Thoreau's life, succeeding generations will read with enthusiasm of his attempt.

Thoreau was concerned with a question which presents itself at some time in the life of every thinking mind, and he took it off by himself to find an answer. It is a subtle question and one with which men, who are rushed along by the demands of the present complicated exchange system, have little sympathy. It is a question which may be formulated according to the individual's nature, but for most of us it assumes one of the three phases:

"What is life?" "Who am I?" or "What is this place in which I find myself?"

No doubt, many people have felt the incongruities of their existence quite as bitterly as did Thoreau, but to them it has been a sacred duty to hide their disappointment, whereas to him it was a duty to have nothing concealed, but to lay bare the roots of everything. He made up his mind that he was not going to be swept off his feet in this senseless panic for artificially acquired bread. The existing system of division of labor and exchange of service failed in its promise of affording greater leisure for one line of work, so far as he was concerned. So he decided to throw off all the formalities of society, that he might have days and weeks together to devote entirely to his one aim of studying man and nature. Nature gave him air to breathe and water to drink, and with a very slight effort on his part, she would also feed and shelter him. He found all bare necessities in a shanty made of trees felled by his own hand, on the border of a great lake, and in the produce of the soil around it. A sky overhead, woods, and the life of forest and water furnished Thoreau his material, and equipped with thought as his tool he set out to ask nature the best way in which man may live.

This was his undertaking and when we ask whether it paid, we mean, were all his renunciations more than counter-balanced by what he discovered and enjoyed?

To answer this we must consider Thoreau's temperament. He was a pure, sensitive, earnest soul. How deeply he felt the indignities that the existing state of society brings upon man, and how his soul smarted under the essential lack of sincerity and truth is shown by the course which he adopted.

If we believe in the law based upon the freedom of the human will, that each may go out of the general course, so far as is necessary to make life real to him, Thoreau's life was the perfect response to an earnest soul. Although with our relations and feelings, the idea of rejecting all existing canons does not appeal to us as wise,

if we try to place ourselves in Thoreau's attitude, a different view will be given to the whole subject. Perhaps Thoreau appears to us selfish, unsympathetic with his fellow-men, and defiant towards his Creator. Such an attitude towards the world is commonly called nonsense, and it can usually be traced to a definite cause, as ill health, disagreeable family relations or inability to cope with the world. But none of these reasons applied in Thoreau's case, for he had a very strong constitution, until he overtaxed it by exposure during some of his trips. We are told that he never failed in anything he cared to do, and he had all that is recognized as happy in his connection with his family, and as most influential in his relations with the world. Since his disaffection with his conditions of life cannot be traced to any external source, it must have been a strong, inherent attitude.

Lowell says:—"he "(Thoreau)" confounded physical with spiritual remoteness from men. One is far more withdrawn if he keeps himself clear of their weaknesses. He is not so truly withdrawn as exiled if he refuse to share in their strength."

To say that Thoreau confounded physical with spiritual remoteness from men is drawing a conclusion which the facts do not justify. He knew very well the discrimination, and by his decisive step merely acknowledged his lack of power to mix with the world, and at the same time keep clear of its folly. He did not expect to find the ideal life in his hermitage, but he merely wished to try the isolated life that he might compare the two. It was a bold attempt, but consistent with his nature which allowed of no half-way measures.

We are told that he "resolved early to read no book, take no walk, undertake no enterprise, but such as he could endure to give an account of to himself." Would he not, then, have been weak, and unhealthy in mind, had he, with such clear-cut precepts, gone on living aim-

lessly with men, with no interest in his work, because afraid to strike boldly out and test his theory of right?

Thoreau says of himself that he "went to the woods because he wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if he could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when he came to die, discover that he had not lived." And he loved to say that his "purpose in going to Walden was not to live cheaply nor to live dearly there, but to transact some private business with the fewest obstacles."

He clung to his ideal with great tenacity. He studied while at Walden both in and out of books, and wrote much which was the outcome of his peculiar experience, and which will not be amiss in the education of the world.

Above all he really lived. If there is any one cause of despair and ruin, it is a purposeless life; and blessed is that man who early acquires a substantial, healthy interest in his surroundings and powers, and starts about developing them. Perhaps Thoreau's source of stimulus was a freak of nature, but it is not on that account to be condemned. His nature was one which demanded something new, and he satisfied the demand. His writings testify to the genuineness of his living, and his strong grappling with difficulties and his earnest, almost devout search for truth are the best proofs of the soul which prompted such a life. -

He lived—he lived! His every act was original and sincere; he made a success of what he undertook, and leaves us his own satisfaction with the words, "In this case, my pains were my reward."

Editors' Table.

Public speakers and lecturers have an unusually good opportunity for studying what may be called, for want of a better expression, the individuality of a multitude. That peculiar personality which a large gathering of people seems to possess and which corresponds to a kind of mental composite photograph of its members, must impress itself very clearly upon those who are accustomed to stand before widely differing audiences. One occasionally wonders what sort of an impression we college girls make as a body upon the strangers who come from time to time and address us. We listen to them with varying degrees of interest and approval, and compare notes on them afterwards. What do they think of us?

We are not at all an ordinary audience, and it is rather amusing to watch the varied attempts which are made by these same "distinguished gentlemen" to get at what they consider to be our point of view. There is the speaker upon whom the fact of our youth has deeply impressed itself. Alas for him! his kindly and well-meant efforts to speak to us as befits our lack of years and experience are received in anything but a grateful spirit. Scarcely more popular is the gentleman who is struck with the fact that he is addressing an audience almost exclusively feminine, and chooses his illustrations with a due regard for our little weaknesses. Fortunately he is rare. Somewhat more flattering to our self-esteem is the speaker who thinks of us as pre-eminently a body of students, and exhibits the depth and breadth of his learning before our admiring eyes, or rather ears.

As might be gathered from the above remarks, we are a critical audience, but nevertheless we are not hard to please. A good delivery and a clear analysis always elicit approval, and cover a multitude of sins from our

view. Indeed, one fault with a Vassar audience is that it is apt to be a little too appreciative in some directions.

Our sense of humor is remarkably keen, and to come rather suddenly from the general to the practical, in chapel service it seems to be somewhat too keen for our sense of reverence. When a preacher makes a witty remark, we may be pardoned if we smile, but there is no excuse for the discourteous and irreverent spirit that manifests itself in audible amusement whenever the speaker's earnestness betrays him into an uncouth epithet or an illustration bordering on the grotesque. This has happened too often of late, and a little self control on our part, a little more thought of what is due the speaker and the occasion, could easily avoid what must leave with those who address us a decidedly unpleasant impression of the Vassar audience.

It is generally accepted that environment has much to do toward making a man, but not so universally that a man may make his environment. To be shaped by circumstances and to shape circumstances are two entirely distinct things, yet both are essential factors in our development.

In the four years of our college life we are in a sense passive. Forces act upon us unconsciously. The discipline of regular and systematized study, the formation of friendships, the general social intercourse open to us have their effect, and produce their result. We are in a large degree the product of circumstances. Our environment makes us.

At the end of the four years we are ready to let the active factor predominate. We have been in a school of preparation thus far. Instead of recipients, we are to become dispensers, of good.

The college girl who steps out into the world with trained mind and true aspirations has a power in her hand she has never dreamed of. She does not have to look

long for her sphere, for it lies always near at hand. It is inevitable that she should shape her own future. Set her down where you will—you will find her molding the lives of others; place her where there is no society and she will create a society; by a natural law she will become the centre from which radiate many lines of usefulness. But in order to be fitted for such a position of influence it is necessary that we should not, in our present sphere, become too dependent upon circumstances. And although the passive element must be prominent in college life, we must not let it exclude the active. There is constant danger with us of becoming dependent, of letting circumstances operate while we look on. We should aim at proportion, and let our growth be conscious as well as unconscious.

Thus we shall be able to exercise influence over others. We shall find ourselves shaping circumstances, making our own environment, and accomplishing the object of our college education, that having received bountifully, we may give more bountifully.

We wonder if the uninitiated public realizes the intensity of the mental struggles of an editor in the search for an editorial subject—a subject which must be new and yet moderately familiar, which must be applicable to our college life, but not to ours exclusively (for it is to be hoped that we are as eagerly read by our exchanges as they are by us) which must strive to “point a moral” without preaching, to exhort without bombast, to reason without sophistry, to—well in short to be wise as Solomon and harmless as a dove.

We are almost afraid to write any editorial after the above enumeration of the requirements of the subject, knowing only too well that we never yet have fulfilled them in our selection or treatment; and doubting much our ability to do so in the future or the present, we throw ourselves on the mercy of our readers by frankly con-

fessing that we have no subject-matter for this editorial. We have tried our best, but matter of this class possesses a property not mentioned in the text-books, elusiveness. We suppose it is there, since matter is indestructible, but must own our inability to lay hold upon it.

We lay stress upon the above fact, not because it is not sufficiently evident, but because we should like to impress our readers here, those who find fault with the "tone" of the MISCELLANY in particular, with the fact that this lack of matter is not confined to the editorial department, but is in general a "long felt want." There seems to be a misapprehension here at Vassar as to the purpose of a college paper—or perhaps it is we who are mistaken. Is the VASSAR MISCELLANY intended to be a paper representing the students of Vassar College, or is it a private organ, run by the editors alone, for their own pleasure? We were under the impression that we editors were appointed to see that the sentiments of the college found voice, as it were, in print, that the ideas of the students, literary, social, political, scientific, romantic, economic were disseminated so that they might produce the best effects.

The students seem to think that the business of editors is to write the paper from cover to cover, with the exception perhaps of the advertisements.

If our view is the correct one, and we are vain enough to think it is, may we mildly inquire where are these sentiments and ideas that are to be thus voiced and disseminated? Are the sentiments and ideas of Vassar girls to be had only after repeated and urgent solicitation—or is it that the generality of us have none? Our last question would seem to be answered most decidedly in the negative by the various criticisms we meet with on all sides, and which so often are entirely voluntary contributions. Very well founded ideas and occasionally rather vigorous sentiments are apparently evinced by them. And what we should like to prescribe in this

present case, in the hope that our prescription may be carried out is this:—if the students object to the “tone” of the MISCELLANY, let them write articles which will alter that tone. If one considers it stupid, let her write something clever; if it is frivolous let us have something serious from her who objects to frivolity; and let us all remember that the MISCELLANY does not represent the editors, but the whole college, and that the students in general should be largely responsible for the matter it contains.

A little refrain has been constantly running through our mind of late; a little refrain with a lesson. We have put it away from us time and again, but still it comes back and repeats itself over and over. We knew from the first it must make itself heard, and now it seizes its opportunity and will sing itself to others beside.

It comes from the early fifteenth century, from the city of Bruges in Flanders. There lived at that time a painter whose work marked an epoch in Flemish art. His pictures are wonderful; their rich and glowing colors having endured in perfect freshness for four hundred years; their “perspective beyond all praise” and their finish “so careful and brilliant as to resemble enamel.” A very small “Madonna and child” of his, is “so exquisite in finish that it might be scrutinized with a microscope, and be treasured as a miniature.”

It is the motto which marks his pictures that has lodged itself in our memory; *Als ikh kan*. As I can! Simple? Yes, perhaps. Very commonplace? Yes, also commonplace if you will. But think a moment. Does it not grow upon you? Do you not see the depth of the meaning? How many of us could truthfully say of each finished task, *als ikh kan*?

With Jan van Eyck, *als ikh kan* meant as a master, as the father of Flemish painting. *Als ikh kan* with us

would mean as masters in our domain, as we have never thought ourselves capable of being and doing.

"As I can" is infinite in its possibilities. What a field of effort it opens up before us! Have we ever done anything as we can do it? Is it not a refrain worthy to carry with us at the beginning of a new semester of work? Let us be able to mark our finished pictures *als ikh kan*.

HOME MATTERS.

On Friday evening, January 9th, Professor E. A. Wilson of Bryn Mawr College, lectured on Protoplasm. His treatment of the subject owed much of its clearness to the use of diagrams, and as a consequence it is impossible to reproduce anything but the merest outline of his extremely interesting lecture.

In spite of the fact that the existence of a physical basis of life was suggested by the researches of Dujardin as early as 1830, it is only twenty-two years since Professor Huxley in his famous lecture first brought the conception before the public mind. People were not at that time prepared to receive the idea that life can have a material basis, and it was even found that the acceptance of such a theory would lead to materialism. These fears have proved themselves unfounded, and the study of protoplasm, the mysterious substance through which all life manifests itself has occupied a large part of scientific men since the publication of Huxley's essay.

Dr. Wilson gave us a description of the structure of the cell, as the unit out of which all organized bodies are composed; explained the process of fission whereby the germ-cell gives rise to other cells, and then proceeded to discuss the light which recent discoveries have thrown upon the fertilization of the germ-cell. It is only within the past few years that this process has been clearly traced through its successive steps, and the work of Boveri has been of especial value in this line, showing

among other important points that the germ-cell receives elements in equal amount from the maternal and paternal sides.

These investigations are particularly interesting in their bearing on the problem of heredity. While Wussmann and others are discussing this question from its theoretic side, the careful work of Boveri has largely added to the scientific data upon which a theory of heredity may be founded, and Dr. Wilson thinks that in this important branch of biological study we are on the eve of a great discovery.

The January meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was addressed by Mrs. W. F. Bainbridge, of Brooklyn, on Woman's Work for Woman in China and India.

In the first place, Mrs. Bainbridge spoke of the condition of women in those countries in the past. In China the women are things, not human creatures. If there is not enough food for all the family, the baby girl is thrown away. Women are sold as part of the property; even the wife, if she be not the mother of sons. However, as the wife is the support of the family, the husband is reluctant to sell her, from purely financial reasons.

In India, the woman is told that her husband is her god, that her only hope of final salvation is through absolute submission to his will. The widow is treated as a servant by her more fortunate sister, and her mother-in-law, who is the power of the household. Only less horrible than being a widow, is not being the mother of sons. The prayer of the Indian child-wife is always for a son. Their condition is practically the same at present.

Secondly, we come to woman's work. India offers a very large field. First, there is the school-work. The girls are eager for an education, and although the old feeling is still strong against it, many are permitted to attend school. The influence of mere personal contact

with enlightened Christian women cannot be estimated.

Itinerating work in India belongs emphatically to women. Men are not permitted to enter the zenanas. The missionaries travel from village to village, taking with them the Gospel story, the "Doctrine of Comfort," as it is so significantly called by the poor creatures to whom the Hindoo religion means a million transmigrations with a strong probability of torment at the end.

Then there is medical work. The Indian women have remarkable ideas of anatomy and hygiene. Dirt and bad ventilation have to be fought. And at the same time that the physician ministers to the body, she gives medicine for the soul.

In China, the medical work is no less important. Sickness is regarded as possession by a demon, and the pounding and laceration resorted to in order to frighten away the demon, are sufficient to kill any patient in a critical condition. The most far-reaching work is the training of native Bible-women. Of course, in all departments of work, there is great opportunity for the object-lessons of Christian womanhood.

As a result of these efforts, the out-look is becoming more hopeful. The Hindoo priests realize the progress of Christianity. "Rouse ye, Hindoos!" is their cry, "the hope of India lies in our women—let them not be drawn away;" they have begun to think it necessary to preach against the Bible. But to-day sees child-widows become missionaries, women educated and becoming powers in society; a petition to Queen Victoria from the Hindoo women as a body, asking to have the legal marriage age raised from ten to fourteen years, the Chinese wife on a level with her husband. The power of Christ has done it.

We have all felt a closer sympathy with our Roman sisters since Professor W. G. Hale's lectures. On the evening of January 15, Professor Hale gave us a most

charming and graphic description of Roman Marriage. He first sketched the almost patriarchal organization of the Roman family "where the father was in reality, not in slang, 'the governor.'" The autocracy of the father was slightly limited by the negative rights of the wife and daughter. Strange to say, a Roman woman had more rights than a grown son whose father was living. She could neither be sold nor put to death, and it was only with her own consent that a daughter could pass from the control of her father to that of her husband. However, as there was usually no acquaintance before marriage, this right was a nominal one.

The State, as usual, had something to say in the matter:—both parties must be Roman citizens, the groom must be at least fourteen and the bride twelve. The consent of the bride and of the parents on both sides must be given; and the contracting parties must not be relatives. These demands of the State having been complied with, the next step was the betrothal. This took place before witnesses and, as the whole was regarded as a regular business transaction, the usual form of contract was used. A small sum of money or a ring was given as earnest money. The ring was at first iron but afterwards of gold and even jewelled. The finger upon which it was worn was the same as at present. Iron rings were in use as late as the time of Pliny the Naturalist. On the formal closing of the contract, festivities were held. The bride received gifts as at her marriage. Even after this, the contract could be broken and, until 49 B. C., damages could be levied if either refused to fulfill the contract.

The wedding day was chosen with great care. May, the first half of June and all holidays were studiously avoided. The ceremonies began the night before the wedding, when the maiden dedicated her dolls and her dress to the Lares of her house. Next morning came first a ceremonious bath. Then the bride was dressed and last she put on her veil, which was rose-colored, and her

wreath. This last had been gathered by the bride herself. If the auspices had been favorable—and they were always favorable—the ceremonies went on. In the presence of at least ten witnesses, the bride and groom announced their purpose. Then followed the religious part of a marriage if a *confarreatio*. After this came the customary congratulations, followed by a dinner which occupied the afternoon. In the evening came the procession, the leading of the bride to her husband's house. The graceful rhythm of Professor Hill's translation of the hymeneal hymn of Catullus made this the most picturesque part of the description of the day. Arrived at her husband's house, the bride anointed the threshold with oil. She was then asked her name and, as a last relic of primitive times, was lifted over the threshold. She at once sacrificed to her husband's Lares. The ceremony was followed by dinners given to the newly married pair by all their married friends.

In his second lecture, on the Position of the Roman Women, Professor Hale showed himself their ardent defender. As the atrium was the Roman matron's sitting room, she naturally met all her husband's friends and guests. She was sole manager of the house. She went on the street freely, accompanied however by servants. She was on terms of almost perfect equality with her husband, except that she sat, not reclined, at table, and that she denied herself the use of wine. Her evidence was accepted in the courts, and on her death she might have a funeral oration.

The very freedom of her life and its conditions exposed her to many dangers. The freedom with which she met her husband's friends, the short period of her education and her slight knowledge of life and her husband made her position analogous to that of a French woman to-day. Then she read the translation of Greek comedies in vogue, attended the gladiatorial games, began to drink wine, and in various other ways was deteriorated by the

growing cosmopolitanism of the city. Finally, divorces, which had been unknown up to the time of the Punic Wars, became very common—and in the latter days of the Republic, either party could break the contract at will.

We must take into consideration that the charges against Roman women are made by satirists and moralists, and hence are necessarily one-sided and that the standards of morality have been changed since those days. We can judge as little by such evidence as we could form a just estimate of French life from a modern novel.

In closing, Professor Hale read us a few letters of Pliny the younger which proved conclusively that some Roman women, at least, were regarded as highly and as tenderly as the women of our own day.

For the first time in several years the Philalethean Society has succeeded in presenting both the Hall Plays allotted to the first semester. The second one, "On Guard," was given on Saturday evening, January 17th. Considering the fact that it was a "first appearance" for so many of the actors, the performance was very successful. Miss Macauley, in her natural and charming rendering of "Jessie Blake" was all that could have been desired, and showed real dramatic talent. Miss Black was graceful and effective as the young widow, but unfortunately what she said was quite lost on the greater part of the audience. Among the gentlemen, "Baby Boodles" was irresistible,—"nothing could be fairer than that,"—while Miss King as the "criminal" succeeded in looking most wofully seasick in the yachting scene.

It is never easy to play the villain, especially when he is of so unheroic a stamp as "Corny Kavanagh," and Miss Tunnicliff did very well with a difficult part. Miss Tompkins made a captivating if somewhat girlish young hero, and "Denis Grant" was played by Miss Cobb with considerable dignity and feeling.

The committee scored a scenic triumph in the second act. The "deck of a yacht" was most realistic, and the audience was divided between conjectures as to where the passengers went to when they disappeared down the cabin stairs, and admiration at the precaution which kept a man at the wheel during the whole time when the yacht was presumably lying at anchor off Cadiz. Miss Halliday and her assistants deserve great credit for the labor and ingenuity which must have been spent on the scenery of the play.

The announcement made by the program, that a harpist would play at the concert given the evening of January 23d, occasioned much interest among the students, and the eager anticipation of all was more than realized when we listened to Miss Shaw from Boston.

Mr. Taft, whom we have had the pleasure of hearing before, opened the musicale with Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor. Then came two selections executed by the harp and organ together, displaying the perfect harmony between these two instruments. This little touch of the harp made us more eager than ever for Miss Shaw's solo, a Gavotte by Bach, which elicited such a storm of applause that she was forced to respond. The encore was a charming minor selection bringing out clearly the plaintive sweetness of the instrument.

Mr. Taft then played a Sonata in three movements by De la Tombelle, and this was followed by Gounod's Ave Maria sung by the sopranos of the College Choir with harp and organ accompaniment.

The next number contained the ever beautiful selections from Wagner's Tannhauser, Pilgrim's Chorus, Evening Star, and March. Mr. Taft took up the Pilgrim's Chorus rather rapidly for the tired, foot-sore travelers who had journeyed all the way from Rome, and the Evening Star seemed to lack a little in depth of feeling,

but the March was played with splendid spirit, and fine effect.

The audience would not be still after this, and Mr. Taft was obliged to return to the organ-bench. At the first strains of the encore, we could hear the fluttering of the swan's wings, and see the blue and silver Knight Lohengrin saying farewell to Elsa. As the sounds ceased, the curtain fell upon the scene from Lohengrin, and the beautiful harp was again brought forward, at which Miss Shaw seated herself. Her selection was a Grand Fantaisie and she "smote on all the chords with might," showing us that the harp possessed much volume of tone, in addition to sweetness and delicacy.

Again the musician responded most graciously to our continued applause, with a delightful little encore.

The evening's entertainment closed with an organ number, a Symphony by Guilmant. Mr. Taft was greatly annoyed and crippled throughout the evening by the failure of the organ to respond to his demands. It is certainly a great pity that the motor power of our organ should be insufficient to the calls made upon it, thus lessening to a great degree the effect of compositions executed, to say nothing of the inconvenience caused the organist.

President Taylor conducted chapel service on the Day of Prayer for Colleges, and preached from the text, "Take therefore the talent from him." After illustrating how by an eternal law, neglect in any department of life, whether it be the lower forms of vegetable and animal, or the mental life of man, means sure degeneracy, Dr. Taylor showed that the same principle holds good even in that highest life of man, wherein he rises above the conditions around him and reaches up to the Divine nature. Even in the spiritual life, he who neglects to use must forfeit the power of using, and is "condemned already," having lost all that can give his work efficiency and meaning.

To us as students there comes a special temptation to neglect in our striving after the intellectual this far more vital interest of the spiritual. Dr. Taylor's closing words were an earnest exhortation to keep the higher life always before us, and to let no absorption in the task of cultivating our mental powers lead us to forget it, lest our punishment be that of the idle servant, and the talent be taken from us.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College elections for next semester are as follows :

Class of '92. President, Miss Banfield ; Vice-President, Miss Tunncliff ; Secretary, Miss Manning ; Treasurer, Miss L. C. Grant.

Class of '93. President, Miss Van Etten ; Vice-President, Miss Parker ; Secretary, Miss I. F. Brown ; Treasurer, Miss Bonnell.

Class of '94. President, Miss Hussey ; Vice-President, Miss Latimer ; Secretary, Miss Lusk ; Treasurer, Miss Moore.

Young Women's Christian Association. President, Miss Stearns, '92 ; Vice-President, Miss Robbins, '92 ; Recording Secretary, Miss Cutting, '93 ; Corresponding Secretary, Miss M. V. Clark, '93 ; Treasurer, Miss Mumford, '94.

At the last meeting of the Brooklyn Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society it was voted unanimously to raise the scholarship, offered by the Branch, from one hundred (100) to two hundred (200) dollars.

The Associate Alumnæ of Vassar College will hold their annual meeting on Saturday, February 21st, in Washington, D. C. President Taylor will make an address, and papers will be presented by alumnæ, among them "Kingwood Farm," by Mrs. Frances Fisher-Wood, and the "New England Kitchen," by Mrs Mary Parker-Woodworth.

Professor Lucy M. Salmon delivered an address at Bames Hall, Cornell, January 21st, on the "Historical side of Domestic Service."

At a recent meeting of the Vassar Students' Aid Society in Poughkeepsie, Miss Reynolds read a paper on "Some Aspects of Wordsworth's Poetry."

Miss Hoag, instructor in elocution, has returned to college.

On the afternoon of January 10th, Mrs. Betts, of Brooklyn, gave a charming talk on College Settlement work, before the Students' Association.

Mrs. Mary Thaw-Thompson, '77, who gave five thousand dollars for starting our new gymnasium building, two thousand last June for completing it, and five hundred for an artesian well, has just given us another proof of her generosity in the bestowal of one hundred and fifty dollars to the Biology department, for the purchase of a more powerful lens than we now have. Either a Zeiss lens 1-18 immersion or an apochromatic lens will be purchased with the money.

Mrs. Thompson visited college this month and was given a reception in the gymnasium building, by Professor Ely. The Seniors and Professor Ely's classes in Mathematics had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Thompson and spending a delightful evening with her.

Miss Hill, the instructor in gymnastics at Wellesley College, made a short visit at the college this month.

Miss Newman, formerly an instructor in the Music department here, visited the college in January. For the last eight years she has been in the Boston Conservatory of Music.

PERSONALS.

'69.

Mrs. Christine Ladd-Franklin has a criticism in the October *Mind* on E. E. C. Jones' *Elements of Logic as a Science of Propositions*.

'70.

Born, at Enfield, Mass., January 18th, a daughter (Marjory) to George C. and Amanda Woods-Ewing.

'71.

Died, August 1, 1890, in Senoia, Georgia, Mrs. Julia Brown-Pickett, for three years a member of the class of '71.

'73.

At a reception given to the trustees in Barnard College, Miss Ella Weed, chairman of the academic council, gave a very admirable paper.

On the same occasion Miss E. O. Abbott presented a report.

'83.

Miss Page and Miss Dewell, who have been spending a year abroad together, returned the last of November.

Mrs. Treadway-Lansing has visited college this month.

Born, at Faison, North Carolina, September 18, 1890, to Dr. and Mrs. Farrington (M. F. Pass), a daughter, Elizabeth.

'88.

Miss Field is studying in the Metropolitan Conservatory of Music in New York.

'89.

Married, Miss M. K. Hunt to Mr. Charles N. Hood, at Medina, December 1, 1890.

The following announcement has appeared in English newspapers: "A marriage has been arranged between His Excellency Crookshank Pasha, F. R. C. S., of Cairo, Egypt, and Emma Walraven, only daughter of Samuel

Comfort, Esq., of New York." Miss Comfort visited the college January 14.

'92.

Married, Miss Behrends to Mr. Allan F. Cook, January 15, at Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. Cook have gone to Seattle to live.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

The January numbers of our exchanges promise well for the year. Rarely has there been a month marked by such universal excellence. The subjects treated show more variety than usual, and there is a better proportioning of the two main elements of college literature—the story and the essay. Formerly the essays were so predominant as to make the magazine dull and heavy, while of late a reaction has set in, and there has been no less a preponderance of fiction. But it now appears that this excess of fiction has not been without its use, for it surely has developed a higher type of story than was to be found before. It is to be hoped that the new standard set by the month's magazines will be adhered to.

The much-discussed question of the shortening of the college course naturally occupies much space in the college papers. The ablest treatment of the subject is found in the last *Harvard Monthly*, in an article by Professor William James, in which are stated clearly and forcibly the arguments for a three years' course. Professor James compares our educational work with that of other countries, and shows that we are offering, "as *preliminary* to professional study, a kind of education which elsewhere is pursued *co-ordinately* therewith." Higher culture in this country has come to be hedged in by exactions so rigorous as to tend to decrease the percentage of college-bred men in public life. What was formerly college work is now done by our high schools, "while the college forms a thick wedge four years broad, driven in between

them on the one hand, and the professional school and actual life on the other, and absorbing a young man's time till he is twenty-two. When a wedge is too broad, there is danger of its flying out, and that is what already happens now, when so many youths who might advantageously go to college skip it altogether, or go instead to one of the 'Scientific' or 'Technological' schools, which have a three years' course." Professor James goes on to point out the two distinct needs in the higher education of a country: "First, it should be widely shared; and second, it should yield learned men of the greatest possible efficiency." He then shows the advantages of the shortened course in relation to both these needs. There are two sorts of students, he says, "for both of whom a college education is good, but who ought by no means to be forced to take the same amount of it." For practical men, of active, business interests, a college education is invaluable, if it is not too long. "Whilst three years may be of incalculable use to such men, four years may be more detrimental than helpful." Theoretical men, on the other hand, men of scholarly instincts, would also gain by the shortened course, as it would leave them freer to develop their special talents in the higher courses now so amply provided. In conclusion, Professor James lays stress upon the fact that lowering the A.B. degree does not lower the standard of our American *education*, but merely alters the position of a certain external mark of education, and defines the two results which he anticipates from such a change as "a segregation of the more pertinacious students in the graduate school, and a large increase in the number of candidates for the bachelor's degree."

Quite the opposite arguments are presented by President Andrews in the *Brown Magazine*. In his view, the reduction of the college course would be most unfortunate. "There is in this country less danger that professional education will suffer than that liberal education

will. Specialists are very numerous, while men of broad intellectual sympathies are rare indeed." That a shorter collegiate course would be taken by a larger number of men President Andrews does not believe. He admits that it would be an advantage to college graduates to enter upon professional work earlier, but holds that this can be gained by a shortening of the time of preparation for college, rather than of the time spent in college.

Perhaps it is inappropriate, but we cannot resist quoting a certain little description, in Professor James' paper above referred to. Is it not worth quoting, just for its apt expression? "Members of our dear Faculty have a way of discovering reasons fitted exclusively for their idiosyncratic use, and though voting with their neighbors, will often do so on incommunicable grounds. This is doubtless a natural effect of much learning upon originally ingenious minds; and the result of it is that the abundance of different points and aspects which a simple question ends by presenting after a long Faculty discussion, beggars both calculation beforehand and enumeration after the fact."

A certain fellow-feeling always draws our attention to the exchange departments of the college magazines. It is dangerous, we know, to venture any criticisms upon them, considering our own glass house, but perhaps a few comments and comparisons will not bring upon us too severe an onslaught of stones. One cannot read the exchanges of the various magazines without being struck by the opposite methods employed. There is the primitive style, the stringing together of disconnected criticisms of this or that paper, commendation of the one, disapproval of the other, all stated boldly, with little or no attempt at substantiation of the criticisms. Then there is the method—purposing to be a great improvement on the former manner—that of elaborately expounding the functions of the exchange department and earnestly endeavoring to live up to them as expounded.

Still other exchange departments make no attempt at criticising, other than expressing their appreciation of the poetical merits of various papers by quoting their rhymes. And last of all—last, because it is the custom of our best monthlies—is the editorial style pure and simple. The *Yale Lit.* is a pronounced illustration of this. Its exchange department regularly consists of a quotation or two, appropriate to the season, followed by moralizings and musings, also suggested by the season, and leading in their turn to comments upon one, or possibly more, of the month's exchanges. Last of all come the poems found worthy of repetition. We confess that exchange departments of this character possess more life and interest than any other kind—and yet do they not have a certain dangerous tendency? In the case of the *Yale Lit.*, one would say that its criticisms ought at least to occupy as much space as the preliminary musings. It is so much easier to moralize on life in general than to criticize magazines in particular, that an excess of meditation, however agreeable, always hints at unread magazines. Perhaps we are wrong in this, and as we said before, we do not mean to throw stones. According to our own idea of the function of exchange departments (which we refrain from expounding for obvious reasons), the *Amherst Lit.* most successfully accomplishes its purpose.

We have often wondered, by the way, why it is that the *Harvard Monthly*, so complete in most respects, should entirely exclude the department just under discussion—why, though it devotes some well-written columns to book notices, it should totally ignore all co-workers in the field of college journalism. The lack is one we always feel—it is like missing an expected handshake.

"Romain Kalbris," in the *Brown Magazine*, is the latest of the several translations that have appeared recently in our exchanges, and that indicates an entirely new tendency in college literature. We see no reason

why translations should not fill an attractive place in our college papers, provided, of course, that they are not carried to an excess. The putting of idiomatic French or German into idiomatic English, the endeavor to reproduce the spirit of an author rather than his exact wording, affords ample play for true literary instinct.

The *Harvard Advocate* and the *Brunonian* are two papers whose welcome is always sure. After looking through paper after paper of pretentious appearance, only to find a few pages of mere local items, it is a relief to take up such a publication as the *Advocate*, which always more than fulfills its promise. Its contents comprise some good editorials, some excellent stories, and some bits of verse—almost always above the average. So, too, the *Brown Magazine*, though smaller, and more devoted to local interests, as is natural for a weekly, yet invariably contains good reading matter. Its last number commemorates the birthday of "Robbie Burns" by a charming sketch by Professor Sears, "In and Around the Burns Cottage." One cannot read of the homage now paid by all to the humble home of the peasant poet without being reminded of Carlyle's words: "And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted, and a hundred years may pass before another such is given us to waste."

"Talleyrand and Napoleon" are the words the February *Century* wears upon its cover, as suggesting the most striking of its articles. Nor are the words misleading. "The Memoirs of Talleyrand" give glimpses of Napoleon "behind the scenes" that are full of life and interest, though they do not tend to increase one's respect for the great general's private character. "Sister Dolorosa" concludes in this number with the sad ending which we felt was inevitable, while we longed to avert it.

The story throughout has been marked by vigor of conception and beauty of expression. To take its place as a serial, comes Edward Eggleston's new story, "The Faith Doctor," a title that as yet finds no correspondence in the story.

LOVE KNOWS NOT SACRIFICE.

A man was dead, less than a thousand millionth of the human race,
And yet the world—his little world,—afflicted by some passing grief
At his demise, had paused a moment from its selfish cares a sheaf
To lay upon his pall ; to take one last look at the much-loved face.
And, ere it him forgot, it reared a monument of greatest price,
Commemorating grandly what it called his life-long sacrifice.
His sacrifice ? The hackneyed phrase chiseled on that granite shaft
Told not his life's real story. True he had abandoned honor, wealth ;
Had lifted up the fallen ; cheered the faint ; nursed sickness into
health ;

And with the poor, distressed, disconsolate, the cup of sorrow quaffed.
But he had loved mankind and nothing less could his warm love suffice.
His pleasure was in charities like these. Love knows not sacrifice.

— *Brown Magazine.*

The Vassar Miscellany.

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No. 6.

THE UPDYCKE PRIDE.

It is one of the principal houses of the village, and stands far back from the road. There is always a Sunday quiet about the place; even the thick green grass grows sedately, allowing no sweet vagrant daisies or buttercups to mingle with it. All the great trees are straight and grave; not an apple tree, with its delightful low branches all crooked and gnarled, is to be seen in this the front yard: but if you go around to the back of the house, you may see them in plenty. Here there is no restraint and sedateness. Old-fashioned flowers are crowding and elbowing each other out of their long narrow beds into the pathways between. Here is also the kitchen garden with its homely, useful beauty. Many people are so prejudiced as to prefer these grounds in the rear of the Updycke house to the eminently respectable, if somewhat gloomy, "front yard," as the villagers term it.

The house itself is a large white mansion, with many corners and frequent turns in the hallways and stairs, and a garret that would be the delight of any right-minded grandchildren. Now the various little people who came to this house were certainly bright, clever children, yet never by any chance would you hear childish laughter in the old halls or the echoes of a merry game from the

garret. The little visitors sat primly on the shiny black chairs, wondering what punishment would be theirs should the slippery haircloth prove treacherous and they suddenly slide off and be deposited in an ignominious heap at Grandmamma's feet as she sat there talking gravely with her daughter. But these chairs were the least uncomfortable feature of the house to small guests. Matters were certainly wrong somewhere, for Grandmamma was not at all like the traditional kind. She was a little lady, with white curling hair and brown eyes; that sounds very like other grandmamas, but those eyes at times would flash and then grow hard, and the mouth was obstinate to weakness. And where was Grandpapa? He never came in this room, but saw visitors in a large room on the other side of the house. He was a tall, stern-looking man, the best lawyer the country round; his clients said; an unpleasantly stern judge, so culprits thought. His grandchildren indulged in no clamberings on his knee, and no invasions of pockets, where caraway seeds and peppermints should have been the reward. To spend an hour in his room was even worse than the same time in Grandmamma's. To be sure, he always smiled and said, with a pat on the flaxen head, "How is Elizabeth?" or "Richard?" (as the case might be). The long name itself so frightened the small owners that only a very faltering reply came from the lips of Bess or Dick.

Now in this charming old house, with all its beautiful, old-fashioned rooms, with their quaint furniture and china, why was this terrible feeling of restraint common to every visitor, kinsman and stranger alike? Any villager will tell you, as the first choice bit of information about the great house and its occupants, that "Judge an' Mis' Updycke ain't spoke to each other these twenty years;" and, seeing your expression of horrified interest, will proceed to give you, interspersed with many private theories, all that any one really knows about the cause of

the estrangement. All that is certain is this—there was a quarrel over some minor point which neither would yield, a sudden blaze of wrath, and then passionate and bitter words on both sides. "They're mighty high-sperited, is the Updyckes, and since then there ain't been a word between 'em."

That is the strange, sad truth. You ponder it each time you pass the house; you think of the unhappy youth of their children, of the loneliness that must be theirs now, and you pity the obstinate pride that keeps them apart. If you become a visitor at the house, you notice the good management visible everywhere—everything is spotlessly neat. Man and wife meet only at meals, which are usually passed in terrible silence if master and mistress are alone. If, however, others are present, both chat with their guests but by no possible chance exchange a word with each other. Under such circumstances you find it hard to sustain the conversation.

They both attend the Presbyterian Church, sitting in the same pew but in reality separated by a distance that seems impassable. The old man who was their pastor when the trouble first arose, prayed with them and for them, exhorted and plead, but all to no effect. In later years his successor, a much younger man, went through the same process, with much trepidation it must be confessed, but his labors produced no better results.

The only pleasure in Mrs. Updycke's life was her cats, and these were the talk of the village. Not one or two did she have, but seven well-fed sleek cats of varying ages. These proved an outlet for some of her pent up affection, and these were her constant company and delight. No boy in the village would have dared take liberties with an Updycke cat. The consequences of any such rash act could only be imagined.

John Updycke was devoted to his work, and threw himself into it heart and soul. He tried to make himself believe that it fully satisfied his nature, but the belief,

despite his careful nursing, never had grown very strong. This devotion to business, though very profitable in dollars and cents, had proved quite the reverse as to health. In fact, his doctor had told him only a few days before to leave the office to itself a bit and try working in the garden. The old Judge had scoffed at this suggestion, but this bright May morning, attired in old clothes that completely disguised him, was working away in his garden much as he had done twenty-five years ago. John, the hired man, had observed this new departure for a time with silent astonishment, and had finally betaken himself to Cynthy, the maid-of-all-work, with the strange news. The two laughed together at the sight of the dignified Judge working away in faded blue overalls, a more or less ragged coat, and a most disreputable old hat.

Something had sorely distressed Mrs. Updycke. Spot, her oldest and best-loved cat, was gone. She had searched the house from garret to cellar, had even looked in all the closets and presses, but no Spot. Standing finally on the kitchen steps, tired and perplexed, she thought she heard her pet's voice. Following the sound, she stood at one side of the kitchen garden under an old apple-tree, and there, at the end of a long, high branch, in among the blossoms, was Spot, unable to retreat or advance. In vain did his mistress coax. He was evidently very anxious to leave his uncomfortable station, but showed very plainly that he could not get down. The only thing to be done was to get a ladder and climb up for her pet. She was just turning away to execute this plan when she noticed some one working in the garden and called to him: "John, bring the ladder, please, and get Spot out of the tree; he won't go one way or the other, all I can do." The man turned slowly, with, "Spot, who is he?" and the woman, looking up, saw that it was to John Updycke, her husband, she had spoken.

There was a full moment of irresolution—to both it

seemed unending. In the faces made stern and cold by so long and stubborn a resistance, signs of the conflict were visible. Would they go back to the old, silent bitterness? Suddenly—no one knows who was the first—they moved toward each other, and the little white-haired woman was sobbing in the arms of the stern old Judge. The estrangement of twenty years was ended. They stood there in the spring brightness, the apple blossoms raining down their pink-tipped petals about them. Two young lovers could have been no more unconscious of the world. He tried to sooth her, stroking her hair as if she had been a child, and then speaking very softly a word of endearment so long unused, but to quiet her seemed impossible. Suddenly a particularly despairing wail from Spot broke the quiet—this at last brought the Judge's wife to a realization of the outside world. "Why, John," she said, "what will folks think? and there poor Spot's been trying to get down for hours."

C. M. C. '91.

BEN'S ORCHESTRA.

You was askin' me about birds, children : well I'm glad to tell you, for I allers likes to know that the little ones is learnin' to love the musicians which God himself sent to this world to make it glad, before men was learned enough to make music for themselves. S'posin' then, we go an' sit down under that elum yunder, where there is some nice smooth stones as will do for chairs, an' I'll tell you all you wants to hear about birds, for we've ben friends for many a year, ever since the day when my ears was first opened to hear 'em.

I remember as if it was yesterday. There had ben a young lady boarder stayin' to our house all winter, an' she played the fiddle most marvelous. She played things which she said was "classicals," an' was the most beautiful things I had ever dreamed of. They made me cry

sometimes, an' sometimes they made strange longin's fill my heart, an' then agin,—but this 'aint birds.

Well, Miss Helen, that was what she was called, used ter tell me lots about music, an' about bands an' orchestries, an' how wonderful they was, until I wished more'n anythin' in the world, to be a musician myself an' play in a orchestry.

When I told her, she took my rough, coarse hand with its fingers stiff from work on the farm, an' said very soft "Ben, I don't think you could play, your hands are not meant for it, but you can be a musician, although just now you can't go to the city to study an' to hear good music, that will all come in time if you wish it earnestly. But, do you know you have the most wonderful orchestra in all the world, very near you, with the most perfect of singers, an' that you only need to listen to hear the most beautiful music?"

She meant the birds. Then she told me how to hear 'em, how to watch an' foller 'em, until "their songs sunk deep into my heart"—those was the words she used—: then when I had heard 'em until June, to write to 'er and tell 'er how I liked my orchestry.

Well, I *did* listen, an' I was astonished why my ears had been shut before, tight as if they was glued, an' why it was I had never knowed what a world o' melodies an' toons was stored away in their little bodies to be poured out in the Spring.

The first bird what came, or ruther he didn't come, he was there already, was the snow-bird, with his soft gray suit like the winter sky, an' his spot of white underneath like the snow, an' his cheerisome twitter an' "tack, tack," pleasant to hear on a cold mornin' around the house an' the barn.

I used ter watch 'em a good deal when my chores was done, an' I used ter go out in the woods too, among the pines an' cedars, an' find birds which was called pine finches, an' cross-bills. They ate the seeds out of the

cones, in the cutest way you ever see, by hangin' head down, an' pickin' 'em out from underneath.

When it got to be along the middle o' March, the little feathery fellers came mighty fast. The cunnin' song sparrows, bless their hearts—them little birds with striped breasts an' brown backs, came among the first. How the darlin' little critters sang! The prettiest little toon, I thought, I had ever heard, so natural an' so hearty, an' so glad an' hopeful. It 'peered to me as if they had jist one message to tell, but such a good an' wonderful message, that they sang it over an' over. "Spring is comin'! Spring is comin', is almost here! Can't you see it, can't you feel it? The buds is ready to burst from the branches, an' the grass from the ground. Spring is comin'!"

They was true prophets on the whole, for pretty soon the blue birds dropped right out of the sky, an' I saw 'em on the fence posts in the mornin's, hoppin' along, an' twitterin' out their love an' their thoughts, an' holdin' long musical talks about buildin' a nest.

Then all on a sudden came that bustlin', merry robin-red-breast, so full of fun an' happiness he just bubbled over an' let it run out in a song, the roundest, an' out-an-out gladest of all. For two weeks after the first came, there was robins everywhere, the air was full of their whistlin's and their callin's, an' their squabblin's an' makin'-ups. Altogether, they are the merriest an' honestest lot of birds in the world an' I just loved 'em.

After the robins, the birds came in flocks. I got so excited I couldn't keep track of 'em: I was confused with such a big orchestra all to onct. Swallows went skimmin' over the fields, the boberlinks was thick in the grass, an' their song was somethin' heavenly, an' fuller of a extra abundance of joyfulness even than the robin's; but a different kind, a wilder, sweeter sort o' joyfulness.

An' then there was the orioles amongst the apple-branches, like gleams of light from the settin' sun; an'

the lark in the meadows, an' the wobblers with their hundred bright colors, in the woods ; but beautifulest of all, an' wonderfulest of all, sweetest of all, was the thrush in his feather coat of the color of leaves made brown by the frost in the Autumn, and his breast white as clouds in Summer flecked with spots, for shadders. Ah, he was the marster musician, an' sang the very spirit of the Spring an' the Summer.

He wasn't full of jolly fun like robin, nor of wild sort o' exultation like the boberlink, but of the deep gladness, with a touch o' sorrow underneath, of a religious feelin ; yes, that's it, he sings a hymn of praise, an' promise, an' thankfulness.

The first time I heard him, was in the evenin', an' as I listened the tears jest come to my eyes, for he sang out feelin's which was in my heart an' had been strugglin' to get out into expression ; all that I longed for, an' hoped for, all my love for everythin' beautiful an' good he sang.

When he flew away, I sat a long while under the tree he had been on, an' thought. I thought of all the birds I had heard that Spring, an' how they had given me greater pleasure than had ever come into my life before. Yes, Miss Helen must have been right. Nature's own orchestra must be the beautifulest in the world ; an' I wrote an' told her so.

Now if you'll believe it, somethin' strange happened. In a few days a letter came to me from her, enclosin' a railroad ticket to the city, an' sayin' she had bought concert tickets for her an' me, to a great concert on Saturday afternoon, an' I must come down an' hear it without fail.

You can jest believe I went, an' was more excited an' pleased than I ever had been before ; for I was goin' to hear a real city orchestra, led by a famous music marster.

I can't tell you much about the concert, 'cause there 'aint time now ; the sun is goin' down behind the hills.

I went with Miss Helen an' saw the great operer house, an' the crowds of people, an' the players with their extra-

ordinary an' strange instrouments. The next thing I know, the music marster lifted up his hands, in one of which he held a stick, an' there was a mighty rush an' roar of sound, what made me almost jump out of my seat,—it was a piece by Moscart they was playin' I learned afterwards—like thunder, but gradually it subsided down, an' afore I know it, there was the robins singin', hundreds of 'em, all at onct, jest as clear as could be, an' when the robins stopped a minnit, the song-sparrrers begun,—an' then the robins would come in again, high an' low, an' up an' down, everywhere. Then came occasional claps o' thunder, an' more wind an' disturbances, an' it ended.

I was young then an' onrepressible, I simply wiggled with happiness, I was so glad; but then they began more pieces, long ones, nothin' but sound, without any toons. I couldn't understand it; it sort o' stunned me, it was so big, an' I grew tired of it. But after awhile a man sat down to the piany an' played a thing Miss Helen called a rhapsordy by Leased. I feel like I can never forget it. It began soft an' sort o' dreamy an' made me think of April when the grass is first gettin' green; then came a shower sudden an' quick an' when it melted away into sunshine it was May; an' a wonderful sweet melody went through an' through it, I knowed it, an' yet I didn't know it; it kep' comin' where I could almost git it, an' then slippin' away into another toon I didn't know; then it came faster an' faster, an' I grew exciteder an' exciteder. Finerly it came so fast I couldn't breath, it 'peer'd to me; an' then all on a sudden it burst out into the song of thrush, clear an' loud.

I guess I forgot all about where I was, I stood right up an' pressed my hands to my head, an' bent forward an' listened with all my strength. It was like a thrush in heaven!

I didn't hear anything more; that wonderful rapsordy filled me as if I was a bell an' kep' resoundin' to it. I couldn't say a word, I was too glad.

All that night I dreamed of birds, of great choruses of 'em, of real birds I mean, which made a wonderful great harmony; and that above 'em all was the voice of the thrush, penetratin', powerful, beautiful beyond all my words to tell.

When, in the mornin', Miss Helen asked about the concert, I told her it was as fine as man could make a concert, I thought. Then when she looked pleased an' a little surprised I said, "Miss Helen, in the winter you told me to listen to the birds, if I wanted to hear a orchestry; an' more, I must learn to love their music, if I wanted to be a musician myself. Well, you know I've listened to them all the Spring, an' now I have listened to another orchestry, the kind I wanted to belong to. But it is after all, only an imitashun, Miss Helen, the music this orchestry plays; very lovely, I know, yet still a imitashun; it does the robin pretty well, an' the song-sparrow fairly, an' the orioles; the thrush most marvelous. But it aint real, there 'aint the naturality in it as if it was played out o' the heart because it couldn't help bein' played. There 'aint the sky, nor the green fields, nor the woods in it, nor the breeze in the leaves, nor the flowers; there 'aint the real ring of Spring in it! I've heard both orchestries now, Miss Helen, thanks to you, man's an' God's, an' I like God's best!"

There! the sun's dropped below the hills. Scamper off to yer supper now, or you'll be late—Uncle Ben must see to gettin' the cows in.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE POETRY OF EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

It was remarked in a recent review that never in the history of modern literature has really good verse been so plentiful as now. Magazine editors are constantly refusing productions which are not merely correct in verse-form, but poetical in spirit; and the host of lesser poets is marshalling in greater numbers every day. There is a danger entailed by this embarrassment of metrical riches, and it is the very real danger of mediocrity. Too much of what is good does not often produce what is great. And so it becomes necessary, when a new writer of verse makes his appearance in our magazines, to test very carefully his claims to admission into even the lowest grade of the fraternity of poets, before we dare to hope that he may become the new poet for whom the whole literary world is watching.

When in 1887, Edward Rowland Sill died, America lost a man who in the opinion of all had successfully passed the test, and who in the opinion of many was destined to fulfil the great hope. He left behind him some sixty short poems and sonnets, most of which were first published in magazines; and besides these, one longer poem, "The Hermitage."

Of the former, the most ambitious is the "Venus of Milo"; the others are each the brief expression of some single earnest thought, with here and there a purely descriptive poem, like "The North Wind." It is in "The Hermitage" that we can study best, because at greatest length, the workmanship of Sill.

In that first requisite of poetry, simplicity, he is not found wanting. There is hardly a superfluous line, a twisted expression or a fantastic image in all his work.

A few verses from one of his short poems, "Wiegenlied," will perhaps show the charm of his perfect simplicity as well as any other extract.

" Be still and sleep, my Soul,
Now gentle-footed Night
In softly shadowed stole
Holds all the day from sight.

* * * * *

" Thou hast no need to wake.
Thou art no sentinel.
Love all the care will take,
And Wisdom watcheth well.

" Weep not, think not, but rest.
The stars in silence roll.
On the world's mother-breast
Be still and sleep, my Soul."

With all Sill's simplicity, there is no want of melody. Rhythm, perhaps, the voluptuous cadences of Swinburne, he lacks; his meter is unstudied and free. But where can one find anything more musical than the lines in "The Hermitage," where he describes the sound of a mountain brook?

" I listen to the chords that sink and swell
From many a little fall and babbling run.
That hollow gurgle is the deepest bass ;
Over the pebbles gush contralto tones,
While shriller trebles trinkle merrily,
Running like some enchanted fingered flute
Endless chromatics."

And if he has the poet's ear, he has also the artist's eye. Witness this picture:—

" On the brown shining beach, all ripple-carved,
Gleams now and then a pool ; so smooth and clear
That, though I cannot see the plover there
Pacing its farther edge (so much he looks
The color of the sand), yet I can trace
His image hanging in the glassy brine—
Slim legs and rapier beak—like silver-plate
With such a pictured bird clean-etched upon it.
Beyond, long curves of little shallow waves

Creep, tremulous with ripples, to the shore,
Till the whole bay seems slowly sliding in,
With edge of snow that melts against the sand."

So much for Sill's power of expression : now for the thought that he had to give the world. He was a New Englander, and therefore thought to him was far more than expression. There are two characteristics of the face which looks out at us from the frontispiece of his little white volume, that are especially striking. These characteristics are sadness and strength ; and sadness and strength are the key-notes of his thought.

There is an undercurrent of melancholy running through almost all his verse ; even below the ripples of a whimsical mood like that expressed in " Five Lives," one can feel the steady flow of that saddest thought, which comes to us all at times, the thought of the uselessness and insignificance of human life. There is an intensely personal pathos in such poems as " Service " and " Before I Go " ; they are the almost prophetic utterances of one who foresaw that his work must be laid aside before it was fairly begun ; but apart from instances like these, we can feel everywhere that the spirit of the age finds expression in the poetry of this New England man. Not a cynical, *fin de siècle* pessimism, but the nobler sadness of a Matthew Arnold.

And yet there is a world of difference between Matthew Arnold and Sill, and it is just here that the second dominant characteristic of the latter appears. There is in Sill a resolute optimism, which, while it will not be led by a false light, and is by no means sure that it has found the true light, yet insists that there is a true light. One cannot better compare Sill's point of view with Arnold's than by comparing the solutions which they offer to the great problem of human happiness.

Arnold says : Nine-tenths of the suffering in a human life comes from its dependence on other lives. If you would know how to live calmly, strongly, beyond the

reach of disturbance and passion, go to Nature, and learn of the stars and sea how to live alone, self-poised and self-centred.

Sill's poems show that this gospel of solitude had a great fascination for him. His feeling for Nature is strangely like Arnold's. Perhaps he had a keener love of the beauty of Nature as simple beauty, but with him as with Arnold, it is the eternal calm, the patient strength of the great mother that draws him most strongly to her. Where Arnold says :

" Fold closely, O Nature !
Thine arms round thy child,"

Sill says

" Unto thy patient heart, my mother Earth,
I come, a weary child."

Where Arnold prays

" Ah, calm me, restore me,
And dry up my tears,"

Sill's words are

. . " Quieted and hushed against thy breast
I can forget to weep
And sink at last to rest."

Nevertheless, in spite of this close sympathy between the two poets, Sill's longest poem, the only one of which we can be sure that it is not the expression of a mood, has for its central thought the proving that the way to happiness is not the way of solitary communion with Nature. The hero of "The Hermitage" is a young man who has had his first great sorrow brought upon him through another person. He resolves to accept the gospel of solitude, and makes a lovely spot in the wilderness his hermitage. Here he dwells, alone with stars and sea, with clouds and pines and mountain brooks, hearing

" The one clear, perfect note of solitude "

until, at the end of a few months, in sheer loneliness of spirit he cries

" Give me the chords back, even though some ring false !"

He has found that the only way for a man to go is the way of his fellow-men.

This is the truth that Sill has to tell the world. It is not a new lesson,—the world has heard it before, but it has never been more sorely needed than to-day. It teaches us that the true calmness and strength are to be found not in solitude and a self-centred life, but in simple earnest work among other men and women. Against him who has found this secret Fate itself has no power.

A STUDY OF AMIEL.

There is perhaps no better exponent of the purely psychological side of modern critical thought, than Henri Frédéric Amiel. His nature, keenly sensitive as it is to every influence, meets at least one of the conditions of genius,—that it voice the feeling of the age. In the complexity of his nature, its eager interest in all things human, its passion for analytical subtleties, we see an embodiment of some of the strongest tendencies of our time ; at least, a partial expression of the *Zeit-geist*.

In Amiel's close relation with his age, we have the key to his strength and to his weakness. His analytic powers have been developed at the expense of his synthetic, and the result is an ineffectiveness correspondent with the scattering of force that marks the age in general. In him, the interest in humanity, the study of man as a psychological problem, which is certainly one of the striking phases of present thought, is almost morbidly developed. But its development has been modified, determined by his personality, by a shy sensitiveness and delicacy that throws him back upon himself, where with a more rugged nature he would have been carried out among his fellows. His absorbing interest in human life, turned aside from its natural channel, has become absorbing interest in himself, as the one man whom he dares challenge ; timidity has taken refuge in egoism. He has

himself given us the clearest possible analysis of his own habit of self-study :

“If I have any special power of appreciating different shades of mind, I owe it, no doubt, to the analysis I have so perpetually practiced on myself. In fact, I have always regarded myself as matter for study, and what has interested me most in myself has been the pleasure of having under my hand a man, a person in whom, as an authentic specimen of human nature, I could follow, without importunity or indiscretion, all the metamorphoses, the secret thoughts, the heart-beats, and the temptations of humanity. My attention has been drawn to myself impersonally and philosophically.”

In this exclusive development of the analytic faculties, there has been refined out of him a certain “brute force” by which alone a man can make himself felt among men. In his constant habit of minute analysis, he has lost the comprehensive grasp of a subject which is essential in the highest kind of criticism. The very fact that his life-work is, not a unified intellectual product, but a collection of thoughts—a journal—is a commentary upon his mental calibre, an indication of his incapacity for prolonged, coherent effort. He seems to have turned instinctively to this mode of expression as the one that freed him from the necessity of such effort. But here again his own words are best to tell us of himself :—

“Composition demands a concentration, decision, and pliancy which I no longer possess. I cannot fuse together materials and ideas. . . . my whole nature tends to that impersonality which respects and subordinates itself to the object; it is love of truth which holds me back from concluding and deciding . . . I am afraid of having forgotten a point, of having exaggerated an expression, of having used a word out of place, while all the time I ought to have been thinking of essentials and aiming at breadth of

treatment. I do not know how to sacrifice anything, how to give up anything whatever. Hurtful timidity, unprofitable conscientiousness, fatal slavery to detail."

But granting his limitations, it is hard to over-estimate the worth of his criticism. There is in it a deep-rooted integrity, a luminousness of presentation, flashing intuition—in short, rare mingling of rare qualities, such as we find nowhere else. Perhaps there never was a more suggestive writer, one more stimulating and vitalizing. With rare sympathy he penetrates to the very centre of a truth, and however fragmentary his expression, never fails to give us its very essence.

As we think of Amiel's life, we cannot but feel its keen pathos. Here is a man with a mind open to every interest, seemingly capable of any effort, yet content to linger through life in passive contemplation of his own possibilities. Just how great these possibilities were, we have no way of telling: we must, finally, judge a man by what he does, not by what he could do, and it may be questioned whether genius that has always remained potential can be rightly so called. Certainly Amiel can never be classed among those who have "taken glory by storm." His life, the life of this nineteenth century Hamlet, seems a succession of moods, interesting, sad, full of high impulses, showing everywhere the same eager, wistful search for truth, everywhere checked and turned back by self-distrust, springing from real reverence for things highest. He has not lived out his fullest self; his work seems fragmentary, incomplete, and yet in this "legacy of ideas" which he has left us, we have record of a nature instinct with eager life, full of earnest purpose, an inspiration to greater intellectual breadth and integrity.

'92.

DWELLERS IN FLATS.

The house whose inhabitants I shall attempt to describe stood in a dingy part of a great city near the river and

railroad, thus receiving the full benefit of the black smoke from the engines, tugs and steamboats. It was flanked on the west by a tiny wooden carpenter-shop, never painted and now black with age, an unsightly object, indeed, in the eyes of the more "genteel" inhabitants, but a favorite rendezvous for their children, who clustered on its piles of new lumber like flies on a honeycomb. The street railway ran along the east side of The House and the ears of the dwellers were incessantly greeted by the jingle of the car-bells. Across the street stood a large factory vaguely known as the "Japannery," the exact nature of whose business remained a profound mystery in the neighborhood.

"The House" itself was known by the appropriate name of "The Waverly." It was a bulky, four-story structure; and was thoroughly "shabby-genteel." The highly ornamented brown-stone front constituted the genteel element, at least in the eyes of the tenants; while the cheap wood-work, bad ventilation and lack of modern conveniences, together with the rickety state of the building, may be considered among the shabby elements. It had been built by a wealthy but knavish alderman with an eye to profit on the investment rather than to cleanliness or comfort. Therefore each floor was partitioned into two sections, thus making eight so-called "flats" in all. The four "fronts" contained the more genteel portion of the population; while in the "backs" the shabby predominated. We shall confine our attention to the inhabitants of the "fronts," not because they were more genteel but because they were more easily known.

Over the door of the first floor hung a sign which announced that school-books and stationery were sold within by O. M. Schnell. In fact the front room of the flat had been changed into a little store. But it was not on account of the "school-books and stationery" that the penniless school children flattened their noses against the window-panes. One window was filled with all the deli-

cacies in vogue among children, from pickles to chocolate creams. The other window was adorned with a variety of articles, varying with the season, now valentines, now Easter-eggs, now marbles, "jacks," bouncing-balls, whistles, and other ingenious playthings. Mrs. Schnell always had what the children wanted.

"Old Mother" Schnell (thus the O. M. was interpreted) was a comfortable, middle-aged German woman. Her red silk handkerchief, the little gold rings in her ears—to ward off rheumatism—and her never-to-be-finished knitting were ample assurance of that. She was the figure-head of the place, always to be found at the front window, motionless, except for her busy fingers, and content. When the shop bell announced the entrance of some little customer, a shrill, stentorian voice would rise from the depths of the figure-head, calling, "Henr-ry! Henr-r-r-ry!" and pale, hunch-backed Henry would appear from behind the curtain at the back of the shop. As customers increased, the cry would go forth, "Henr-r-r-i-et-ta! Henr-r-r-i-et-ta!" and pretty, rosy Henrietta would appear from behind the same mysterious screen. But when the little shop became crowded, as often happened, slowly the ponderous figure-head would rise from its creaking chair and appease the clamorous little buyers with a despatch which exceeded even that of business-like Henry and nimble-fingered Henrietta.

Mother Schnell and her children were a wonderfully happy family, perfectly devoted to one another and desiring no outside friends. Their lives, simple and dull as they were, sufficed for them. They earned enough to support themselves and desired nothing more. They made no pretensions to gentility but really possessed far more of it than most of their neighbors. They made no show of piety, but understood the word charity and always had a kind word and pleasant smile for everyone. A hungry little damsel often found a cake too many in her bag, a small boy often discovered that his assiduously

saved pennies just equaled the price of some long-desired toy, a wistful little face pressed against the window often brightened at a beck from Mother Schnell's fat finger, a beck known to be the forerunner of some tempting gift. But if caught in any of these acts or accused of them, Mother Schnell would fly into a rage and scold the accuser until he was glad to retreat.

The second floor was occupied by a salesman in a large retail dry-goods store and his wife, who considered themselves the aristocracy of the neighborhood; and the third, by two humble dressmakers. But these people are like thousands of others in the great city, and with them we have nothing to do.

The top flat was a cheerful abode, high, indeed, but cool, airy and sunny. The windows were bowers of green, summer and winter, and a cheerful canary-bird sang gaily among the flowers. The interior was furnished after the fashion of a past generation. There was a huge chest of drawers, a tall, old-fashioned clock, shabby but comfortable easy chairs, old family portraits in oval frames on the walls, several shelves of books, and, in a corner, an asthmatic old house-organ.

The inhabitants of this flat were a little old gentleman and his wife. They had seen better days when old "Charley" Reese had been in business for himself; but through dishonest creditors he had lost all he had, and in his old age was forced to begin over again as an agent for a new brand of shirt. He never bewailed his lot, but accepted it with perfect cheerfulness. He was a brisk, bright-eyed little man with a sparrow-like way of perking his head on one side. As he hopped about, day after day, his almost childlike simplicity and sincerity won for him more customers than did his eloquent arguments on the superior quality of his goods.

If the little old man may be compared to a sparrow, his wife surely resembled an eagle. Her tall figure, imposing in spite of the fact that she was slightly hunch-

backed, her sharp features, and aquiline nose, were the outward signs of a nature born to rule. Supreme, absolute monarch, she was, indeed, in that small household, and by her sturdy common sense she often checked and steadied her husband's wild flights of enthusiasm. For the rest, she was talkative, an inveterate gossip, and a voracious novel-reader.

It was pleasant to see the husband and wife sitting by their cheerful lamp, she, with her novel, or, especially in late years, her knitting, and he with his newspapers and his beloved books, among which were always to be found his two favorites, a "History of Prussia," and Lydia Maria Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas." Late in the evening he would always say, "Sally, can't you give us some music?" And she would go to the organ and play the dear, old, familiar "Gospel Hymns." Then he would reverently take down the Family Bible, in which were recorded the births and deaths of their children, and often with tear-dimmed spectacles would read aloud from the Message which never grows old.

Editors' Table.

This is how it should have been :—

The editor sat in the luxuriously appointed sanctum and mused, "All things, even the most delightful, have an end. It is a sad thought that never again shall we have the privilege of choosing the gems which are to constitute our department from the huge pile of contributions poured in upon us every month. How melancholy to reflect that never again will the productions of our own genius, in the editorial department, be read with eager and admiring interest! In short, how mournful are our feelings when called upon to relinquish our guardianship of the MISCELLANY!"

This is how it was :—

The editor heaved a sigh of relief, and remarked in weary tones, "Our last editorial! Never again shall we wander through the college imploring people to write for us. Never again shall we grow pale and wan toward the first of the month with ransacking our thoughts for an editorial subject. Never again shall we be reduced to the necessity of writing pages of rambling observations without a single central idea, and calling the production an editorial. What a burden is lifted from us now that our last MISCELLANY has made its appearance!"

And yet,—even though some such thoughts as these are in our minds as we send out our last number,—with all our sense of relief comes the inevitable "sadness that attends the finished task." Not that we regret giving up our MISCELLANY, for we give it into good hands, and its future looks very bright to us; but the relinquishment of this responsibility means the beginning of the end.

Guard the MISCELLANY well, oh Ninety-Two, as you hope to guard well the other trusts we shall deliver to

your keeping so soon. Give to it nothing but your best, as we have tried to do, and may you succeed far better than we have done in making it worthy of the college we love.

Would it indeed be a great indiscretion at this season, with Easter only two weeks in the future, to venture upon the subject of honors, that subject which renews annually its interest if not its youth? Perhaps a variation on the old theme would be tolerated if one gave assurance at the outset that it was not to be a polemic against the system.

The deteriorating effects of the system upon character and scholarship have often been urged and with much eloquence. Granting it to be an evil, one might reasonably expect to find a reaction in the Senior Class after the announcement of honors and might hope to see a general rise in moral and intellectual standards. Yet we are much chagrined to say that exactly the reverse of what might be expected has sometimes been observed.

But waiving these questions let us consider the possible effect upon us when we are forced to compare the measures we have been taking of ourselves for the past four years with those so carefully taken by our professors. The failure in the results to tally is almost universal, as every one, however reluctantly she may acknowledge it, even to herself, has a lurking suspicion that her name will be found among—"The Remnant."

Now how shall this discrepancy between the estimates of our abilities and acquirements influence us, and can we turn even this to advantage? Those blessed with the philosophic spirit will doubtless settle back with the complacent sense of "having done the best we could" with a few talents. Perhaps defective preparation will serve conveniently as a scape-goat for a few of their shortcomings. Others of the same tendency of mind will find ready substitutes for honors in social success and in

the pleasant and helpful friendships they have formed, while some will pretentiously call themselves seekers for truth whose *Ultima Thule* is not the mark of four. But philosophy and practical wisdom do not always agree in their conclusions. The truly wise will find that in their failure which will spur them on to greater effort in the future, or they will frankly acknowledge their limitations, will feel that four years spent in nothing better than merely learning what they cannot do is not entirely lost, and they will see the truth in the statement that "It is only the fools who keep straining at high C all their lives. The wise when coughed down go into the chorus."

It is true, is it not, that all the gifts with which a man is endowed he should use for the benefit of his fellow-men and of himself? By use natural gifts are improved, sometimes perfected. We do not question that. Are we not, however, frequently tempted to substitute for use abuse? And do not some of us sometimes succumb to this temptation? Man is endowed with a capacity for judgment, for moral judgment. This judgment may be directed towards his own purposes and acts; it may be directed towards the purposes and acts of others. With the former case we have, here and now, nothing to do. With the latter,—well, which is it, use or abuse?

Judge not! Why should we not judge? Lest we wrong others in thought, in word, in deed. The world is full of people, all of whom make mistakes, many of whom commit grievous sins. Of these, at all events, we can say with truth, "They have done wrong"? That depends upon our standard. If it is absolute wisdom, absolute truth, absolute purity, then, yes, they have done wrong. If it is the capacity of human nature for wisdom, for truth, and for purity, then, possibly, they have done no wrong, and we are unrighteous judges. What of our attitude towards those who stand charged with offences of which they must not for honor's sake, will not for

friends' sakes, or cannot, through sheer force of circumstances, prove themselves guiltless? We help to form the world which makes the charges, which, so often without a hearing, brings in the verdict guilty. That the supposed offenders never suspect from word or deed our judgments, that the world with whose opinions ours concur never hears our individual opinions does not free us from blame. We wrong a man in thought, a wrong which we can never undo. If by words we express our sentiments, if our deeds are influenced thereby, and if they influence others, then we do a wrong the consequences of which no man can foresee, for which we can never atone.

"Judge not that ye be not judged"—judged, not by others, but by our own hearts, by our own minds. If we have judged hastily, unfairly, our hearts must condemn us for lack of charity, our reason for not weighing all of the evidence—and has man scales with which to balance circumstances, character, purpose?—for unrighteous judging. Let us, then, be careful, careful not to wrong others, careful to estimate hasty judgments at their true value; so shall we oftenest do right, so shall we, when misjudged, be able to say:

"The look o' the thing, the chance of mistake,
All were against me—that I knew the first;
But, knowing also what my duty was, I did it."

There are some virtues for which one is willing, even glad, to receive praise—virtues external, rather than essential—virtues that we all avowedly and earnestly strive to obtain. Gentleness, courtesy, kindness, these we seek daily, and any appreciation shown us of the measure of our success is a welcome encouragement which spurs us on to greater effort. But there are other virtues to praise which is an insult—virtues in no sense external, but vital, essential to all life and growth of character,—virtues to question whose existence is to question the existence of

character. Of such a nature is honor. To commend a character for possessing honor is like praising the tree for having roots, the river for having a source. For honor is the chief corner-stone of character. It is not a virtue that may be added, to give symmetry and adornment, whose lack merely detracts from the beauty of the up-built character, but it is basal, it is the foundation, without which no structure, however poor, can be reared. We all of us recognize this fact in our keen resentment of any imputation of our honor. To most charges brought against us we not only listen, but plead guilty. We are careless in work, hasty in speech, thoughtless and unkind in friendships, narrow in our interests—all these accusations we readily and humbly admit to be true—but that we are not honorable no one may dare to tell us. And we do right to resent the charge as an indignity. Honor is unlike all other virtues; from its very nature it must be conscious of itself. Faith in one's own honor is the sole source of self-respect.

Honor being what it is, the remark sometimes heard among us, that a certain one has a high sense of honor, is a sad commentary on student life. It reveals the fact, which one is loath to believe, that there does not exist among us the universal sense of honor that is vital to right life. If the sense of honor in some of us is subject of remark, does it not mean that certain others of us are destitute of that sense? The conclusion is a painful one, but it is inevitable. So long as some students are spoken of as honorable, it follows that other students must be called dishonorable. And so long as there exists among us any dishonor—for lack of honor is dishonor—our college life will lack a stable foundation, and can promise no sure growth in the line of character building. Whether in individuals or in communities, an unswerving sense of honor is the first requisite. It precedes all development of nobler, better life.

No one can reflect upon the nature of student life

without realizing that it affords peculiar opportunities for the exercise or non-exercise of honor. Not a day, not an hour, passes in which we are not put to the test. We must do either the honorable thing or the dishonorable. The routine of college life is made up of a multitude of little things, in all of which it is peculiarly easy to deviate a little from the strict standard of honor. In weightier matters, such as we expect to meet with in later life, there is not one of us that would not now scorn to act dishonorably, but we forget the unfailing law that, as one acts in trivial things, so sooner or later will one act in great things. A college course that contains petty acts of dishonor, is fatal preparation for after life. It will not fail of its consequences. And we forget, too, that though we may not act dishonorably, according to our standard of honor, we are not yet free from blame, if that standard is low. In all matters of life it is our duty to have the highest standard possible—but there are few things in life where that highest possible standard is so easily obtained as in the case of honor. Men fail sadly in their search for absolute truth, but no one who seeks in all earnestness to find absolute honor can fail of the object of his search. Our responsibility, then, is two-fold. According to our standard, we must make our lives honorable in each little detail of everyday life, and we must also see to it that our standard of honor is as high as the highest.

HOME MATTERS.

On the evening of Feb. 3, Professor A. Melville Bell, of Washington, gave us an exposition of the principles of what he calls "Visible Speech." The object of his ingenious system, which was first published in 1867, is to obtain a set of symbols which shall, by their form, represent unmistakably, to one who understands the theory underlying their construction, all the sounds which it is

possible for the human voice to utter. Space will not allow us to give a detailed account of the plan upon which these symbols are formed. A straight line always denotes a vowel, while a curve represents a consonant. These primary forms are variously modified by the addition of marks which show, in the case of a vowel, the position which the tongue takes in producing the sound ; and in the case of a consonant, the position of the lips and the manner in which the breath is expelled.

Professor Bell claims for his system that it simplifies greatly the task of acquiring a foreign language, enabling the learner to master completely the accent of a language he has never even heard. It has been found of much practical value in teaching the deaf.

Dr. Hart lectured upon the "Romance of American Political Geography," on Thursday evening, Feb. 5th. The possibility of a connection between two things so remote as geography and romance certainly never occurred to us when our efforts were given to the bounding of States and the singing of capitals, nor had the researches of our later years disclosed the connection to many of us.

According to Professor Hart, political geography deals with the question of boundaries. Discovery and conquest being merely alterations of boundaries, geographically speaking, the romance of discovery, colonization and war is likewise the romance of political geography.

After reading some graphic descriptions by early explorers and discoverers of their romantic adventures, Professor Hart left the consideration of the extension of boundaries for that of definition of boundaries. He showed how the inter-colonial wars were due to territorial disputes arising from the geographical ignorance of those who made the original grants of land. The assumptions as to the location of the South Sea, and the courses of

unexplored rivers, gave rise to many amusing as well as romantic circumstances. Not only did this policy of indefinite bounds running westward lead to conflict between the States, but it confronted the United States after independence had been gained, and was finally settled by destroying the claims of the States in the Northwest Territory.

A very important and romantic epoch in our history, was that of the addition of foreign territory, through the Mexican war and the annexation of Louisiana. The story of the Louisiana purchase is one worthy to be included in the "Arabian Nights." A mere whim of Napoleon gave the United States more territory than she had gained from England in the Revolutionary War.

The Civil War, with all the romance which the principle at stake has given it, was occasioned by the change in boundary due to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and it meant, geographically, the reversal of the territorial history of the forty years preceding.

Political geography, in having a close relation to great events, has also a connection with great men, and the human element is not entirely divorced from territorial boundaries.

Dr. Hart's second lecture, on Friday evening, was upon the "World's Debt to American Political Invention." After tracing briefly the evolution of English criticism upon America, he pointed out the conceptions of government peculiarly ours, and then showed how our political inventions have come to dominate not only England herself, but the whole world.

The United States was the first to discover and apply the principle of legal equality. France soon adopted this, other nations followed, until now each country has one system of law. Political equality was not a new idea in government, but with us it was a re-creation of what had been almost forgotten. Its application, however, has some features distinctly American, namely:

universal suffrage, the requirement that a member shall reside in the district from which he serves, and the "Gerry-mander," a political contrivance to defeat the popular will.

One of our most striking inventions is the adoption of written constitutions. In 1788, the American was the only written constitution in the world; in 1888, there were five hundred. The separation of power between the three departments of government and the election of the chief executive officer are original with us. In party organization through the caucus and convention, in the planning of elections beforehand, in the limit of debate, American ingenuity has taken a course not to be recommended to other nations. Against this misdirection of power, we as students of history can use our influence by discriminating between the good and the bad, and exerting the force of our opinion against the bad. By studying the history of our country as connected with other nations, and by contributing to the accurate and detailed knowledge of our own institutions, we may help to solve the political questions now before the United States.

The two lectures given by President Andrews of Brown University, on Friday evening and Saturday morning, February 13th and 14th, were of a character to interest all in the economic questions treated. The subject of the first lecture was "Economic Maladjustments." President Andrews began by speaking briefly of the great question of modern times—is just distribution attained under our present economic system? To this question two answers are given. The *Laissez-faire* school say "Yes"; the Socialists say "No", and their answer is based upon the belief that the whole economic system under which we live is wrong—in conception, in means, in end. The true view, President Andrews holds, is the mean between these two. In its tendency, our system is right, but it is not

free from certain great evils. The most serious of these "maladjustments" were then considered. One is found in our monetary system. So long as money fluctuates in value, there must be injustice—as, for instance, in the case of debts contracted when money had a higher value than at the time of payment. A second evil is the working of monopoly. President Andrews believes the tendency to monopoly to be not only inevitable, but good; intrinsically, there is great advantage in production on a large scale. But as the system exists, it benefits not society as a whole, but only those directly interested. Its effect is to make the rich richer, the poor poorer. Again, under our present economic system, great trouble arises from cross-purposes in the mechanism of production. So long as producers act in the dark, unconscious of each others' plans, it is impossible for supply to fit demand, even approximately. Still other sources of evils are corporations and exchanges—stock exchanges especially. Both of these institutions, like monopoly, are in themselves necessary and good, but they afford infinite chance for corruption. The nature of corporations is such as to give every opportunity to the pursuit of private interests. Exchanges render possible stock gambling. While legitimate speculation is beneficial, working to steady prices, and being, in a negative sense, a productive agency, gambling is a means of robbery, and is disastrous in its effect upon the market. Last in the category of economic maladjustments, come certain injustices in State and local taxation.

President Andrews' second lecture was upon "Socialism," and formed the natural sequel to his first. All who admit the evils of our economic system must raise the question, "Is there any cure?" The most pretentious answer to this is offered by the Socialists. After calling attention to the distinction between Socialism and the two other "isms" so frequently confounded with it—Anarchism and Communism—President Andrews pre-

sented the theory of Socialism, with its advantages and disadvantages. The fundamental idea of Socialism is that all land and all capital should be held by society. It is a mistake to suppose that Socialism involves social slavery, for productive wealth alone, not personal property, is to be put under the authority of the general public. The system boasts several advantages. It would render crises impossible. It would do away with corporations and their attendant evils—for society would be one grand corporation. Similarly, society would have all the benefit of monopoly, with none of the evils—for society, itself monopolizing, would itself reap all the gain. Finally, money would be dismissed altogether. Its place would be supplied by a system that is the chief feature of Socialism—that of simple labor time. By this system, all production, all labor, is valued in terms of simple labor time, and exchange is to be so effected, by means of government cards, that price shall always be exactly equal to the cost of production—both cost and price being expressed in simple labor time. The idea is thus that of absolute justice. But it is just in regard to this system that Socialism presents certain insuperable difficulties. While the reduction to terms of simple labor time is practicable in dealing with simple manual labor, how is it possible in the case of intellectual labor and the higher forms of physical labor? Moreover, labor, though the principal ingredient of value, is not the sole ingredient. Price must be regulated by demand. A system disregarding this principle would lead to great waste; and, in order to keep supply in accordance with demand, would have to resort to the extreme measure of coercing men into certain lines of work. There is yet another weighty objection to Socialism, the authority that it would give to the head of the government, who would be head, likewise, of all industries. To multiply the power of men in authority is to multiply the abuse of that power, and the evils resulting from such abuse.

Is there, then, no hope, asked President Andrews, if the value of Socialism, the most pretentious plan of cure, reduces to zero? The prospect is not so encouraging as one might wish, yet there are certain tendencies pointing to the bettering of the evils, such as the plan for keeping the purchasing power of money uniform, and the beginning made in the regulation of monopoly. Such regulation will not only decrease the evils of monopoly, but will do away with cross-purposes in production. Our system of taxation, also, can be improved so as to abolish many injustices. As to the other great evils, the chief source of hope is to be found in the reflection that sociology has only just come to be a subject of serious thought, and that we may fairly argue that, if for one hundred years as much talent be given to it as is now devoted to the natural sciences, there will be no less progress made than that seen in the study of these sciences during the past century. It must always be borne in mind, however, that social perfection cannot precede moral and religious perfection; that there are some evils that never can be done away until men are what they ought to be.

The February meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held in the chapel on Sunday evening, February 16th, under the direction of the newly elected President, Miss Stearns. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Edwin F. See of Brooklyn, on the subject, "The Young Men's Christian Association; Its Origin and Methods."

Some forty-five years ago, Mr. Hitchcock, a London merchant, was much disturbed by observing that certain young men of his employ were absent from business for a short time each day. Having found their place of retreat and resolving to surprise the culprits in their mischief, he crept up a long flight of stairs and listened at the door. What he heard was—a petition "that God would bless their opening enterprise and give Mr. H. a

desire to help the undertaking." The gentleman withdrew, and from that time gave them his hearty support. Such was the origin of the Young Men's Christian Association, which now has its place in almost every city in the world. The theory of the society is that young men must have companionship, either good or bad ; its aim is to supply the needed helpful influence. The Association is in no respect a substitute for the church, but rather a bridge from the world to the church, or to the church at work for young men. Its social work is the supplying of entertainments and receptions for those who would otherwise seek the saloons. For intellectual culture, there are evening classes largely attended, lectures, libraries, and reading rooms. The distinctively spiritual side is seen in Bible training and religious meetings. The great good done by the Association is recognized by men in no sense religious who are constantly seeking to bring their sons under its influence. It is confessedly the "greatest religious factor in our colleges" and demands the hearty support and help of every one of us.

On Friday evening, February 20th, we enjoyed the rare pleasure of listening to a pianoforte recital by Herr Conrad Ansorge.

The programme was an unusually fine one. Bach's Overture in E Major, from a Suite for Clavichord and Violin, the transcription by Joseffy, was followed by a Beethoven Sonata, op. 90. In the Schubert numbers which came next, Herr Ansorge reversed the order printed on the programmes, giving the delightful, rippling Impromptu in F sharp minor first, and the Frühlingsliebe second. The Aria and Scherzo e Intermezzo from Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, and the Brahms Rhapsodie were more unfamiliar selections.

Herr Ansorge is never heard to greater advantage than in the works of his master, Liszt ; and his beautiful rendering of the "Petraca Sonette" was fully appreci-

ated. The second of the two Paganini-Liszt Caprices was the lovely "Campanella," the opening bars of which those of us who have heard Herr Ansorge before recognized with especial pleasure.

In response to the demand for an encore, a Chopin Mazurka, op. 68, No. 2, was given.

It is not often that we have a cast almost entirely made up of our favorite and best actors, such as we had in *A Russian Honeymoon*, on the evening of February 28th. The play, a charming one in itself, was made doubly so by the smoothness with which the stage machinery worked, and the uniform excellence of the acting.

Miss Halliday, as Poleska, took us all literally "by storm," and, if this must be her last appearance, we are glad that we saw her in the part of heroine, in which she first won her laurels, rather than as hero, dear as she was to us in that rôle. It was no wonder that she yielded to the calm dignity and authority of her handsome lover Alexis, for Miss Bentley proved herself efficient, as ever, in "home government." We cannot help regretting that the MISCELLANY has hitherto monopolized Miss Taylor and kept her from our stage, for as Ivan she was quite irresistible, especially in the scenes with the swaggering, blustering Koulikoff, in whom it was hard to recognize Miss Pringle. The latter's success was fully worthy of her brilliant début last year. Miss Oakley made a delightfully frivolous and pretty Baroness Vladimir, and our only regret lay in not seeing more of her. The parts of Micheline and Osip were taken with spirit by Miss Latimer and Miss Beattie, the former adding one more to the list of '94's clever actors. Throughout, the stage setting was more than usually effective, and the costumes were exceedingly pretty and ingenious.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, lectured in the chapel on Monday evening, March 2. His

subject was "Apes and their Brains Compared with Man's."

In his introduction Professor Wilder stated that as there is almost no difference between the composition of the bodies of apes and of men, so there is no discernible difference between their brains.

He then proceeded to describe the development and constitution of the brain in general, and explained various theories relating to the difference between the brain of man and that of the ape. It has been held that superiority of intelligence depends: (1) upon the actual size of the brain. But this theory will not hold because the brains of many animals are larger than that of man. (2) Upon the relative lapping of cerebrum over cerebellum, which is comparatively great in man. But some monkeys, even of a low order, have been found, in which the cerebrum overlaps the cerebellum far more than in man. (3) Upon relative difference in size. Here, again, some monkeys have brains nearly twice as large, in proportion to the size of their bodies, as man's. (4) Upon the relative size of the cerebrum and cerebellum. In man, the cerebrum is eight times as large as the cerebellum, while in no monkey is it more than five or six times as large. However, this theory cannot be stated with any great certainty until more careful comparisons have been made. (5) Upon the large number of convolutions or gyres in the insula, of which no ape has more than two or three. But the porpoise has fourteen and, as Dr. Wilder said, "We can't wipe the porpoise out." (6) Upon the folding of the fissures. But although an expert anatomist can distinguish a human brain by touch, with his eyes closed, yet there is such a variation of details in human brains that it is impossible to see just wherein the distinctive characteristic lies. Not many facts are known about the relation of mind and brain, but certain faculties have been located in certain parts of the brain. For instance, the occipital part is supposed to be connected

with certain organs of sense and the power of imitation, and, while the occipital part of the brains of monkeys is excessively developed, their powers of imitation transcend those of man.

Professor Wilder concluded that the only way of arriving at a solution of the problem was by further study of, first, the brains of ordinarily intelligent and moral people, second, those of great men and women, and third, the correlation between individual minds and brains. He then concluded his exceedingly entertaining lecture by an appeal for brains, more brains.

COLLEGE NOTES.

We regret that on account of ill health Miss Goodsell has been obliged to leave the college for a time. She is at Virginia Beach, Va. Miss Frances A. Wood is acting Lady Principal.

Dr. F. L. Ritter is delivering weekly lectures in the chapel on Handel's "Messiah." These lectures we find as interesting as they are instructive. The chorus parts thus far have been given upon the organ and piano by Misses Story and Bliss. Misses Perkins, Parker, Little and Hanson have rendered the solos.

Dr. Ritter's lectures on "Music in its Relation to Intellectual Life" and "Romanticism in Music," have just appeared in book form. The work is dedicated to Dr. Taylor.

At a meeting of Thekla, February 18, the following programme was given:

1. Tema and Variations, *Mozart.*
MISS MACDONALD.
2. Allegretto, op. 14, No. 2, *Beethoven.*
MISS ELSWORTH.
3. Scherzo in E Minor, op. 16, *Mendelssohn.*
MISS DOUGHTY.
4. Sonata in F, op. 10, Allegro, *Beethoven.*
MISS CLARK.

5. Auf dem Wasser zu singen, Schubert-Liszt.
MISS HAGGERTY.
6. Sonata, op. 14. No. 2—1st movement, Beethoven.
MISS MILLART.
7. Impromptu, A Flat, Chopin.
MISS SANDERS.

Since September some valuable additions have been made to the Museum, among them a large collection of arrow heads, spear heads, knives and scrapers representative of Indian art in the different states and territories; the remaining portion of Mrs. Erminie A. Smith's collection of geological specimens and Indian pottery; a collection of geological and mineralogical specimens made by Mr. George A. Kunz, of Tiffany & Co., and a collection of typical rock sections prepared in Germany.

Mrs. Emily Talbot Walker has donated to the Museum a very old shawl. The article, a piece of Tapa,—a sort of lace made of the skeletons of leaves and impressed with colored patterns—was made by native artisans in Hawaii, and belongs to a class of manufacture so rare that the late king forbade the exportation of any pieces of it. King Kalakaua examined this shawl and pronounced it finer than any in the native museum.

Professor Drennan has given several of his charming Chaucer readings between tea and chapel service.

Dr. Robinson, former President of Brown University visited the College and preached here Sunday March 8th.

Saint Valentine's Day brought with it the usual festivities. There were many surmises as to the plan the Seniors would adopt for the reception of their valentines, and thoughts flew back to '89's little lamb harnessed to a wagon, and to '90's dark lantern. Nothing could have been more business-like than the *bona-fide* lamp post with its *bona-fide* mail box, bearing the sign Maiden Lane, which greeted our eyes on the morning of the 14th. The mail was collected often, and the task of the postman was no light one. After chapel a long line of Seniors formed

in front of the post-office window erected in the parlor for the occasion. Cupid himself, in pink attire, flew down to play the part of Love's messenger. Poor little god! Does he always wear such a grave, wistful face? Love is, evidently, stern reality to him. After the little love missives, stamped with hearts, had been delivered and some of them read, Cupid presented Miss Bentley, Queen of Hearts, with a heart-shaped dish of sweetmeats, and the ceremonies were over.

The regular meeting of the Boston Branch of the Vassar Student's Aid Society was held February 11. Professor Albert B. Hart, of Harvard University, read a paper on "What America Has Taught the World about Government." It was announced that the sum required for the local scholarship, two hundred dollars, had been raised, and that an additional sum of one hundred dollars had been received for another student.

The Associate Alumnae of Vassar College held their annual meeting on Saturday, February 21st, in Washington, D. C. President Taylor made an address, and various papers were presented by the Alumnae, among them "Kingwood Farm" by Mrs. Frances Fisher-Wood, and the "New England Kitchen" by Mrs. Mary Parker-Woodworth.

A meeting of the entire Board of Trustees was held at the College, March 4th. It was decided that three or four Professors' houses should be built.

The new members of the MISCELLANY board are:—Exchange Notes, E. K. ADAMS, '93; College Notes and Personals, G. E. PALMER, '93; Asst. Business Manager, E. B. CUTTING, '93; Home Matters, M. S. PACKARD, '92.

As the twenty-second fell on Sunday this year we celebrated the birthday of the Father of his Country on Saturday. At six o'clock we assembled in the dining-room to drink tea by candle-light with Martha Washing-

ton. One who had seen the same room at dinner would scarcely have recognized it in its changed appearance. Flags, candles and flowers all played their part in the transformation. As for its occupants, one unfamiliar with college life would never have known that the beaux and belles of a century ago were in reality the sober students of other days. We adjourned from the dining-room to Philaethean Hall for dancing. There we examined each other's costumes, listened to the war-whoops of the Indian, and admired the way in which the grandfather corrected his refractory grandchildren. Altogether we consider Washington's Birthday one of the pleasantest and most successful days of the year.

PERSONALS.

'82.

Married, in West Stoughton, Mass., Feb. 13, Miss A. C. Southworth to Mr. Henry A. Wyman of Boston.

'83.

Married, in Dubuque, March 5, 1891, Miss Mary Cooley to Mr. Charles W. Bassett.

'85.

Miss Lillian Stevens is going abroad in April, to remain five months. She expects to spend not more than one month in any one place.

Mrs. Beatrice Shattuck-Fulton is writing for *Kate Fields' Washington*.

'88.

Born, Feb. 6, to Mrs. Carrie Bemis-Harrington, a daughter.

'90.

Miss Emma Hart, with Miss Hammer, a former student, is going to make a trip through California.

Married, Miss Addie C. Adams, formerly of '81, in Milwaukee, October, 1890, to Mr. Benjamin S. Comstock, of New York City.

Miss M. H. McLean, formerly of '83, is practising medicine in St. Louis.

Miss M. L. Atwood, formerly of '84, is tutor in Latin at Oberlin College.

Miss Cordelia Fay Turrell, of Newburgh, a former student, is teaching instrumental music at the Edgehill School, Keswick, Va.

The following named *alumnæ* and former students have visited the College:

Miss S. Kountz, '82; Miss A. McKinlay, '88; Misses Appleton, Carbutt, A. Clark, Harris, Hart, Horne, Hendricks, L. King, Morris, Rockwell, '90; Miss E. A. Robins and Miss Kershaw.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is a serious matter to do anything for the first time. To do anything for the last time is a still more serious matter. When we wrote our first Exchange Notes, we were weighed down with a new sense of responsibility, but, with it all, there was the comfortable sub-consciousness that, whatever might be the result of that first effort, following months would give abundant opportunity to redeem our reputation. Now, as we write our last exchanges, we feel no less the sense of responsibility—still weighty, though no longer new—and added to it is the painful realization that now or never must we atone for all past delinquencies. Ah, those past delinquencies! How they rise up to taunt us now that they know they are beyond our power! They had been so sly and quiet, past months, we really had quite forgotten them, and are amazed to find to what formidable ranks they have grown. So many papers scorned we had intended to commend, so many papers slighted we had intended to welcome, so many papers unread—yes, and so many papers unopened! We confess all this, and more. We have been partial in our criticisms, exclusive in our

friendships, but self-accusation will not make amends, so why dwell upon our misdemeanors? They have been unintentional, we are truly sorry for them; that is all that can be said, and that is poor apology.

As to the month's exchanges—well, what of the month's exchanges? Strange how hard it is to make our final comments! It has a paralyzing effect—this desire to make the best possible use of a departing opportunity. What magazines shall be chosen for subjects of remark, as they lie here, piles high? Shall we turn with a kindly word of greeting to some of the slighted visitors aforementioned, whose company we have sincerely enjoyed, though we have given no sign of appreciation? We hesitate to do this; might they not think we were but giving them a cordial ushering out of the door, as if we were glad to see them go? And we should not like to have our good-will so misinterpreted. What then? Since we have admitted our exclusiveness, may we not devote this time to our old friends from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Amherst and other colleges? We are as proud of them as ever, as we read their February contribution of stories, essays, poems. And yet, just because they are old friends, we do not like to talk about them, this last time. It gives us a bit of a homesick feeling. So we are in a dilemma. What is to be done?

A new acquaintance comes to the rescue—the *College Man*. There can be no question here; duty and pleasure alike dictate a welcome to the new-comer. We are especially glad to see the *College Man*, as it is just such a paper as we have long thought ought to exist—an inter-collegiate magazine, representing our leading colleges. The *College Man*, which is published at New Haven, now represents twenty-eight colleges, and in all probability this number will increase. Monthly prizes are offered to all undergraduate students. These will probably arouse considerable competition and interest, and will certainly aid in securing good articles for the paper. The present

number is promising, though it does not seem to us so excellent as might be expected if it is to be regarded as representing the best literary effort of the various colleges. "The Cost of My Freshman Year," by a Harvard student, begins a series of comparative articles from different colleges, which will attract the notice of all those interested in the subject of college expenses. In such practical ways, no less than in a literary way, an inter-collegiate paper has opportunity to do work of peculiar interest and value.

There are certain merry guests at our table whom we have often meant to thank for their unfailing good spirits, and perhaps we may safely do so now—for surely they are too jovial to take offence in any such manner as we feared above, or, if not, they can laugh it off. The *Yale Record*, the *Columbia Spectator* and the *Princeton Tiger* are three comrades that combine to drive away the editorial frown that will come on perusing our more serious papers. And so we thank them—for we prefer laughter to frowning, from a subjective as well as from an objective point of view.

Outing, too, we should like to mention, as a friend that has done much to cheer our sober moments and relieve us of that oppressive sense of confinement which the coisiest of sanctums cannot fail to give at times. The special feature of the *Outing* at present is the striking serial by Edgar Fawcett, "The Pink Sun"—one of those stories of the future now so popular.

Then there is the *Century*. Our wont demands that we refer to that, but the reference must be brief, for, if the truth must be told, we have looked only at the fiction this month, obeying the impulse of a fiction mood. "Colonel Carter, of Cartersville," continues; so, too, does the new serial "The Faith Doctor," whose characters grow in interest. "Penhallow" is a startling sort of story—the kind that makes one shudder, yet that one feels all the more impelled to read.

And so we have had our say—yet we hesitate to lay down the pen which has so often proved a burden. The midnight hour, the stillness, the thought that one part of our work is done—all conduce to retrospection. Yes, with all their delinquencies they have meant some weary hours, these efforts of ours, and yet, somehow, we are more sorry than glad to think that they are over. It is with a sigh, partly of relief, but also of genuine regret, that we surrender our chair in the sanctum to '93, and introduce our successor to the assembled company with the assurance that the pleasure of their companionship will more than compensate for the pains of her duties toward them.

BOOK NOTICES.

It was impossible not to be predisposed in favor of the neatly bound lectures on "Music in Its Relation to Intellectual Life" and "Romanticism in Music," from the fact that the author of them is Dr. F. L. Ritter, of our own college. But, aside from all personal interest, our judgment could not be other than favorable. Both essays are original and suggestive, and written in a most pleasing style. Moreover, the subjects chosen are unusually attractive. In the first essay is traced the history of music as connected with the history of civilization, and as the outgrowth of certain intellectual traits. The second lecture points out the distinction between romanticism and classicism, and treats of romanticism in music as the development of romanticism in other arts and in literature. The book is published by Edward Schuberth & Co., New York.

We have received from H. S. Acker "A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations, Ancient and Modern", compiled by John Devoe Belton, and published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. The book is well compiled, attractively bound, and possesses a value unusual to such works from the well-chosen illustrations that accompany the quotations.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

A meeting of the New York Branch of the Alumnæ Association was held on Saturday, February 7, at Sherry's, instead of the familiar Hotel Brunswick. The usual business meeting and luncheon were followed by speeches. Miss Brown of '78, the President of the New York Branch, gave the opening address. President Taylor then told of the progress which has been made by the college during the past year, and of plans for the future. It is probable, he says, that a house for professors will soon be built. The local separation of the Faculty from the rest of the College will give the students the advantage of an occasional change of atmosphere: they will be able to leave their own world now and then, and to enter a different circle. Miss Brace, of '72, followed Dr. Taylor, with an account of the work done by the College Settlement in Rivington Street, and a plea for more active support on the part of the alumnæ. She called attention to the opportunity for the study of social customs which the Settlement gives to college graduates. Mrs. Backus, of '73, and Miss Lloyd, of '81, urged the Alumnæ to make a great effort to complete the Observatory Endowment Fund; reminding them of the deep interest in the raising of this endowment which Professor Mitchell showed up to the last hours of her life. Miss Morris, the President of '90, spoke as a representative of the latest comers into the Alumnæ Association. The meeting then became informal.

The University Club has given two afternoon teas since the last letter to the MISCELLANY. On January 31, Miss Douglas, lately of London, gave a very pleasing song recital. The meeting was well attended in spite of persistent and discouraging rain. At the meeting of February 28, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-President of Wellesley, was the guest of the Club.

LAURA C. SHELDON, '87.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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No. 7.

A TRIP TO PAESTUM.

In southern Italy, by the bright waters of the Gulf of Salerno, is a place called Paestum, where travelers may find the spirit of Greek life hovering still, since its birth there twenty-five centuries ago. We had heard of Paestum and knew a little of its history: Greeks from Sybaris, so we were told, had built a city there and a beautiful temple; Italian neighbors had proved troublesome, Rome had become mistress, and finally Saracens had visited the spot with devastation;—but the temple of Poseidon, the grand old Doric ruin, still stood, a memory of by-gone centuries, a Greek monument on an alien soil.

The trip to Paestum we made from Naples one glorious day in the last of October. Vesuvius, our great barometer had at daybreak given promise of fair weather by sending straight upward to the sky its rolling column of smoke, and the morning sun had turned the mass to gold, advocating the mountain's prophecy. What a delight it was to our expectant eyes and minds, prepared for revelations, to find even the prosaic railway train marked—if not "Iter Brundisium," at least "Brindisi." So from the outset we had Horace for companion, despite our consciousness that he would prefer to take a somewhat different route, afoot or in a slow, peculiar little Apulian cart, with wiser friends by his side.

At our right lay the blue bay of Naples, brilliant in the early sunlight, and in the shadow of the October clouds ; little blue waves rolled in towards us, breaking gently on the shining strip of beach. At our left rose majestic, calm old "Vesuvio," giving no token of the power for evil stored up in his mighty frame. Our train stops, and we smile as we read on the station "Towe Ann"—a mere nickname for the dignified real name of Towe dell, An-nuziata. On we go, and when we stop again our hearts beat faster and we wonder if we are dreaming, or if we are ourselves, living in the nineteenth century, for the guard is calling "Pompeii. A swift vision of chariots and gladiators and mosaic pavements and the down-pouring stream of lava rushes upon us, and then the train has passed the station and we are looking back to see what Pompeii really is—apparently a great mound of brown earth. The minutes pass and the scene shifts constantly. Only the blue sea stays by us, and by and by we turn away from that and go inland, over level land bordered with bamboo, planted with vine and fig-tree. Through olive-groves we make our way, then over marsh-land, past herds of cattle, by a little stream, the haunt, a few years ago, of a famous Italian brigand. The warm, southern hills come into sight, glimpses of the sea beyond wild, overgrown fields are granted us ; and, of a sudden, in one of these fields we see and then lose sight of—what must be the far-famed temple of Poseidon, and the temple of Ceres ; and in a moment "Pesto" is announced and we step down from the train, not a little excited.

Fifty feet away is an old, arched gateway.—old ? yes, so old that we cannot begin to comprehend it ; twenty-five hundred years it has stood there, and as we walk toward it a yoke of oxen lazily precede us into the city, through the Gate of the Siren. We hurry past them ; they have been there before ; we have not, and cannot wait. Such a city we had never seen !—fields overrun with brambles and autumn weeds, two or three great palms standing

out against the clear sky, a cart-path leading straight on through this deserted land marked off by fallen walls, encircled by the brightest and bluest of hills, save for one opening where the brilliant sea comes to pay homage to this "city," long ages ago dedicated to Poseidon. And while we are looking at sea and sky and hills we have reached the cross-road, the main road that ran from north to south through ancient Poseidonia, and the temple of Ceres stands but a three minutes' walk to our right, and the "Basilica" is just to our left, and here almost before us is the famous, the beautiful temple of Poseidon, noble and majestic and peaceful beyond thought, beyond comprehension. Through its great columns, mellow with age, light golden-brown in hue, we see the blue waves, and the sea stretching away as far as eye can reach; above the lofty cornices we look to the bright October clouds and sky; and round about, as if enclosing and protecting this mighty temple of the sea, circle the warm blue hills.

We walked through the tangled grass and weeds, and reverently went up the three great steps into the temple; a little green lizard slipped quietly into a crack of the great paving stone by our feet; we picked up pretty, striped snail shells; we walked through to the end of the temple toward the sea, went down the broken, massive steps to the ground again, and gathered dainty ferns and little unknown blossoms;—the temple was too great and beautiful for our eyes: little by little we grew acquainted with it, and forsook the ferns and the snail-shells. A sense of duty led us to the mis-named "Basilica" close at hand,—a fine ruin were not Poseidon's temple standing. Small pink-purple flowers were growing there in the cracks. Rain-drops called our attention to a darkened sky and glowering clouds, and we hastened toward the temple of Ceres, before the storm should break. The rain and our yearning for the temple of Poseidon, however, made us content with a short visit here.

A ruined Greek temple is but little protection from a heavy shower, but at Paestum one does not value shelter. In the little railway station we could be unharmed by rain ; in the temple of Poseidon, open to the heavens, we were oblivious of rain. We made friends with the great columns ; strong they stood, but when we saw them closely they were worn and crumbled, riddled through and through with holes ; great pieces broke off at our touch. The porous travertine had once been stuccoed to look like marble, the capitals of the columns had been decorated with colored leaves when the Greeks of old stood in our place. Did they love the quiet grandeur of the temple ? How much fairer it stood before us in its richness of age, its early coloring gone, its strength undermined, but its dignity and simplicity grown with the years. If it could but have spoken ! We longed for the stories it might tell, for the pictures it might reveal. Perchance it did speak, such a language as the survivor of times and seasons innumerable must speak, and in sympathy with that voice whose words we could not distinguish we saw dim forms from the past, forms of men and their abodes, we heard sandaled footsteps on the temple floor, we looked toward the water where Poseidon and his trident and the waves seemed all in one. We felt ourselves living, thinking, hoping, with those loyal Greeks who built on Italian soil a true Greek city.

But the modern minutes were passing, fast as the ancient years, and we had not yet walked around Paestum on its old walls, nor viewed its ruined temples from the south gate tower. Back we made our way, climbed a low bank to the wall—a tumbled mass of stone overrun with briars, brightened by gay cyclamen ; we picked handfuls of the pink flowers, stretching their butterfly wings in the fresh air ; then hurried on, but stopped at every step to fill our eyes and minds and souls with the beauty and might of the grand old Doric temple. Before we turn homeward, we take one long, lingering look,—

the eternal hills and the ceaseless sea and the temple of Poseidon ; immortal it stands ; the hills may sink into the valleys, the sea may roll back, but upon that noble work of man, the gods, we know, have bestowed unending life.

EMILY E. MORRIS, '90.

THE FRIENDSHIP OF WORDSWORTH AND SCOTT.

We all take a certain satisfaction in the friendship of great men. It seems to us the most natural thing in the world that the great men of any age should know and admire one another, and when we find that two of our favorite poets or novelists lived at the same time and in the same part of the world our first question is "Did they know each other?" We love to think of such men as friends and to imagine how they looked and what they said and did together. Every detail of their companionship is of interest to us.

One of the most charming friendships of great literary men is that of Wordsworth and Scott. It was not an intimacy between the poet Wordsworth and the poet Scott, but between William Wordsworth and Walter Scott. As poets they did not appreciate or particularly admire each other. Their views on many literary subjects were quite opposed, and they could not sympathize in many of their strongest convictions. But as men they had for each other a love and admiration that made all difference of opinion sink into insignificance. Scott might fail to agree with Wordsworth's theories and Wordsworth might look with slight approval upon Scott's poetry ; yet, however unfavorable their criticism of each other, it could make no difference in the sincerity of their friendship.

One of the most pleasing features about their intimacy is that they had such thoroughly good times together. Whenever they visited each other there was a long tramp

or climb or drive to make the visit memorable. What could be more characteristic than the beginning of their friendship? They had heard so much of each other from a common friend that they met almost as acquaintances and parted friends. It was during Wordsworth's first tour in Scotland when he was traveling with his sister Dorothy, that this first meeting occurred. One fine September morning in the last fortnight of their trip, Wordsworth and Dorothy rose early and set out before breakfast to walk through Roslyn Glen to Lasswade to make a morning call on Mr. Scott and his young wife. The two unconventional young visitors arrived at the pleasant little Lasswade cottage before its occupants had risen. How surprised the unconscious host must have been when he came down stairs, to find the odd pair making themselves at home in his sitting room. But his surprise seems not to have been so great as his pleasure, for Wordsworth says afterwards when speaking to Scott's son-in-law of this visit: "We were received with that frank cordiality, which, under whatever circumstances I afterwards met him, always marked his manners; and indeed I found him then in every respect—except perhaps that his animal spirits were somewhat higher—precisely the same man that you knew him in later life; the same lively, entertaining conversation, full of anecdote, and averse from disquisition, the same unaffected modesty about himself; the same cheerful and benevolent and hopeful views of man and the world."

Two days later the Wordsworths met Scott at Melrose on his way to the Circuit Court at Jedburgh, and Sir Walter showed his Southern friends over the Abbey, illustrating every nook and corner with some story from his wealth of history and tradition.

Shortly after, they were again together at Jedburgh, the Wordsworths entertained by the jocund old dame of Wordsworth's poem; here Scott spent social evenings with them, sometimes reciting parts of his "Lay of the

Last Minstrel" in an enthusiastic kind of chant. In a few days Scott was with his friends in their own little car. They must have been a gay party as they drove along over the fine old country roads. Scott was certainly the very ideal of a traveling companion, with his endless stock of anecdotes. Every mountain, rock, every bit of blue lake, every turn in the road brought to his mind some romantic tale of old Scotch legend or history; and how delighted he must have been to point out the beauties of his "bonnie Scotland" to such appreciative travelers as these Southern guests,—Wordsworth, who loved every living thing from the purple heather on the grand old hills to the young poet who was beginning to give those hills a still more romantic interest, and Dorothy, with her ready sympathy and her charm of thought and expression.

Throughout this trip Wordsworth and his sister were received most hospitably on account of their friendship with Scott. "Wherever we named him," says Wordsworth, "we found the word acted as an *open sesame*, and I believe that in the character of the *Sheriff's* friends we might have counted on a hearty welcome under any roof in the Border country."

This first visit with Scott was followed by an interesting correspondence between Grasmere and Lasswade, and two years later Mr. and Mrs. Scott made a short excursion in Cumberland and Westmoreland and visited at Grasmere. This time it was Wordsworth who acted as guide in all the delightful rambles through the beautiful Lake Country. Scott shared with Wordsworth his intense love for Nature, and with such congenial tastes they must have doubly enjoyed those glorious autumn days together. With Sir Humphrey Davy they climbed to the top of Helvellyn, Scott in one of his raciest moods, fairly overflowing with gayety and anecdote, and Wordsworth supremely happy to show his wonderful Helvellyn to two such appreciative and enthusiastic mountain lovers.

More than thirty years afterward in remembrance of this excursion, Wordsworth speaks of

" Old Helvellyn's brow,
Where once together in his day of strength,
We stood rejoicing as if the earth were free
From sorrow, like the sky above our heads."

This visit of Sir Walter to Grasmere, when both he and Wordsworth were in the beginning of their great work, when they were yet young and scarcely acquainted with their own power, was the last that was made between them for a long time. They hardly met for twenty-five years, but their affection was too strong to suffer from separation. Many letters passed over the Border between the two poets, and as the years passed, and they became fathers and grandfathers they were still the same to each other, they still retained the same sincere love and admiration.

It was twenty-eight years from the beautiful autumn when Wordsworth and Dorothy first met the gay young Scotch poet, and tramped with him over the hills, that Wordsworth again visited Scott. This time it was with his daughter Dora instead of with Dorothy, and it was to Abbotsford not to Lasswade that the visitors came. Scott and Wordsworth were almost old men, sixty years old, and both far from well. It was a farewell visit. Scott was to go in a few days to Italy to try to regain his failing strength. His mind was slightly impaired, and he looked forward with little hope to the journey before him. Wordsworth, too, was in a feeble state of health, although stronger than his younger friend. But the visit was scarcely a sad one, notwithstanding the gloom that Sir Walter's illness and approaching departure caused. There was a gay company of Scott's family and friends at Abbotsford; songs and ballads were sung and humorous stories told in the long autumn evenings; and Sir Walter, although no longer the bright, hopeful man that he had been, was still capable of hearty enjoyment.

One fine autumn day the party drove to Yarrow; Wordsworth must have been forcibly reminded of the September day so many years before, when the gay little party of three rode through the country in Dorothy's car. He says of their second visit :

We made a day of happy hours,
Our happy days recalling.

Notwithstanding the pleasure of their reunion, a certain sadness clouded it. The two old friends were forced to look back over the past and reflect that life was no longer quite what it had been in the enthusiastic days of their young manhood. Scott had lost his hopefulness to a great degree; he was old and worn out, and in talking with Wordsworth of his journey to Italy he could only say sadly :

For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

Wordsworth was deeply touched by his old friend's departure, feeling that he should probably never see him again, and the fullness of his love went out to him in those last days. His true admiration for Scott up to the very last is seen in his farewell sonnet.

The might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conquerer knows
Follow this wondrous potentate.

The great Wizard of the North had done his work. Wordsworth had yet many years of useful life before him, but his greatest work was finished too, his greatest power gone. They were old men together, but their friendship knew no old age. It was ever characterized by the true, strong love and admiration that began in early manhood.

M. V. C.

BEAU LIEU.

Far away on the Atlantic coast there is a little "river" that winds its way in from the sea through scattered islands, marshes, swamps, forests of tangled undergrowth and grand old oaks, until it loses itself in the sombre pine woods of Georgia. At one point of its course the river makes a sudden turn, and from this bend stretch for three miles two parallel bands of silver and gold, the river and its marshes, while across the sea and between the little islands can be seen the white sails of "ships far out at sea." It is here that the sun-sets are more beautiful than can be imagined or described,—so beautiful, indeed, that the settlers gave up trying to find an appropriate English name, and called the place Beaulieu.

About a mile further up the river are the pine woods. Enter softly. Was ever cathedral more beautiful? The floor is covered with the thickest, softest carpet of a dull, restful brown, dotted here and there with the rich purple of wild violets. The ceiling is formed of arches of deep, cool green, supported by stately columns, and broken, every now and then, by bits of blue sky. The air is filled with the incense of the pines; and for music there is the low sougling of the wind, the soft lapping of baby waves upon the shore—and the birds,—

" Listen ! The choir is singing ; all the birds
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves
Are singing ! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."

Nature has given her silent benediction, and I pass out and on to where a tiny creek comes creeping through the woods and mingles its fresher waters with those of the main stream. How merrily it glides away from the solemn pines, out under the sunny heavens !

" I saw the dimpling river pass
And be the sky's blue looking glass."

A little farther and I have reached my garden. Great trees—live oaks, water oaks, laurels, sycamores, draped in folds of clinging moss, form a background of soft grays and greens. Against it are masses of color, of but one shade. The air is filled with perfume, of but one kind. Ah, the yellow jasmine! It is everywhere. It covers the ground. It clammers over the tallest trees, twining round and round the trunks as though it loved to press each inch of bark. It binds the trees together and seems to draw them each to each, and all to Mother Earth. And through it swells the forest music, the countless songs of the mocking birds, while the songsters swing and sway on every slender branch in ecstasies of gladness.

E. B. HARTRIDGE, '92.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

SHADOWS.

Ten P. M., at the corner of the New York Bowery and Bleeker Street. In all the city there are no more electric lights to the block than just here along this historic old lane; but blackness begins with the street. Only a few doors into the dark, and the lights of the Florence Mission speak to all who pass. Inside the transformed old house, two hundred people are attending a kind of prayer meeting. The room is long and low, double parlors of other days thrown into one. Oil cloth is on the floor, flags and Christmas greens are on the walls. Over the low platform hangs the portrait of the dead child who gave her name to the mission. All the floor space is covered by chairs, and people are standing in the one narrow aisle.

You have read Dickens, and are familiar with London shadows. Here you stand face to face with those of New York. To the right, are massed thirty women. Stupid, vacant, there is hardly an interesting face among them; but the fact that every one of them has been an outcast of the streets and is now reclaimed, sets them in a new light. The rest of the crowd is free from monotony. Here and there is a woman, but the majority are men, men of every type, from the gentleman to the lowest specimen who patronizes the police courts.

As you enter, they are singing a wild, swinging hymn often heard in Methodist revival meetings. Take the offered seat, and wait. The leader rises, and reads the story of Philip and the inquiring eunuch. He comments at length, and the remarks are vapid. Endure it, and wait for the people! More wild, discordant, powerful music, and the meeting is open for testimony. A young

Scotchman rises, and addresses himself to the far end of the room where the Philistines are massed in quiet but undoubtedly critical ranks. He tells them that three months ago he was rolling around the Bowery, as utter a drunkard as New York could show. The details are picturesque, but not to be repeated outside their proper environment, and the climax is reached with the confession that he was even so low as to drink "three cent whiskey in Mulberry Street." He ends with an earnest "Come up out of that, all of you." The stir at the back of the room indicates that both confession and appeal are appreciated.

Now a slender, foxy man rises, his eyes so close together that the crowded nose appears an afterthought of nature. It needs no speech to announce that here is a thief, a man well acquainted with the inside of jails and prisons. He seems earnest enough, but it will take generations to reform those eyes, and you remember Emerson's "Fate."

The giant who stands in the door speaks. A superb physique, a face heavy perhaps, but handsome, the dress and the address of a gentleman, and a musical bass voice, make it hard to credit his tale. Fifteen months ago he was the leader of one of Jim Fisk's famous gangs of toughs, eager to meet any member of the police force in single combat. It may all be true, but you feel there is a mystery, before or since. Has he taken Arnold's educational course in English poetry? The man is a born leader. Just now, he is one of the most efficient of the Mission's "rescuers," who visit the saloons and dives at midnight, in search of those weary of the game.

He is followed by a quiet man, whose intellectual features are not more marked than the faultless taste of his dress. His manner is highly magnetic, and his voice, though low, has the charm of the orator. He was, others tell you, one of the leading faro men of the world, known on every continent, and in every capital. His own story

is an incident. He was a member of the London Society of Criminals, and you easily believe that his influence among them was great. Two years ago he says, he was converted, and soon after, he attended a meeting of the Society. His warm welcome terminated abruptly when he began to preach to them, telling his own resolutions, and advising them accordingly. The meeting was speedily ended, but through that address, several of the Ishmaelites came back within the social pale. The story is well told, and the fine, melancholy face of the French gambler is a picture to carry away.

And now you have a fanatic to make you dream of the Inquisition. A narrow face, all aglow with intensest fire of zeal, an air to frighten the Salem witches, should he cross their graves, these make you wonder what the spirit of the century has been about, that she has not gathered this Puritan to his ancestors. He has not been a sinner—not he ; but he is troubled by a phase of the past testimonies. Several have spoken of the material advantages secured by leaving the old life and living the new. One man has even said that he has exchanged his rags for “whole clothes and a gold watch,” as fruits of his first year of reformation. Our Quixote lifts his spear against the sin of wearing gold. Some men, he says, object to the use of tobacco, but nowhere in all the Bible can he find a thou shalt not against the weed. But gold is expressly forbidden ; and while he carries a watch of silver, he must enter his testimony against the direct disobedience of Scripture, as shown in the wearing of gold, whether watches or otherwise.

He concludes, and a weather-beaten old man springs to his feet. Sailor speaks in every look and gesture, and in the tan upon the honest, good-humored, keen old face. In just two sentences he settles the watch question. You are not to set your heart on gold, but take it when you can get it and be thankful. A gold watch will bring more in pawn than a silver, and is to be preferred. Then he

tells of the young captain under whom he used to sail. A frank, generous boy; a scientific pugilist, afraid of nothing, the enemy of no man but himself; and the old mate loves him. There is Homeric poetry in the simple story, and you join heartily in the old man's prayer for his captain.

These are a few of the many stories told. The men are not the only speakers. A woman tells of rescue from the wretched life of the inebriate. Another, with beautiful face, and the stamp of culture in manner and voice, speaks just one sentence of the power of Christianity to save and keep the lost. And of her the director of the mission tells a common story, too sad to bear repeating. You look at her and wonder at the possibilities of life.

You have heard enough for a time; now come out and go over the rest of the Mission. Visit the basement dining-room, clean but very bare, the smaller rooms for different meetings, the women's sitting room where they chat and sew, and finally the long dormitories with tiny beds and individual wardrobes that look too small to close over a calico dress. Poor and desolate enough it seems to you, but one sick woman who lies there fighting pneumonia, tells you she thought it was heaven when they brought her there.

That is all; and just as the bells are striking midnight, you come back to the brilliant Bowery, where crowds are hurrying in either direction, street venders are driving a thriving trade, and dime-museums, saloons and dance halls are just beginning to blossom in full strength. Out on the pavement of the broad Avenue, the electric light throws black shadows of the elevated road, and in the faces of the men and women around you, the shadows are yet more dark and hopeless. And you vaguely wonder whether the Florence Mission is meteor or morning star.

L. R. SMITH, '87.

MR. KIPLING'S REPRESENTATION OF CHILDREN.

The reading public has been very much entertained by the inimitable Mulvawney, the interesting Mrs. Hauksbee and the long line of colonels, subalterns and natives to whom Mr. Kipling has introduced us, but we turn with interest to the children with whom he has enriched our world. His treatment is as strong and unhackneyed here as elsewhere, his cynicism just as pronounced, but he seems to be in the closest sympathy with the joys and sorrows of childhood, its hopes and disappointments, its inmost feelings. To those who know him only by his grown-up stories, his children's tales will doubtless be a surprise, showing, as they do, not a deeper but a tenderer side of his nature. He himself says: "Only women understand children thoroughly, but if a mere man keeps very quiet and humbles himself properly, and refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world."

Much has been written for children and about children, and the writers of children's stories have been principally women. But Mr. Kipling seems to me to have portrayed child nature best, and he even excels in his pictures of mother love. To me his children are the most natural and the most lovable ones in all the realm of literature. We follow with interest the fortunes of *Oliver Twist*, weep over Little Nell and Paul Dombey, rejoice with Sara Crewe at the termination of her loneliness, delight in dressing our small relatives in Little Lord Fauntleroy suits, and tears stand in our eyes when, with the V. C., we see the man's hand pull the white blind down; but the children we love, the ones for whom our deepest sympathies are engaged, are not these.

As long as human nature remains as it is, military life will continue to charm old and young. It is this which lends an interest to Mr. Kipling's least prepossessing

children, Lew and Jakin, for in them we have this love of military glory abnormally developed. These quarrelsome, profane little "drums," without home, friends or training, are made attractive by their absorbing ambition to become "orfcers." Their one school had been the regiment, their one lesson bravery, although to them the word meant only the outward manifestation of the inward quality. They learned their lesson well, so well that when the crisis came, from sheer bravado they were able to show their instructors the true meaning of the word. Made heroic in their death as they could never have been in life, they show us how the quick insight of a child can grasp a lesson and a situation. We have another phase of the same theme given us by Mrs. Ewing. She gives us a daintly-reared, beautiful, spoiled child, the exact opposite, both socially and intellectually of poor little Jakin and Lew. Leonard longs to be brave, longs to be a soldier and a V. C., and through suffering learns that the bravest man is he who can say under all circumstances, "*Laetus sorte mea.*" This ennobles him greatly but, although somewhat older, he is not so manly as Wee Willie Winkie. Fully equal to Leonard in sweetness, refinement and his love of military life, Wee Willie Winkie excels by adding to self control, obedience to the commands of duty. Had Leonard taken a whim to do so, he might have tried to aid his V. C., but he was selfish in his friendships and would never have dared to do such a dreadful thing as "bweak his awwest" for the sake of a person so utterly indifferent to him as "Major Allardyie's big girl" was to Wee Willie Winkie. But she was "Coppys property," he knew she was going into danger, and his father had often told him that "a man must always take care of a girl." And so this "man" (of six) risks his father's displeasure and goes into known danger for the sake of his friend and his duty. Perhaps one may say that these motives are rather mature for a child, but I think those who know

children best will agree that their motives do not differ much from grown people's.

One little expects to read in Mr. Kipling of the great good wrought by the unconscious sweetness of child nature, but that is the meaning of the story of Tod. Not that he made any conscious effort, but he was such a lovable little fellow that he was a favorite with all, natives and Sahibs. Both classes talked freely before the child, and by his quickness in putting things together, he helped much where conscious attempts to help had failed. From a writer of Mr. Kipling's usual brusqueness, we hardly expect this picture of a child. Mrs. Burnett's Cedric had had just the training to fit him to bring about a reconciliation. We expect it of him as he seems to have been called forth from the author's brain for that very purpose. The manliness and directness of Tod, minus Cedric's affectation, bring about more good to more people. But Mr. Kipling can treat a more complicated case than Cedric's and in a much simpler way. His Majesty the King had been neglected by his parents and he craved most eagerly the love which was showered on Cedric so profusely. To be sure, his Majesty had his faithful Biddums, but he had learned, through one bitter experience that it was "wong to hug Memsahibs wiv fings in veir ears." The reconciliation which he brings about is much more natural because His Majesty is utterly unconscious of any such intention. The questioning so soon aroused, but as soon dismissed, as to why, when he had stolen the "'parkle cwown," he should be rewarded by the privilege of playing with the waste paper basket forever, shows a child's readiness to make it up; so does his proud reservation of his lips for his mother only, to the exclusion of his former friend, Patsy's mother.

The picture which always appeals most to the greatest number is that of a lonely, unappreciated childhood. We have been brought up with the idea that Little Nell and Paul Dombey are proper subjects for tears, although to

me, far more pathetic than these or than poor Oliver Twist is little Pip, taking a melancholy delight in counting the lozenge-shaped tombstones in the cemetery. However, all of Dickens's children are unreal to me. Not so Dick and Maisie. These two little people who didn't "belong," show the early maturity of lonely children. At first, Dick rather distrusted the "grey-eyed atom," but the two were driven together by punishment. Maisie stood by Dick and upheld him in his deceits in spite of his liberties with her beloved goat. But most lovable and most pathetic of all the children with whom I am acquainted, is poor little Punch. The little fellow who had bloomed so in the lovelight of his home in India, drooped and wilted when transplanted to the uncongenial English home of his "Auntirosa." All his better impulses were stunted, all the worst side of his nature developed by the constant atmosphere of distrust in which he grew up. His true mettle is seen after his encounters with a schoolmate, and with his sneaking, contemptible cousin Harry: "Please, Aunty Rosa, I believe I've nearly killed a boy at school and I've tried to kill Harry, and when you've done all about God and Hell, will you beat me and get it all over?" The unnatural cynicism into which his training has forced him is soon abandoned when his mother returns. It is a great surprise to him that he, "the Black Sheep, the Child of the Devil and Inheritor of Undying Flame," could be loved, but with a child's unquestioning faith, he fully accepts the present and declares: "It's all different now and we are just as much mother's as if she had never gone."

Mr. Kipling did not intend to formulate any theory as to the proper method of bringing up a child, but he certainly emphasizes some points in such a method rather strongly. In all his children's stories he insists upon the child's need of love and of parental love; in all, he shows that an atmosphere of trust is necessary for symmetrical development. He gives us one positive

picture and several negative ones of a child's need of discipline—regular discipline. In three or four of his stories, he sketches the dismal effects of disciplining through fear. But he shows most clearly his keen insight into child nature by his recognition of the depth of feeling in the child, of the great crises in their lives and of their utter inability to express their woes adequately.

CLARA E. VICKROY, '91.

Editors' Table.

There are fashions in handshakes and fashions in bows. It would seem, by analogy, that there must be fashions in editorial greetings, such as the MISCELLANY is called upon to make yearly. Unfortunately, the MISCELLANY, occupied with many cares, has not time to keep track of fashions, and is really quite ignorant, in the present instance, just how to comport itself. To avoid the embarrassment, it meditated omitting the usual greeting altogether. Might not such departure from precedent betoken originality and independence? Perhaps: yet even for the sake of originality, it would seem a mistake to do away with a custom which, however much abused, possesses so large a spirit of friendliness and good-will. So the MISCELLANY, entering upon a new year of work, extends cordial greeting to its readers in the best manner it can, and hopes they will not be severely critical, if they receive an humble old-time courtesy instead of the modern independent nod, or a warm hand-grasp, instead of the touch of fingers now in vogue. Is not the spirit the main thing, after all?

Besides a hearty word of welcome, the MISCELLANY has little to say as it starts out under new and unskillful guidance. It feels very humble and retiring, and altogether is quite possessed by the spirit which prompted quaint old authors to make elaborate apologetic remarks, intended to win the sympathy of the "gentle" or "courteous" reader. It is prevented from giving expression to similar remarks only by the remembrance that they are quite out of date. Perhaps, too, they might give a wrong impression of the aim and policy of the MISCELLANY, which are not to be outlined here, to the weariness of readers, but which, we may remark in pass-

ing, are marked by a proper degree of boldness. Present timidity does not necessarily argue future timidity. All things are shy upon making their first appearance. Pussy-willows survey the scene sometime from behind their black dominoes, before venturing unmasked before the public; hepaticas nestle a long time in their downy wrappings before they brave the glance of the sun; the birds sound a few tentative notes before they give their thoughts unrestrained utterance. So the MISCELLANY, though perhaps most inappropriately compared to such harbingers of spring, must pass through a spring-time of diffidence before asserting itself with that assurance and boldness, which—if we continue our reasoning by analogy—will surely come with months.

The vacation may have brought to the minds of some of us the fact that we indulge in a great deal of what is, if not slang in its worst sense, at least a college vocabulary, unintelligible and surprising to the outside world.

It is a natural result of the association of a large number of people having the same interests, and, as such, excites no comment in College, but a habit of months cannot be broken in a day, and when we go home expressions will slip out that cause our aunts and grandmothers to shake their heads and say: "There, *that's* what they learn at Vassar!"

To ears grown used to such language, "I don't know one pink thing," and "scared blue in the eye," may have a picturesque and forcible sound, but to the general public it is, to say the least, startling.

After all, this question of slang is only another strain of the old song, "Remember the reputation of the College rests with you." We sometimes get very tired of this same "Reputation of the College," and feel it an old man of the mountain on our shoulders, but every one of us defends it most loyally, nevertheless, and it is by tak-

ing care in little things, that we do more good than by waging pitched battles for our *Alma Mater*.

We do not all use slang and it is very innocent slang at worst, only exaggeration, most of it, but if we stop and think of it, by the time the summer vacation is here we shall be able to carry on a conversation wholly free from such foolish and unnecessary trimmings. The Spring styles are all plain, they say.

In the spring a maiden's fancy, especially if she be a Vassar maiden, is apt to be filled with thoughts of long rambles. Studies then sink into insignificance; gymnastics become a bore, our one longing is for pilgrimages, and every day we choose a new Canterbury. What is more, we are proud of our frame of mind and regard this inclination to neglect books for nature as one of the best gifts *Alma Mater* can bestow upon us. The education gained in city schools is usually one-sided, yet up to the time of entering college this is all that many of us have had. In our freshman year we awake to the fact that almost every ten year old country boy has a store of knowledge which far surpasses ours in lending interest to life. What we need now are eyes capable of seeing the out-door world in all its beauty. Perhaps one good way to develop our vision is to give our chief attention at first to some one phase of nature. We are far too apt to cover up our lack of appreciation by vaguely saying that all we see is beautiful. If we cultivate intelligent observation along one line we shall be able to see more in other directions. Already there are not a few among us who are watching the birds. But the flowers have been somewhat neglected since Botany was removed from the list of freshman studies. Ought this to be true? Ought we not rather to feel that being freed from the disagreeable necessity of tearing our favorites to pieces in the search for an uncouth scientific name we may now become acquainted with the flowers themselves, by watching for

their coming, learning their habits, and studying their coloring. If we cannot ourselves interpret their meaning there are the poets to teach us. But flowers and birds are only two of an infinite number of subjects for our nature studies. Each one can choose her own specialty and pursue it in her own way. Having this university course open to us, we are in duty bound to profit by it and to gain from it that poise of mind and character which shall keep us steady amid all the rush and worry of our life's work.

To one who is unaccustomed to life in a large city, one of the newest experiences is an hour spent in the different city conveyances watching the people. A peculiar seriousness settles on each person's face as he enters the cab or ferry boat, and his attention seems to be engrossed with the street signs or the woodwork of the car around him. One rarely sees anyone who thinks of utilizing the time spent in such travel. Even hurrying business men seem to regard it as time necessarily spent in getting from one transaction to another, and to be killed by scanning the daily papers after the news has been devoured. Everyone's mind has gone before him to his destination, and he is impatient for the time when he shall reach it in person and begin the work which is next on his programme. This habit of living in the immediate future fosters a nervous impatience but keeps business alert, and the fact that each man is interested in his own errand is what makes it possible for people to work and move about in so large numbers in our great cities. One hundred years ago in England, a gathering of a hundred people in the street would have been considered dangerous to society and to government; but in New York today hundreds of people, sometimes with just standing room, wait quietly at every ferry house without causing dread of panic or riot. Each traveler thinks only of the business on hand and is almost as truly alone as if he travelled in his own coach-and-four.

HOME MATTERS.

On Friday, March 6th, a concert was given by the teachers of the Music School assisted by Miss Emma Heckle. Miss Story rendered Bach's grand Prelude and Fugue (E flat major), Mendelssohn's beautiful Sonata (F minor), and the lighter but charmingly written work of the French organist Dubois, with ease and clearness. In the choice of stops her taste was unerring and the reading of the different characters of her selections was effective.

Miss Chapin and Miss Whitney gave Schumann's romantic Etudes Symphoniques with fine understanding and artistic expression.

Not enough can be said in praise of Miss Bliss's conception of the Saint Saen's Concerto. Throughout, the purity of tone, the delicacy of coloring, the brilliancy of execution and the poetical expression were marked. Miss Story played the second piano-forte in the Concerto, and followed Miss Bliss's reading effectively.

Miss Emma Heckle, who has just returned to New York from her studies in Europe, made a fine impression. In the Recitative and Aria from Mozart's Figaro her voice showed its fine culture and rich tones, and in the numbers of Hey, Brahms, Liszt and notably Schumann's "Der Nussbaum" she sang with feeling and expression. As encores she gave an English ballad, and a French Mazurka by Madame Rothschild.

It is impossible not to comment upon a constant disturbance in the audience caused by the loud talking and ill-behavior of some who did not care to listen to the music. We hope that a word will serve to remind such that they should finish their conversation before entering the chapel, and leave others to enjoy in quiet the music that is, evidently, beyond their comprehension. Aside from this annoyance, our anticipations were more than realized, and we take pleasure in thanking Dr. Ritter and the teachers of the Music School for a very enjoyable evening.

Ninety-Three's invitations were at last issued, and we assembled on the evening of March 7th to witness the celebration of their escape from Trig's thralldom. The programme but helped to pique our curiosity, for Ninety-Three's motto, so cleverly adapted, promised well; while the presence of several *classic* characters, not to mention the absence of others on the cast, did not fail to cause excited comment.

The harmonious costumes and graceful contra dance of the Hall Plays, Cuts, and Waffle Suppers, all so dear to the hearts of the students, made a charming and fitting introduction, and our delight was boundless when we discovered that the figure on the right personified our immovable institution—Self-Government, and that the "veiled lady" represented the Fourth Hall Play. This act introduced us to Ninety-Three and Ninety-Four. Miss White interested us at once in the fortunes of the hero, while we could fully realize his sorrow and irresolution at parting from Miss Blake, in whose artless innocence and fresh simplicity we easily recognized our Freshman Class.

The scene in the Castle of Despair was perhaps the best. The setting was exceedingly good for a college stage, the horror of the situation being brought out by the surroundings as well as by the action. Especially good features were the duet between Ninety-Three and Ninety-Four, in which Miss White's and Miss Parker's voices blended charmingly, the illustration of the memory system, the fiends, Giant Despair and, above all, the ghostly remains of poor Ninety-Two.

The setting for the third act was a remarkably good reproduction of the interior of the Pompeia. Miss Neil, Miss Whitcomb and Miss Van Etten made very lovely and graceful goddesses and added much to the picturesqueness of the scene. Ninety-One it is said, was more than pleased with her personification by Miss Cutting whose spirit was that upon which the class prides itself. The tableau at the close was very effective.

The play was marked from beginning to end by absence of bitter class feeling. To the committee we would offer heartiest congratulations for the happiness with which their clever ideas were carried out, while we would especially commend the ending of the piece by our pet College song, which so appealed to the whole audience that all class distinctions disappeared in a warm loyalty, to our *Alma Mater*.

The service of the Young Woman's Christian Association for March was entirely a home meeting held in the lecture room on Sunday evening, the eighth. The addresses were the reports of the delegates whom the Association had sent to the Annual State Convention of Young Women's Christian Associations in Poughkeepsie. Each delegate told something of the session which she had attended, but their object was not so much to give a full report of the meetings as to bring back ideas that would be valuable for the work of our own College Association, and hints which the members would be glad to remember in work of the kind at home.

We learned of the activeness of the Poughkeepsie Association and of ways in which we as individuals can help it in furnishing and getting ready a new boarding-home for girls who work in the city. The delegates brought us practical advice about business management, devotional meetings, and outside work, but, above all, they brought us fresh inspiration that impressed on us what the real meaning of the Christian Association to each one of us is.

On the evening of March the twenty-first, we enjoyed a privilege, never before obtained, of listening to a Fourth Hall Play in the college year. The play "She Stoops to Conquer," promised spirited action, from the members of the cast and the variety of the scenes.

Miss Ulrick, as heroine, took the part of Miss Hardcastle with much grace, and could not fail to captivate young Marlow, in whom we recognized our old favorite Miss Ward. We were glad to see the part of Miss Neville taken by Miss Robbins, as she has always been most successful in a rôle of that nature.

Miss Houston as Tony Lumpkin was irresistible. Her interpretation of the part was admirable, and her scenes with Miss Curry, who carried out extremely well the part of Mrs. Hardcastle, were very humorous and spirited.

Miss Cooley as Hardcastle lent much life to the play, and was excellent in her dignified management of her uncontrollable band of servants.

Miss Stickney showed wisdom in avoiding the display of much sentimentality, as the love scenes almost always fail to arouse the serious sympathy of the college audience.

Miss McElroy's rendering of the part of Sir Charles Marlow showed study, but she was rather too tragic for the part.

The play passed off with smoothness and was altogether a success. We all extend to Miss Allen our congratulations and heartiest thanks for the pleasure we received.

The musical service, given in the chapel on the last Sunday evening before vacation, was a little bit of Easter joy in advance. The choir was in excellent voice. The anthem, "Is it nothing to you?" might have been improved by more practice, but the Messiah chorus was well rendered, and the exquisitely fresh and spirited "Easter Morning" could scarcely have been better sung. Miss Perkins' lovely voice gave a touching expression of tender faith to the solo, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

We have never more thoroughly enjoyed Miss Story's playing. The two simple Andantes of Dunham gave room for much feeling, and her smooth and brilliant

execution was displayed to great advantage in the difficult Fantasia by Tours.

Altogether the evening was one to make us think most lovingly of Vassar during the week of separation. The entire programme was as follows :

Theme, with variations,	<i>Leavitt.</i>
Anthem : " Is it nothing to you ?"	<i>Foster.</i>
Andante,	<i>Mac Farren.</i>
Chorus from " The Messiah."		
Offertoire,	<i>Dunham.</i>
READING OF SCRIPTURES.		
Solo : " I know that my Redeemer liveth."		
Two Andantes,	<i>Dunham.</i>
Carol : " Oh, wonderful Easter morning !"		
Fantasia,	<i>Tours.</i>

COLLEGE NOTES.

The wish of the College for some years past is about to be realized. Thanks to Mr. F. F. Thompson, we are to have a library building. The new structure will be connected with the main building and thus the change will not inconvenience the students. As many of Mr. Thompson's gifts are unknown outside of the College, it is very pleasant to be able to announce this last and best one.

Dr. Ritter gave the last of his interesting lectures on the " Messiah " in the Chapel, March 25. He promises us a series next year on Mozart's " Requiem " and Beethoven's " Fidelio."

We copy the following announcement from the Library :

" A scholarship of \$230 is offered by the Poughkeepsie Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society to the applicant passing the best examination in June, 1891. The amount of the scholarship covers the charge made by Vassar College for two years' tuition, and is offered as a loan to any resident of the locality represented by the Branch. Application must be made before May 10, to Miss Antoinette Cornwell, 41 Cannon St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Though numbering but thirty-five members, '91 has eight "Honor Girls." They are: Miss Applegate, Miss Curry, Miss Furness, Miss Kavana, Miss Rickert, Miss Vickroy, Miss Washburn.

The appointments for Class Day are as follows:

Senior Class.—Chapel Orator, Miss Ober; Historian, Miss Tompkins; Prophetess, Miss Taylor; Tree Orator, Miss Haight; Marshal, Miss Dinturff; Chairman of Class Day Committee, Miss Strong.

Junior Class.—Spade Orator, Miss Tunnicliff.

Miss Lord, Dean of the Cleveland College for Women, and Mrs. Cabell, of the Norwood Institute, Washington, D. C., have been guests of the College during the past month.

At a meeting of Thekla on March 13, the following programme was rendered:

- | | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------|-------------|
| 1. Allegro, C Minor, | MISS BARBOUR. | Mozart. |
| 2. Arabesque, | MISS CARPENTER. | Helmund. |
| 3. Adagio, B Minor; | MISS MORRIS. | Mozart. |
| 4. Minuet a l' Antique, | MISS SHWARTZ. | Paderewski. |
| 5. Scherzo, Op. 2, No. 3., | MISS PELL. | Beethoven. |
| 6. Berceuse, | MISS HAIGHT. | Chopin. |

A meeting of the *New York City Branch* of the *Vassar Students' Aid Society* was held on Saturday, March 21st. A scholarship of \$200 for Vassar College was announced. The candidates must be resident in the district included in the Branch, and will compete at the entrance examinations at Vassar College in June. Applications are to be made to Miss E. R. Clarkson, Secretary, 53 West 22d street, before May 10th. It was also decided that for this year the candidates for the New York Scholarship should not be eligible to a scholarship offered by the present society.

The Trustees of Vassar College who reside in New York City were elected Honorary Members, and nine new Associate Members were voted in. It was resolved that the meetings of April and May should consist of a business meeting, to be followed by a reception to Honorary and Associate Members and all persons eligible to membership.

On Thursday, March 12th, a charming narcissus tea was given at the home of Mrs. Lillie Pratt-Babbott, in Brooklyn, for the benefit of the *Vassar Students' Aid Society*. Mrs. Babbott was instrumental in organizing the Brooklyn branch a year ago, and it has met with such success that the Secretary has been instructed to offer a scholarship for next autumn. Representatives of many colleges were present at the tea, and the entertainment so admirably planned was fully enjoyed by all. The proceeds amounted to three hundred dollars (\$300).

PERSONALS.

'71.

Died, March 19, 1891, aged 8 months and 7 days, Roy Archibald, youngest son of E. M. and Angie Sanford-Howard.

'82.

Miss Lloyd is now at the College settlement in New York.

'83.

Born, March 4, 1891, to Mrs. Ida Cushing-Underwood, a daughter, Esther.

Miss Winifred McCraw, a former student, was married, April 8th, in Austin, Texas, to Mr. P. H. Swearington.

The following Alumnæ and former students have visited the college during the past month: Mrs. Nelson-Tillinghast, '78; Miss McFadden, '80; Miss Braislin, '81; Miss Hoy, '87; Miss Borgman, '90; Miss H. F. Pierce; Miss Bartlett.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is hard to step into some one's else editorial shoes, especially when the owner of those same shoes has trodden so easily and well the road which now appears to us piled mountains high with exchanges, exchanges that come pouring in on us, like the rats into Bishop Hatto's towers—not that we wish to compare them to rats, perish the thought! but it is a little dismaying to meet so many new friends at once.

We are somewhat encouraged, however, by an anecdote that comes to our minds of a long suffering pastor, who having been constantly reminded by an old lady of his parish of the virtues of his deceased predecessor replied “Madame, I have the highest respect for Dr. *Blank's* memory, but a ‘live dog is better than a dead lion.’” Following this hint, we are not going to institute odious comparisons to our own detriment, whatever others may do, but start boldly forward, without even looking at past “Exchange Notes.” If we repeat what has been often said, and leave untouched what is most important, we plead our editorial “youth and inexperience,” and find consolation in the thought that most of our fellow editors are sharing our own unpleasant feelings.

In a rash moment we were tempted to begin with appropriate remarks about “showers” and “flowers” but our spring-time tendencies, along with the hepaticas, were completely hidden under a wintry-looking blanket of snow, so we are forced to dispense with “graceful introductory remarks.”

We should like to say nothing but pleasant things this month, to begin by being “friends all 'round” as the children say, but our attention has been called to some verses which have recently appeared in the *Brunonian* and several other magazines, credited to the MISCELLANY; and which, in justice to ourselves and to the College, we must emphatically disclaim. Mistakes of this kind will happen, and we feel sure the composition in question

escaped from its native home among *Brown verse*, and by chance became attached to the MISCELLANY, who hereby returns it with thanks to the distinguished author.

We are far from wishing to take back what was said last month in regard to the *College Man*. The idea is excellent, but as a representative inter-collegiate paper, is it quite fair for the *College Man* to publish, without investigation into its accuracy, such an article as "Vassar Girls' Debit and Credit" an article giving the opinions of an unknown individual, who seems to have drawn solely on her imagination (or personal experience) in what she describes?

The *Amherst Literary Magazine* expresses very clearly what many of us deeply feel in regard to the value of the college press criticism, and for this month at any rate we are inclined to follow its advice, in simply noticing the articles that have especially appealed to us. The *Lit.* itself deserves to be noticed—not in payment for its advice, however. The story "From the Doctor's Diary," is well written, and the "Window Seat," has capabilities, although it might be improved.

We were interested in the sketch in the *Yale Lit.* of the new Chicago University. The essay on Keats is suggestive. Its great fault is its florid diction. The article "Peg Woffington" is a clever bit.

There are two stories in the *Nassau Lit.* better than the usual run of College fiction. "Branded," and "Captain Farr and Edward Wiggins," the latter somewhat in Miss Mary Wilkins's style.

"The Grave of Forgotten Genius," in the *Virginia University Magazine* is interesting in the light of the evidence that it is an early work of Edgar Allan Poe. The style certainly seems his, but perhaps we are influenced by Mr. Page's introductory arguments.

The verse of the month is for the most part poor. "To Pyrrah," in the *William's Lit.* is a clever translation of a familiar ode.

In the *Century*, for April, we enjoyed especially "Early Intercourse of the Wordsworths and DeQuincey," and "There were Ninety and Nine," by Richard Harding Davis, for whose name we eagerly scan the contents of each magazine. Perhaps we are presumptuous to even speak of an author who is receiving so much favor from the literary world, but can we not add our mite of praise to what he has already received?

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

A meeting of the New York City Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society was held January 10th, 1891, at the home of Miss Haukinson, 114 West 45th Street. The special business of the meeting was the admission of associate members. After an animated debate it was voted that associate members should not be admitted to business meetings, and that associate membership should not be restricted to women. Eleven associates were then unanimously elected.

Despite the storm of March 21st, about thirty members of the Poughkeepsie Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society were present at the meeting in the Vassar Institute on that day. Miss Reynolds spoke to those present on "Human Nature in Wordsworth's Poetry." The President of the Branch announced the new scholarship, part of the money for which is already in the treasury and the rest soon to be raised by a play at the Institute.

The officers of the Branch wish to thank the instructors in the College who have assisted them in their work.

The Vassar Miscellany.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

'92.

Literary Miscellany.....E. C. BANFIELD.
De Temporibus et Moribus...E. B. HARTRIDGE.
Home Matters.....M. S. PACKARD.
Business Manager.....A. M. ROBBINS.

'93.

Exchange Notes.....E. K. ADAMS.
College Notes and Personals.....G. E. PALMER.
Asst. Business Manager.....E. B. CUTTING.

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MAY, 1891.

No. 8.

LUTHER AS A WRITER OF HYMNS.

Martin Luther, the musician, the poet, the writer of hymns, is not the Luther whom we know best. We think of him as the Luther of the Diet of Worms, the man who faced the Empire and the Church in his defense of his faith; the Luther who thundered out against indulgences denunciations which stirred all Europe; the Luther of fiery controversy, who needed the gentle Melancthon to hold his zeal in check; the fearless hero and leader of the Reformation. But in losing sight of this other side of his character, this other part of his life-work, we fail to understand one of the great influences which made him the leader, and gave him an almost unparalleled hold on the people at large. For, next to his German Bible, these hymns were the moving power which made Germany steadfastly Protestant. They "sang the Reformation into the hearts of the people."

That such would be their influence the wise reformer clearly understood. He was too true a lover of music himself, to fail to appreciate the deep-seated love for this art which has ever been one of the leading characteristics of the Teutonic nations. In 1524 he wrote to a friend, "I wish, after the example of the prophets and ancient fathers of the church, to make German Psalms for the people, that is to say, sacred hymns, so that the word of

God may dwell among them by means of song also." Almost immediately after his return from the Wartburg, in 1522, he occupied himself with projects for the reform of the services of the church. Though the changes introduced were not sweeping, he took the service from the exclusive possession of the priests and made it one for the people. His alterations of the musical part of the Mass led to great results, for through them Luther became, if not the actual founder, yet the establisher of congregational singing. He shortened the Latin chants and in many instances replaced them by German hymns. Over the composition and adaptation of these hymns he worked during the two years in which he was engaged in arranging the Mass. In 1524 the first Protestant hymn book appeared, the nucleus of that great collection of sacred songs in which Germany is perhaps the richest country in the world.

To this early collection Luther added others from year to year, though by far the largest number were composed between 1523 and 1527. These hymns are thirty-six in number, and were peculiarly adapted to the needs of the people. They include translations and arrangements of most of the noble Latin hymns, which had been handed down with the traditions of the church and made sacred by the accumulated associations of centuries.

To these were added both amplification of early German translations of Latin hymns and corrections and arrangements of German hymns. Next to his five purely original church songs, those hymns are best known which are based upon Latin Psalms, and upon passages of the Bible. Among the original songs is that beginning

Nun freut euch lieben Christen gemein.

"The first voice of German church-song which flashed with power of lightning through all German lands in praise of the eternal decree of the redemption of the human race, and of the gospel of freedom."

Space does not permit much quotation and some of

the stanzas from the rather inadequate English translation of this great hymn must serve to give a glimpse of the spirit and style characteristic of the collection as a whole.

Dear Christian people, all rejoice,
Each soul with joy upspringing ;
Pour forth one song, with heart and voice,
With love and gladness singing.
Give thanks to God, our Lord above,
Thanks for His miracle of love !
Dearly He hath redeemed us !

The devil's captive, bound I lay,
Lay in death's chains forlorn ;
My sins distressed me night and day,
The sin within me born ;
I could not do the thing I would,
In all my life was nothing good,
Sin had possessed me wholly.

* * * * *

Then God saw, with deep pity moved,
My grief that knew no measure ;
Pitying, He saw, and freely loved,
To save me was his pleasure.
The Father's heart to me was stirred,
He saved me with no sovereign word,
His very best it cost Him !

He spoke to His beloved Son,
With infinite compassion,—
“ Go, my heart's most precious crown,
Be to the lost salvation !
Death, his relentless tyrant, stay ;
And bear him from his sins away
With Thee to live forever !”

Willing the son took that behest ;
Born of a maiden mother,
To His own earth He came a guest,
And made Himself my brother.
All secretly He went His way,
Veiled in my mortal flesh He lay,
And thus the foe He vanquished.

Foremost among the “transcriptions” of the Psalms must be mentioned that grand old battle hymn of the Reformation, which to-day possesses the same power for

inspiration which thrilled the whole nation when Luther was living ;

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.

Among the other hymns are the "Credo," the "Ten Commandments," the "Te Deum," the "Lord's Prayer," given for the first time into the possession of the congregation, and given, too, in words of greatest simplicity and strength.

It is not, however, the hymns themselves, but the insight which they give into their author's character and life, which make them of deepest interest to the reader, for here as in no other of his writings, if we except the Table Talk and Letters, do we so come in contact with what Carlyle calls the "loveableness" of this "great brother man."

They are the echoes of his own religious struggles and experiences, a voice which came warm and full of feeling from his own soul and spoke, therefore, warmly and feelingly to other souls. Their message was that of the Reformation itself, the great trust of Redemption, and the sacred right which each human being possesses of freely partaking of its blessings without aid of any courtly mediation. They were "the first revelation to the heart of man, and through him to the hearts of thousands, that 'God is love' and hath so 'loved the world', that a heart of infinite love embraces us on every side, and rules in heaven."

This was the message they brought to those who were despairing under the bondage of a church in which superstition, dead form and outward observances had taken the place of a living faith, and in which terror and the eternal wrath, rather than love and infinite mercy, were the attributes of the Godhead. Nor was their message itself, all of their strength; they are instinct with the noblest characteristics of the great and loved leader of the new movement; a faith childlike in its absolute trust, heroic in the fearless strength of its con-

viction, whose gospel is that of joy and of freedom ; a boldness inspiring enthusiasm, and with these qualities touches of the most exquisite tenderness and gentleness.

Can we wonder then that these early Protestant hymns attained an immediate popularity which was unparalleled ? —that they were taught in the schools, carried from place to place throughout the country by journeymen and wandering relators “until his enemies declared that Luther had destroyed more souls by his hymns than by his writings and speeches” ? “Noble words, closely wedded to noble music, severely simple, yet never trivial * * * these hymns sound now as true and grand as when they first stirred Germany to its very soul.”

E. H. S., '92.

BONES :

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

Bones was not, I fear, thoroughbred ; part was Gordon setter, and part—well, wasn't. We tried to think that there was a suspicion of fox-hound in his pedigree ; but on the whole concluded to say as little as possible about his paternal ancestry.

How well I remember the first time I ever saw him,—a pudgy little black ball with four stumpy legs and two long ears, lying with his brother on a bed of straw. When I spoke both opened their round blue eyes and staggered to their feet, and Skull backed up close to his mother, with yelps of fear or rage, I could not tell which. But Bones, with that beautiful confidence in human nature that characterized him all his life, waddled as straight as he could towards me, and, opening his toothless little red mouth, proceeded at once to swallow my shoe. I stooped down and offered him my finger as a substitute, and from that minute we were fast friends.

It was during these early days that Bones learned his great and only accomplishment. Dropping down on the straw one day for a frolic, I held out my hand to him.

Bones, with head on one side and lifted ears, eyed it curiously for a minute, then raised his clumsy little paw and planted it directly in the middle of my palm. I shook the little paw, which, although it destroyed his equilibrium, so delighted his puppy soul that he insisted on keeping up the performance as long as I would play with him. After that, even when he grew to be a large dog, he never failed to greet me with a hand-shake, and he soon learned, when caught in some naughty act, to plead guilty at once by offering his dear, shaggy paw, looking so penitent that it was impossible to resist him.

He was not on the whole so very mischievous, but I have seldom known a dog in whom the destructive tendency was so strong. Overshoes, chickens, flower-beds, were his lawful prey; nothing was safe from his ravages. I remember the housemaid's coming in one fine drying day to announce, "If you please, m'am, that Bones has eat up three towels and Miss Mary's nightgown, and land knows what he'll be taking next."

His favorite place to sleep was the middle of a plot of heliotrope, but I never could convince the gardener that this was a proof of refined taste, not of total depravity, and often poor Bones was hustled off that fragrant bed with little ceremony. That he never gave up trying to sleep there well illustrates his doggedness of will.

As Bones grew older, and the fat, soft-haired puppy became a thin, gawky, half-grown dog, a change seemed to come over his character. He became a prey to "mild-minded melancholy." Day by day his eyes grew more pathetic, his ribs more prominent, while Skull waxed fat over his brother's untasted dinners. At times he would brighten up a little, and when I invited him to take a walk would wave his beautiful tail—Bones was too dignified for any vulgar wagging—and pretend to frisk a little, but he never wanted to go far.

Poor Bonesy! We could do nothing for him. The gardener found him lying one June morning in the middle

of the heliotrope bed, and no rough words drove him off this time. Only a dog, and not thoroughbred at that. Yet Bones was a true-hearted friend, and left a little empty place behind him, never to be quite filled.

J. W. T., '91.

MACBETH OR EUPHUES?

Macb.—Wherefore was that cry?

Sey.—The Queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb.—She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

These words, as I heard Booth say them, a few weeks ago, came to me in a new light. In spite of the masterly rendering, they gave me a feeling of disappointment, of check, seeming a piece of careful rhetoric where I had expected strong feeling. The reality of the character which had been growing up before me was gone, and I remembered that it was—a play.

Why then, in many readings and re-readings of the same passage had this never occurred to me before? First, perhaps, because one is apt to read Shakespeare, not in a critical, but in a receptive mood; and again, with Shakespeare as with the Bible, passages of this kind have from frequent quotation become so stamped on the mind as isolated lines, that they have almost lost their dramatic connection. It seems probable, moreover, that my conception of Macbeth himself had always before been vague enough to embrace unconsciously characteristics that were actually incongruous; for incongruity pre-

supposes some definite standard of reference and in Booth's presentation of the part, I gained for the first time such a standard.

At any rate, from Macbeth as I saw him, the words seemed ill fitting. Now is it that my Macbeth is the wrong one? He is, as I imagine him, first of all a soldier, a man of immense power in action, of no power at all on a long stretch; with strong muscles, and wavering resolves; he can strike hard, he cannot hold on. Watch him all through. He fights magnificently for his kind, but, the action past, his crude loyalty is no match for the subtle, persistently recurring temptation; it falters, gives way. Again, nerved to crime, his resolution carries him through three murders, and breaks down again, before what?—the simple act of going back to place the daggers so as to implicate the sleeping guards: excitement past, he cannot look upon the wounds his own hand has just made. Always he meets pressure with decision, its first stress over, he wavers again.

Take the lines immediately following those quoted :

Mess.—As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought
The wood began to move.

Macb.—Liar and slave !

Here is what we would expect; this is Macbeth, hurling his answer into the teeth of appalling omen.

Now go back to the other words again;—

“ To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,”

and the rest of it.

Here is not what we would expect, this is not Macbeth, this is—Euphues.

The point may seem a small one, but it is suggestive if it shows, as I think it does, the influence of Euphuism on even Shakespeare. Once on the watch, instances of it meet us everywhere in his plays. The comedies are full of them. Hamlet himself is Euphues touched by

genius, yet in these it may have been partly intentional; in Macbeth, on the other hand, nothing could be more foreign than Euphuism to the spirit of the play, and, if it occurs, it must be the more striking, because nowhere could it have been less meant.

Euphuism is to us something so wholly out of our sphere, that we are perhaps inclined not to take it seriously enough, and fail to realize what a real thing it represented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Perhaps we realize this more fully when we notice how even Shakespeare has been turned aside by its influence.

S. E. W.

A HUMBLE ROMANCE.

Her ways were rather frightened, and she wasn't much to see,
She wasn't good at small talk or quick at repartee,
Her gown was somewhat lacking in the proper cut and tone,
And it wasn't difficult to see she'd made it all alone.
So the gay young men whose notice would have filled her with delight
Paid very small attention to the little girl in white.

He couldn't talk the theatre, for he hadn't time to go,
And, though he knew that hay was high, and butter rather low,
He couldn't say the airy things that other men rehearse,
While his waltzing was so rusty that he didn't dare reverse.
The beauties whom he sighed for were most frigidly polite,
So perforce he came and sat beside the little girl in white.

She soon forgot her envy of the glittering *beau monde*,
For their common love of horses proved a sympathetic bond.
She told him all about the farm, and how she came to town,
And showed the honest little heart beneath the home-made gown.
A humble tale, you say—and yet he blesses now the night
When first he came and sat beside the little girl in white.

J. W. T.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

THE PRESENT OUTLOOK OF THE DRAMA.

The English drama has become paralyzed; so the American drama is crippled too. For, i' faith, 'tis the proper thing to ape our cousins across the water, in play writing as in everything else. The life-blood of the drama in both countries is thick and sluggish, and the master-hand of a new Shakespeare is needed to pour into the shrivelled body, new life, and health, and strength.

The modern successful play is not, as a rule, the product of a single creative intelligence; rather is it an ingenious mosaic carefully pieced together by many hands. Witness the construction of a new play, for instance, one of these grand burlesque-comedies, which are advertised in such large letters on the play-bills. The manager announces that he has engaged the services of several famous comedians, and must have a new play for them. The manager's hack (he may have two or three of the species), promises to ransack all French and English plays, all novels which have made a sensation, his own brains,—in short to find a plot which the Manager may buy, beg, or borrow. It will then be given into his hands to be "worked over." He will carefully adapt it to the needs of the actors, leaving spaces for comic songs and dances, local hits, etc., cutting it here, expanding it there, and patching bare places with dramatic "situations." He will then turn it over to the manager, who will revise it carefully, and make such additions as he chooses, particularly in the line of stage settings. Next, it must pass through the actors' hands, whence it emerges complete, and becomes, as the newspapers have it, "a great success."

Modern plays may be divided into five general classes.

The first class, and the one which plays the least important part, is tragedy. Great actors still succeed in keeping Shakespeare's great works and a few other masterpieces on the boards; but they do this largely through their own prestige, and not by means of any existing popularity of the plays themselves. It is noteworthy that not a single great tragedy has been produced by this age. Everything is a translation, an adaptation or imitation of something else.

A second variety is the melo-drama, which stands midway between high tragedy and the modern society play, and contains an infusion of both, and something coarser than either. It introduces usually a villain, an exemplary hero and distracted heroine, and a snaky-eyed female villain. Its materials are drawn largely from divorce-courts, police-stations, saloons and modern society life. Such plays are "The White Slave," "The Clemenceau Case" and "The Banker's Daughter."

Next come the society plays proper. They are legion in number, and their general tone is exceedingly lukewarm. They are for the most part taken from married life, and consist of two parts:

Part I. The Separation.

Part II. The Reconciliation.

They offer ample opportunities for the display of Worth gowns. Although they are not actively harmful, as are many of the melo-dramas, yet they are not healthful food. They are like "pop-overs," too much crust, too little substance. Among these may be mentioned "The Charity Ball," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Betrothed," "Impulse." Burlesque comedies, such as "Natural Gas," "A Parlor Match," a "Texas Steer," etc., are much in vogue, at present, especially in second and third rate theatres. Their chief attractions seem to lie in comic songs and dances, absurd mimicry and buffoonery and local "take-offs."

The last class of which I shall speak has developed abnormally within late years, the spectacular play. This contains many of the elements of the burlesque comedy, plus hundreds of "supes" in glittering costumes, tableaux, gorgeous scenic effects, and, usually, an elaborate ballet. This is the "Arabian Nights," "Crystal Slipper" type. A slight variation is seen in Kiralfy's plays, "The Soudan," etc.

There are still some good plays, though most of these are adaptations, as *Rip van Winkle*; and there are a number of others, such as "*The Old Homestead*," which, without being in any sense great, are yet sweet and true.

Many reasons are assigned for the present low-water state of the drama. One is that it is merely a reflection of the age, this bustling, inconsistent, pessimistic era. It may be so. But if these glittering illusions, this frivolous sensuality, this coarse buffoonery mirror all the nineteenth century—then mercy be upon the nineteenth century!

Another cause is said to be the attitude of the managers. Their fortunes depend upon pleasing the public taste. So they cater to the people instead of guiding them, and raising their standard.

But this reason would suggest that the real difficulty lies in the public taste. The only channel by which this may be improved is public opinion. But public opinion, as the aggregate of individual opinions is much too easy-going. "Live and let live," is its motto. Many good people who do not care for a play, who even disapprove of it, will yet go to see it, out of curiosity, or because it is the fashion, or for some other equally valid reason. They say, "The play will not hurt me. What harm is there in my going?" Such people should remember that insignificant molecules, though we are, each is endowed with a mighty force to resist, and this force is transmitted from molecule to molecule until the whole mass is swayed by it. If each would do his share towards directing the current of opinion into the proper channels, then indeed

the way would be open for the education and elevation of public taste ; then indeed would the outlook be brighter for a purer and nobler drama of the future.

M. E. RICKERT, '91.

THE LATEST SUGGESTION FOR RESTRICT- ING IMMIGRATION.

That the question of foreign immigration is a vital one to the American people, no one will deny. It is a subject that has been occupying thoughtful and observing minds for years, and the recent Italian trouble in New Orleans has again brought to the front the argumentative and statistical reasons against it, in its present unrestricted form, that have been collected and given to the public in the past. We are all of us eager to waste words in excited discussion of the various questions that come up in regard to matters of public welfare. "The good of the country," "the rights and duties of the American citizen," "an influx of depravity and pauperism," are expressions we make glib use of in our sweeping and unwarranted assertions, but few of us have any intelligent ideas or accurate information on this subject. We can bring up the trouble in the Pennsylvania coke regions, the existence of the Mafia, and the repeal of the Bennett law in Wisconsin, with a hundred other instances of violence, or the influence of foreigners on American laws and customs, but it is easier to name the disease than to find the remedy, and we have been so busy hanging out our red flags of danger, that we have quite forgotten to take steps for removing the danger itself.

But in the midst of the outcry—which is, in itself a good sign, for it shows how deeply popular attention has been excited—comes the *Nation*, with a proposition, which we believe, has never been presented before. It suggests that a language test be required of all immigrants, that no one be admitted to this country, unless

able to answer in English whatever questions may be asked by the inspecting officers. Immediately a storm of objections burst forth. The plan is severe, unjust, useless, adjectives that might well tempt the intruding idea to hide its diminished head. But a new idea, once brought forth, cannot die until it has been tried and found wanting, and it is at least entitled to a fair hearing.

First let us read over more carefully the *Nation's* unassuming editorial headed "The Proper Sieve for Immigrants." It first notices the recent increased interest in the subject and the enforcement of the existing immigration laws, and then speaks of the nature of the problem, referring to Professor Richmond Smith's book on Emigration and Immigration, in which "he gives it as his opinion that we have reached a point of development where we can supply our own wants so far as unskilled labor is concerned, and maintains the desirableness of some degree of exclusion on the general ground that each nation is bound to see that its own civilization does not suffer from an attempt to absorb foreigners in a lower state of civilization." "But neither he nor anyone else," the article continues, "answers the question, By what process shall we sift the desirable from the undesirable immigrants?" It goes on to prove the impossibility of determining every immigrant's character by consular certificate, or by any other method that has been proposed. It then presents the language test as a solution of the difficulty, showing that nearly all really secure and progressive modern states are based on community of language, and that it is only through a common tongue that men are able to feel and to think in the same way about public affairs, and to cherish the same political ideals.

The easy application of this test is shown, and the writer declares that more than any other way yet devised, it would shut out the undesirable element in immigration. In conclusion the article says that the object of all our

immigration law is to give the greatest benefit to American civilization, and that the fact that under such a limitation as the language test the large proportion of immigrants would be English, Irish and Scotch is no objection, since they are those who when they land, can "at once enter into intellectual relations with the community at large."

So much for the *Nation's* first article. In a later number, it takes up the criticism of the press, and the various modifications of the plans, which have been suggested. The acknowledgment of the writer that as long as the foreign vote is so essential to the political parties, it will be impossible to take any practical measures toward restricting immigration gives food for thought.

The *New York Times* suggests as a substitute for the *Nation's* language test, a poll tax of sufficient value to prove that the payer is a thrifty and enterprising workman, but the *Nation* replies with the very true objection that public sentiment in this country is so thoroughly against property qualification, that popular indignation would put down even the suggestion.

One objector, in a letter published in the *Nation*, shows, from statistics collected in the state of Minnesota, that the percentage of criminals and paupers is below the average in the case of all foreigners except the English speaking races, who furnish three times their quota to the prisons and poor houses, and to whom the language test would be no barrier. Another, writing from the same state, says that the Germans and Scandinavians form their best and most progressive citizens.

The amount of discussion that this proposition of a language test has aroused, proves that it is an idea worthy of consideration.

Probably the first objection that presents itself to most of us, is the great number of intelligent and law abiding foreigners, especially Germans and Scandinavians, who would be cut off from coming to America. If we look

at it carefully, however, the difficulty does not seem so great. We Americans are poor linguists and we do not realize to what an extent English is spoken and understood in Europe. The yearly crowds of tourists have made it a necessity to large numbers of guides and other servants of the public. Travelers tell us that in remote and almost unvisited corners of Norway and Sweden, they have rarely been unable to find some one who could speak English. If this language regulation were clearly recognized in Europe, the desire to learn English would be vastly increased, and some knowledge of the language would be easily obtained by the intelligent, industrious laborer. Against this, it may be urged that as foreigners readily pick up the language, why not in this country, where there is so much more opportunity? Those who urge this forget that the gate is now open to the lowest, the most ignorant and the most depraved, who, if this restriction were imposed, would turn from a country whose chief attraction is the gain it is supposed to yield, and the freedom it offers from prosecution for crime, and would be dealt with by the laws of their own land. It is a recognized fact, as Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge clearly shows in his article, in the May number of the *North American Review*, on "Lynch Law and Unrestricted Immigration," that European countries, have, for years, until the recent enforcement of our immigration laws, been shipping their criminals, paupers, diseased and insane to this country as the easiest means of getting rid of them. So-called charitable societies exist with the aim of providing funds for this purpose. Proper medical inspection will relieve us of the two last named classes, but has any better remedy than the language test been found, to exclude the others?

The statistics in relation to the preponderance of crime among the English speaking immigrants in Minnesota, are, we confess, a surprise. The foreign element in Minnesota is largely made up of Germans, Swedes and Nor-

wegians, who are almost universally good citizens, but Minnesota has for years (we acknowledge that we make this assertion merely from hearsay) been the destination of a low class of English adventurers, and the results shown, from observation in this state, may not be generally true. But granting that the English speaking races are not always desirable (Who for instance would think of rating our Irish immigrant population with the Germans or Scandinavians?) Minnesota has comparatively few of the nationalities, which make the immigration problem one of the gravest danger and importance, the Italians, Sicilians, and Hungarians.

Mr. Lodge, in the article referred to, proves from government statistics that, while English, German, French, Dutch and Scandinavian immigration is undoubtedly decreasing, the stream from Italy, Sicily, Hungary, Russia, Syria and the far east is ever swelling, pouring in upon us men of the lowest grade, intellectually, physically and morally, men who have been so long under a stern, repressing government, that their only developed traits are a blind hatred of order and power in any form, and a mad craving for gain. These men know nothing of American institutions. They come over merely for a time, and, without becoming citizens, reduce the value of native American labor. These are the men to be feared, these are the men whom the language test will most certainly bar out, and we can afford to lose some who would make good citizens, if by this sacrifice we can defend ourselves from barbarians infinitely worse than those who surrounded Rome of old.

The English, Scotch and Irish at least have knowledge of our laws, our ideas and our government. They become citizens, and can be dealt with by our laws, but what can we do with those who have *no* ideas of law, of progress or of government? In some way it must be done, and it is more than worth while to examine carefully, before we throw it aside as useless, any scheme for protecting the civilization and future of America.

E. K. ADAMS.

Editors' Table.

We have, all of us, read Louisa Alcott's works: we are, all of us, more or less familiar with certain events in her life; but perhaps few of us have been acquainted with it as a connected whole, as the beautiful sad story which Josephine Lazarus has written for us in the last number of the *Century*. To us Louisa Alcott has been the Jo of "Little Women," the "Mother Bhaer" of "Little Men." And Jo's character and Louisa Alcott's character are one and the same, but in "Little Women" we see so much of the fun and the merriment that the hardships, only slightly depicted, are almost forgotten, and the pain, the suffering of Louisa Alcott's after years Jo never underwent. The life as a whole Miss Lazarus has given us, the struggle, the toil, the triumph are all before us. We never knew Miss Alcott before, we never before loved, never appreciated Jo as we do now. Hereafter to us "Little Men" will never mean what it once did, but the girl in "Little Women" will be what she has always been, only claiming more love, more sympathy from her friends.

Admiring as we do the sketch in the *Century*, we, at least some of us, do not admit the final criticisms made of Miss Alcott's character and of her works. In fact we resent them. Are we "too persistently reminded of the material results—the money earned from her 'brains,' the comfort and ease purchased for her family"? Why should the word money mean anything to us here? Was it *that* she needed, *that* she toiled for, *that* she earned? We cannot be too persistently reminded of the material results of her work since the material results were—what she labored for, the comfort and ease of her family. One purpose she had always, one idea she kept before her, to give what she could, even all that she had, hand, heart

intellect, health itself in the service of those who needed them so sorely, and this idea became her ideal. The hard duties, the cold realities of her life called for just what she gave, "a sturdy, practical will, a firm grasp on reality, a determined and even a conscious reaction against the exaggeration of idealism." Louisa Alcott fitted her place; what more can we say? Others can give us the imaginative. Miss Alcott gives us the real, and to us this real in her becomes the ideal.

As for her works. So long as children are the healthy, happy, loving little beings of past ages and of this age, so long will Louisa Alcott's books be loved and cherished. Her stories are true to life—to child life—in every detail, and the truth lives always. We are sorry for the children in the years to come if they do not care to read "Under the Lilacs," "The Old-fashioned Girl," "Little Men," "Jack and Jill," and, above all, "Little Women," but, after all, when Miss Alcott's stories cease to depict child life truly, children, as we know them, will have ceased to exist.

New York is often called a German city because, as they tell us, the German influence in city politics and in social life is so strong. Germans of all classes have made homes in New York and for two generations at least they keep their nationality.

To see the quarter where the German immigrants have formed a community of their own you need ride only about half an hour on the surface and elevated cars from the Grand Central. From Grand to First street and from the Bowery to the water you see German women and children on the sidewalks and the house steps, German newspapers on the stands, carts filled with queer looking seed cakes and German bread, and hardly a street sign in English print. You might spend a day here without hearing a word of English spoken, for even the street officials must be able to speak German.

The poorest German day laborer takes his holiday in the summer and he is very likely to be found at one of the resorts on Coney Island. If he is musically inclined, he is one of the crowd, made up of all kinds and classes of people, listening to the Seidl concert on hot summer evenings at Manhattan.

But at Brighton Beach he can make himself most at home. Sausages, lager, and sour-kraut, served in little booths on the sea sand make his heart glad, and he lounges on the beach smoking his pipe in perfect contentment.

The Hoboken landing of the German Lloyd steamers is the place to see the New York Germans as travelers. Little Dutch women in short skirts run around the docks with funny bunches of stemless flowers which you are supposed to buy and give as parting tokens to your friends. Among the crowd of those who are to sail to the Fatherland we see several of our Brighton Beach friends, each with his Meerschäum in his mouth, an immense comforter rolled under one arm, and both hands full of bags and bundles. He has been working and enjoying life in America, has a tidy bag of gold under his great coat, and perhaps no one on the great steamer has a happier voyage home than he.

Come, my brave fellow-students, here is another chance to prove ourselves true descendants of our grand Teutonic ancestors. What is this whisper I have heard,—that all electives are to be chosen for the pleasure and ease they insure? We Americans, then, lay no claim to "Saxon grit"; too much civilization has taken away the race's old-time delight in a struggle for the struggle's sake. We later-day Angles are willing to fight only when victory is sure; we want no days of hard work followed at best by merely partial success, and attended with danger of the "Blues," that fell destroyer of collegiate optimism. So we justify ourselves by pleading that we

owe it to ourselves to elect subjects into which we can throw our whole heart. Success is most likely to come in the line of our greatest interest. But is it not said that in practical work of even the pleasantest nature one has to do a great amount of drudgery? Where shall we get the spirit to sustain us if we will have only the "flowery beds of ease" while drilling for the combat? There are surely very few of us who can claim to have had sufficient Spartan discipline already, for the world is running mad at present over Athenian theories of education. Women though we be, we are not going to fall under suspicion of want of pluck, and we shall hardly be willing to acknowledge that we wish to shun the surest way of gaining strength of character. Let us see to it that the path we select next year has a Hill of Difficulty as well as a Plain of Ease, knowing that

" The noblest hero is the man
Of whom the world can say
That from the roadside of defeat he plucked
The flower, success."

Of late years a tendency has been growing up in favor of anonymous contributions to the MISCELLANY. There are those still in college who can remember when a full signature was almost universally the rule. Then initials became the vogue, and these were succeeded by the numbers denoting the writer's class. This year, even that vague distinction has for the most part disappeared and one is forced to wonder whether the number was not written from cover to cover by the editors whose names adorn the title page.

We do not know how this has come about. Is all our rising talent so overwhelmingly modest that it seeks to blush unseen, or rather unknown? The mere suggestion of a signature is enough to rouse almost tearful expostulation on the part of the excessively retiring contributor.

Of course, it is only natural for a girl to shrink from

what she thinks seems like proclaiming her work to the College, and, as most contributions are not thrust upon us unsolicited, the grateful editor feels shy about forcing any one to sign her name unwillingly ; but if everyone were to do it, and it became an established custom, an unsigned article would be more marked than one whose writer stood frankly by what she said. Certainly no contributor has any good and sufficient reason for withholding her name, and greater general interest would be roused in College if the articles were all signed, and all knew what girls were represented in the MISCELLANY. The editors are very anxious for every one to help in this matter. We are ready to lead the way ; who will follow ?

HOME MATTERS.

Wednesday afternoon, April 8th, Dr. Strong gave a lecture in the Chapel on Virgil, the poet of Rome, the best bred poet of all time.

Born near Mantua during the thirty-seven years of comparative peace and exhaustion between the civil wars of Marius and Sulla and of Octavius and Antony, Virgil's first poems breathe forth the full, fresh life of northern Italy where he lived in quiet and seclusion. He was a timid, shy man, bashful almost to rusticity, the man of books as Horace was the man of words. Homer had been his text-book from childhood, and though a lover of philosophy he deliberately chose to be a poet. He is pre-eminently the artist, a shaper more than a creator. He borrowed freely and openly from older writers but adorned whatever he touched. There is progress in his work. First the simple pastorals, next the more finished didactics and finally the national or political *Æneid*. He was never the mere sycophant. He honored Augustus as the representative of divine power.

Virgil is the second among ancient poets. Homer has genius where Virgil has talent. Homer presents great characters ; Virgil presents saints. Dido is his most

original character. Virgil has moral earnestness, refined taste, and human sympathy as Homer has not, because his age was too early for such sentiments. Virgil has deeper reverence, a greater sense of justice, pity for the vanquished, and he sounds depths in human nature never reached by the Greek poet. Virgil has, with the modern Browning, the great idea of judging human nature, not by what it accomplishes but by what it aims at.

On Friday afternoon, April 10th, General Armstrong and Mr. Frissell, of the Hampton Normal and Agricultural School, visited the college with the Hampton negro quartet and two Indian boys. Mr. Frissell, the chaplain, introduced four of the young men who gave short addresses which they had written and learned. The negro boys told of the present general condition of their race in the South, of the strong desire among them to better themselves, and of what Hampton is doing for them individually. The Indian boys showed marked progress, for in the two years since they left their Indian homes, they have learned to speak and to think in English and have been developed by mental and manual training. They told something of the manner of life in their native tribes, their efforts to get a school education, and of what they hoped to do on returning West. After each address the quartet gave negro plantation songs which were enthusiastically applauded.

General Armstrong made a short but stirring address on the work of the Hampton school. The course is industrial and educational. A student may work for his board and receive as aid or as a loan the seventy dollars a year tuition fee. The first year he works ten hours a day and studies two hours in the evening. The course is five years, with a year of teaching between the fourth and fifth. Six hundred graduates at present are

teaching and others are working as farmers, mechanics, or in some one of the other industrial branches. They have a great influence for good when they return to their homes, both industrially and morally.

The monthly meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association, held Sunday evening, April 19th, was addressed by Dr. Eliza Mosher of Brooklyn. Dr. Mosher's subject was the work of trained nurses among the poor. She wanted to bring before the students a problem which will often perplex them, that of how to help the poor without pauperizing them.

There is no class of persons so greatly in need of help as the sick poor. Organized movement to provide trained nurses for them had its beginning in London. The mistake was made there of employing nurses who were of nearly the same social class as the patients.

Five years ago the same work was undertaken by the City Missionary Society in New York. The city was districted, and each district supplied with a nurse. Women of education, of culture, and of some social standing were chosen, for an important part of their work is to teach the poor to care for their sick and for their homes, and a ready tact is very necessary.

In Brooklyn there are at present two of these nurses, sisters, and both wonderfully well adapted to the work. Dr. Mosher has constant opportunity of seeing the great relief which their gentle, intelligent services always bring to the sufferers in destitute homes. She gave vivid accounts of the work of sympathy and of mercy as well as of skillful nursing and instruction which these two Christian women are daily rendering.

On Tuesday evening, April 14, Dr. Moulton of Cambridge, England, lectured on University Extension. The plan of this movement is "university education for the whole nation, organized on a system of itinerant lecturers."

The system consists of a central organization, which would naturally be a university, connected by itinerant lecturers with local organizations, which are institutes, libraries in the several towns, or any organizations which may serve as local centers for the work.

The lecturer's object in presenting a given subject is not so much to teach as to stimulate to study and research by making emphatic and attractive some one point of view of the subject. His lectures are addressed, once a week, to an audience composed of people of all ages and all classes, with, presumably, a nucleus of students. Each listener is provided with a syllabus, which is the lecturer's own notes of his lecture carefully tabulated. Questions and suggestions of work to be done are also given to all who wish them. The exercises when prepared are sent to the lecturer at the end of the week. He makes marginal comments on the papers and holds a class in which misunderstandings are corrected, mistakes and merits of the work done are commented on, and the whole subject is summed up and reviewed. At the end of a "unit of course," twelve weekly lectures on one subject, an elective written examination is offered, and for standard work in this and in the weekly exercises a certificate is given.

The subjects taken up are the scientific and philosophical studies offered by a university. Art is studied not technically, but historically and with the object of teaching an intelligent appreciation of it. The ancient classic literature is studied in English and is a very attractive course.

Dr. Moulton claims that the character of the work done on any given subject under the University Extension system is of as high a standard as that done in the universities on the same subject. The main ideas of the system are that it shall supply profitable employment for leisure hours, the study of a college course being spread

over a life-time, that it shall attract all classes of people, and that it shall be a national movement.

Was it for "Founder's" or May Day that nature made preparations all the last week of April? Of course we appropriate it all and say that it was in honor of our celebration.

Some changes were made in the way in which we observed the day this year and the entire programme was in the evening. At seven o'clock a very happy company of students and guests gathered in the Chapel to listen to the programme. After the glee club had sung *Miss Bentley*, the President of the Students' Association made a most graceful address of welcome and closed by introducing to the audience the speaker of the evening, President Matthew H. Buckham of the University of Vermont. He spoke to us upon the subject of "College Ideals in Practical Life," and emphasized the importance of the highest ideals in all life and especially in college life.

After the lecture we went immediately to the gymnasium used for the first time for our Founder's Day reception. The committee deserve great praise for the success of their decorations, which were very ingenious and as pretty as possible. Philaethean Hall accommodated the dancers, and down stairs promenades and refreshments were in order. At half-past eleven the Glee Club gathered on the stairs and sang a good-night song and, for an *encore*, gave the "Rose and Gray." So the day ended. Many guests lingered until Saturday and luncheons and drives were numerous.

COLLEGE NOTES.

In our last number the name of Miss Florence Halliday was unfortunately omitted from the list of "Honor Girls."

Dr. Taylor addressed a recent meeting of the Congregational Club of Brooklyn on the Higher Education of Women.

Professor Salmon delivered a course of four lectures on Domestic Service, in Boston, during the latter part of April.

According to the decision of the court the College will receive about \$450,000 from the John Guy Vassar estate.

The late Mr. J. Van Wyck Brinckerhoff of Hopewell has bequeathed the College a fine elk's head and antlers and an assortment of Indian implements.

During the past month our branch of the Y. W. C. A. has been unusually active. It has been represented at the Scranton general convention by Miss Reynolds and Miss Robbins; it has sent Miss Hussey and Miss Cooley to visit the College Settlement at Rivington St.; and some of its members assisted at a recent Song Service of the Poughkeepsie Association.

About 900 volumes have been added to the Library this year. A gift of 300 volumes, containing valuable documents on historical and other subjects, has recently been received from the Government.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Students' Aid Society was held at the College, May 1. It was voted to offer annually one scholarship of two hundred dollars to the candidate who passed the best entrance examination. The Society is in a flourishing condition. Many branches have been formed during the year and several local scholarships are offered. A social meeting of the Society will be held at the College in June.

On April 17th, Thekla presented the following programme to her friends:

1. Beethoven's Life,

MISS MACDONALD.

2. Allegretto, Op. 14, No. 1, *Beethoven.*

MISS DOUGHTY.

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 3. Adagio, Op. 2, No. 1, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS HOLMSTROM. | |
| 4. Rondo, Op. 14, No. 1, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS ELSWORTH. | |
| 5. Adagio, Op. 2, No. 3, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS PELL. | |
| 6. Allegro, Op. 14, No. 2, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS WIETHAN. | |
| 8. Largo, Scherzo, Rondo, Op. 2, No. 2, | <i>Beethoven.</i> |
| MISS SANDERS. | |

PERSONALS.

'77.

Married, at Copenhagen, May 12, Sarah Dana Watson of New York to Joachim Anderson, of Copenhagen.

'87.

Miss Gertrude Cleveland is traveling in Europe.

Married, April 11, at Williamstown, Mass., Miss Grace H. Wheeler, formerly of the class of '87, to Mr. Edward A. Johnson.

'89.

Miss A. T. Nettleton has just returned from a year and a half abroad.

Mrs. Annette Camps-McKee, a former special, has been appointed Collector of Public Moneys at Jackson, Mississippi. The salary of the office is \$4,000 a year.

Miss Blanche House, of the School of Music, sailed for Antwerp in April.

The following alumnæ and former students have visited the College during the past month:

Miss J. A. Denton, '70; Miss R. B. Jacobs, '77; Miss Alice Hayes, '81; Miss C. P. Acer, '86; Miss Vance, '88; Miss A. T. Nettleton, '89; Miss Kelly, '90; Miss May Chandler, '93; Miss Annie Philips, Miss M. C. Banfield, Miss Rose Freudenthal and Miss Mabel Guerin.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

It is a very warm and tired and breathless editor that sinks into her chair before the month's pile of exchanges. Should you like to know the reason? She has spent over an hour in a frantic search for the *Yale* and *Amherst Lits*, which two disobliging magazines have taken unto themselves wings, and have left their usual haunts on the reading room table, without leaving us their address. Why they should go off in this unaccountable manner, we can't imagine. Certainly not through bashfulness. Their former reputation is enough to have cured them of such youthful follies. Perhaps it is out of pure goodness to the rest, fearing that if they stayed, they would engross all our attention. Well, we will imagine they contain an unusual store of "literary treasures," just to repay them for their generosity. Really, the table does look strange without them.

But here is the *Harvard Monthly*, its clear print and wide margin a pleasure to the eye, even before we glance at its contents. We like the plan that the *Monthly* and several of our other exchanges follow, of publishing articles by the faculty or prominent alumni. To us, it does not lessen the value of the paper as an under-graduate organ, and it both serves to show the interest taken in the college, and presents thoughtful, well-written articles as models for the student.

As a story "A Common Marriage" is not pleasing, and we dislike to believe that the title is a true one, but it is simply told and well developed. College fiction generally leaves too much to be read between the lines, there are too many dots and asterisks, and one is tempted to ask whether it is because these are more significant, or because the writer has not skill and originality enough to bring the plot to a well rounded conclusion. The clumsy use of the machinery often spoils what would otherwise be excellent. Speaking of Harvard, the

Advocate certainly pleads eloquently for itself. Many a monthly does not contain so much good matter.

The *Williams Weekly* has a new cover, in much better taste than the old one. Although it deals chiefly with local interests, the paper is well edited, and a credit to its college. Its big brother, the "*Lit.*", contains a varied assortment of short essays and stories, on the whole above the average. Perhaps it is only because we weary of reading so many different magazines, but a number of short articles seem to us much less heavy and monotonous than one or two long ones, filling a whole issue, as is so often the case.

The college press of late, following the example of the outside world, has broken out into a regular epidemic of articles on Kipling (we believe we had one ourselves last month) until we long for a respite from discussions of Mulvaney and Mrs. Hauksbee ; but the *Butler Collegian* has an article, headed "Concerning Rudyard Kipling", which we really enjoyed and which seems to us the best estimate of Mr. Kipling that we have seen in any college paper.

The *Brown Magazine*—but how easy it is to ramble on, in this desultory way, picking up each paper as it comes to the top of the pile !

We know it is not the proper method of work, but we haven't quite formulated our own theories yet, and we want to get better acquainted with our Exchanges before we hold ourselves to rule. Then it is so hard to be business-like in this beautiful sunshiny weather, when the world is so much pleasanter on the other side of the Sanctum window, and the vacation is so near, and—but excuses are always stupid. Come, let's go out and have a game of tennis.

BOOK NOTICES.

Received from H. S. Acker, "The Question of Copyright. A summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world." This book is in the "Questions of the Day" series, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, and is interesting in face of the recent copyright bill.

"Chansons Populaires de la France," also from H. S. Acker, is the latest volume of the Knickerbocker Nugget series, and is a handy collection of French Ballads.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

On Saturday morning, February 21, a business meeting of the Associate Alumnæ was held in Washington, D. C. This was followed by a social and literary meeting at which the following papers were read: "Occupations of Vassar Alumnæ" by Miss F. M. Abbott, '81; "The Scientific Training Demanded by the Farmer," by Mrs. V. R. C. Barlow (Miss Crowe), '70; "Kingwood Farm" by Mrs. Frances Fisher-Wood, '74; and "The New England Kitchen" by Mrs. Mary Parker-Woodworth, '70.

An afternoon tea at the White House followed the meeting and in the evening the Washington Alumnæ gave a reception. Friday evening a reception was given to the Alumnæ by the Anthropological Society; and on Monday they attended an afternoon tea at Mrs. Philip Chapin's. At this meeting Dr. Taylor made an address, and a Washington branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society was formed. On Tuesday the Alumnæ listened to a talk on Tapestries, and were also entertained by Mrs. Wannamaker. The accounts of the festivities of these few days may well arouse the envy of the absent majority.

An association of teachers in private schools for girls has just been formed in New York, with Miss Weed, '73, as President. The society aims, among other things, to promote a friendly feeling among such schools, to discuss text-books and methods, and to urge the adoption of a uniform standard of requirements for admission to several women's colleges.

The Vassar Miscellany.

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THE ETHICS OF MATTHEW ARNOLD'S POETRY.

In his introduction to Mr. Ward's "English Poets" Matthew Arnold defines poetry as "a criticism of life, under the conditions fixed for such a criticism by the laws of poetic truth and poetic beauty." Elsewhere, Mr. Arnold tells us that "conduct is three-fourths of life." Now by putting these two statements side by side we conclude that, whatever else may be found in the poetry of their author, that poetry will clearly reveal his views of human life and conduct, and that it will answer the question "To what shall man attain, and how?"

And indeed, the more we study his poems themselves, the more we are convinced that in them Mr. Arnold has given us the truest expression of his ethics. In his prose works he appears as the teacher whose function it is to enlighten the dark places of prejudice, to heap scorn upon Philistinism, and to patronize with a touch of condescension all struggling toward sweetness and light. But in his poetry his attitude is no longer that of a teacher, but of a puzzled learner. Here he betrays weaknesses with which we come into instant sympathy, and we are the more ready to hear his words.

Matthew Arnold's ethical system is of interest to us, because his mind is a type of that questioning spirit which,

although it is as old as the ages, finds the atmosphere of our own times especially congenial. For although much of the "high seriousness" of his poems is the reflection of his own character as it was influenced by heredity and by the Oxford of his youth, yet the despondent, inquiring tone that is so noticeable in his verse is quite as much a matter of *Zeit-Geist* as of temperament. Arnold impresses us as a man who has failed utterly to find any clue to "all this unintelligible world." He has no answer to give to the questions of destiny that weigh upon us all. How will he answer that which no living soul can leave unanswered,—the question of conduct?

Perhaps the answer most naturally given by a despondent philosopher is that of the Epicurean, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." But the son of Thomas Arnold stood in no danger of being swept away by such a tendency as this. The lofty austerity of his father's morality found its echo in the son's declaration that "happiness is" not pleasure, but "righteousness."

If Arnold is the "characteristic poet of modern stoicism," as someone has called him, then let us trace his expression of the great Stoic principles that have come down from the days of Zeno, and find whether English and Greek minds are so closely akin that the same gospel of conduct will satisfy both.

"Is the calm thine of stoic souls, who weigh
Life well, and find it wanting, nor deplore,
But in disdainful silence turn away.
Stand mute, self-centred, stern, and dream no more?"

With the ancient Stoics, the highest good, the supreme end to which man could attain, and towards which he ought to strive, was expressed in a single phrase, "The life according to Nature." And if one were seeking to state most adequately and most concisely Matthew Arnold's own conception of the *summum bonum* as it may be gathered from his poetry, one could make such a statement no better than in these very words, "The life according to Nature."

There is always present with Arnold a keen sense of the contrast between the everlasting, changeless, passionless calm of external Nature and the restless, struggling, baffled life of man. All evil, he tells us, is ignorance and strife. Nature is supremely wise, and serene with the peace of countless ages. He hears "the voice of the mighty Mother" say,

"Race after race, man after man
Have thought that my secret was theirs,
Have dreamed that I lived but for them,
That they were my glory and joy.
—They are dust, they are changed, they are gone,
I remain."

Only as man in his narrow, hurried existence can stand for a few hours on the mountain top and yield his whole spirit up to the infinite breadth and calm of Nature, only as he can bring himself into communion with the eternal "soul of the world"; only thus can he reach his highest and know the supreme good.

And as a man grows older and feels his own inefficiency more keenly, he comes to have a deeper sense of the greatness of Nature. He may say at first

"We are young, and the world is ours,
Man, man is the king of the world.
Fools that these mystics are
Who prate of Nature! but she
Hath neither beauty nor warmth,
Nor life, nor emotion, nor power.
.
Nature is nothing; her charm
Lives in our eyes which can paint,
Lives in our hearts which can feel."

But when he has learned his weakness, he comes humbly and prays,

"Ah, calm me, restore me!
And dry up my tears
On thy high mountain-platform
Where the morn first appears,
Where the white mists forever
Are spread and unfurled
In the stir of the forces
Whence issued the world."

This, then, an approach to the calm of eternity, is the highest good. But how shall man attain it? Nature herself gives him no help. He may stand under the starry sky and muse,

“How it were good to dwell there, and live free!”

but day after day he must live and toil upon the earth, hampered by a thousand ties of passion and impulse and powerlessness. Can he by studying the mighty law that governs natural forces, find a law to govern his own soul?

As man turns, baffled, away from the external world, and knows not where to look for guidance, Arnold meets him with the great principle of his system.

“What though the holy secret which moulds thee
Moulds not the solid earth? Tho' never winds
Have whispered it to the complaining sea—
Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?
To its own impulse every creature stirs.
Live by thy light, and earth will live by hers.”

Then the true way to reach the high calm of the great world without us is to look within our own hearts, to know and follow their highest promptings.

“Once read thy own breast right,
And thou hast done with fears.
Man gets no other light,
Lives he a thousand years.”

And it is just this doctrine, that a man's chief duty is to follow the truths which he finds within himself, that is really the Stoic principle, as it stood for a rule of conduct. In this aspect, the life according to Nature becomes the life according to *human* nature. The Stoics, too, recognized that the blind world of matter and force had no gospel to set forth to beings of mind and will. Thus we see that Arnold is a consistent Stoic both in making an approach to the calm of external Nature man's highest good, and in declaring that to follow his own nature is man's highest duty.

Despite the beauty and force with which the old doctrines come to us in this new poetic guise, they have not

lost their ancient weakness. Stoicism will always be a system for the wise and the strong alone. Arnold's view is that grounded deep in the human heart is a "moral plan" which has only to be followed, and all will be well. Thus far, no one disputes the truth of his conception, but the question arises, Has the average man sufficient clearness of insight to discern this moral plan? And if we grant that simple introspection will disclose the paths of highest duty, it would require a character of superhuman strength to follow them out, as Arnold conceives them. For if you would reach that lofty, unbroken calm which should be your goal, you must live an absolutely self-centred life. Like a true Stoic, you must abjure passion, and lean solely on the might of your own will. You must not demand "that the things without" you yield you "love, amusement, sympathy." In short, you must be able to stand alone in the universe.

No one could feel more keenly than Arnold himself felt the difficulty of reaching such an ideal. It was more nearly practicable to him than to many another, for his temperament was essentially intellectual. But even for him the Stoic system is not a sustaining gospel. The man who could write that this world

"Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain,
And we are here as on a darkling plain,
Swept by confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night."

—such a man has not only failed to find happiness, he has not even attained calm, and the ethical system that leads to neither is most severely a failure. It is pure and lofty, but it is not "that which satisfieth."

MARGARET FLOY WASHBURN, '91.

PHILANTHROPY BEFORE AND AFTER CHRIST.

The life of the world consists in solving problems. From the school-boy to the learned doctor, from the so-

ciety lady to the pauper, all men are busily engaged in this pursuit. They always have been ; they always will be. For were we all perfect in soul and body, if we knew and understood everything in this wide universe, then should we grow weary of this world, and seek for other worlds to conquer. As yet we are far from this state. We have found a bit here and a bit there, and have put them together, thus gradually piecing out a pretty mosaic of knowledge, a fragment of the truth. But of the great problems, the very foundations of all things else, of these we know little or almost nothing.

One of the most difficult questions ever set before men is how to learn to adjust themselves to the universe and its laws. To solve this problem, some one great principle upon which the whole life may be based is necessary. We may trace the development of the various principles which have influenced men at different periods in the course of civilization.

As we view the whole area, we see that it is separated into two great plains, with a sharp line of division, a watershed, between them. This is the Christian era. On the one side, the rivers are sluggish and stagnant. They come from the darkness of the past, creeping along through the dreary desert, and are lost in the sand. From the other side burst forth countless tiny rivulets, clear and sparkling. They leap and sing as they spread over the wilderness, and turn it into a fragrant field, bringing wheat and flowers wherever they go. At last they vanish as mighty streams, pouring their waters into the eternal ocean. Why is the one side barren and cheerless, and the other fertile and refreshing ?

In the beginning every man felt himself to be against the world and against his neighbor. With his atom of strength he pushed against the mass of humanity, and was himself crushed. Only the strongest survived, for might made right.

But as civilization progressed ideas changed, and when

we come down to the ancient monarchies of Assyria, Phoenicia, Egypt, we find that this aggressiveness has already been softened to a certain passivity. One man now rules all, and holds up before them the law of retribution: "Do not thus unto your neighbor, or so will I do unto you." And although men still cheat and rob and kill one another yet they are somewhat restrained by the fear of possible punishment.

In sunny Greece there is again a change. Men have reached a state of equilibrium or indifference to one another. Every man is a little world in himself. A free state insures to each safety and the right to live, but no more. Every man is for himself; no man for the whole.

When Rome was justifying her early promise and was fast becoming mistress of the world, what was the secret of her success? One, certainly, was the Roman law, with its insistence upon hard, inflexible justice. Man was held apart from man by yoke of steel. Each fitted into his own place, and the whole mass, bound together by iron discipline, stood firm and strong. Here was success but little humanity. In the last days of Rome, the principle of selfishness indeed reached its acme. Then all men lived and struggled each to get for himself the greatest amount of pleasure and power possible, and Rome fell.

With the fall of Rome the rise of Christianity kept pace. Here we cross the watershed and begin to descend on the other side. Behind is the prohibition, "Thou shalt not," but in front is the command, "Thou shalt",—not only, "Harm not thy neighbor," but also, "Love thy neighbor." Men are not foes by nature, but all men are one brotherhood.

As Christianity spreads, we can watch the growth of this principle, and its increasing hold upon the minds of men. It first takes the form of monasticism. Here we find efforts towards philanthropy in the monks' care for the poor and despised, the sick and the leper. This is the one ray of light in the blackness of the middle ages,

The shadowy powers of darkness gather around, threatening to overwhelm it, but it glows clear and steady. It pales a little before the sudden flame of the Renaissance, but when the storm of the Reformation has passed away it is clearer and stronger than ever before.

And so this spirit of humanity has come down to us, and has become one of the forces of our century. Philanthropy I may call it in the broadest sense of the word, as the old Greeks used it, meaning "love of humanity." It includes the heading of subscription lists, the founding of schools and hospitals, the giving of money to the poor, all these, and much more. It means simply and broadly, "love of man." In every path of life we find illustrations of this universal spirit of helpfulness. The scientist works out his problems for the sake of the present and future generations. The scholar pursues his researches so thoroughly that the works need never be done again, but that all men may profit by his labor. This is the tendency, the aim, I may say,—not that it is wholly fulfilled.

We may test the workings of this principle especially in the field of modern philanthropy so-called, taking the word in its narrow sense. This is a real science, based on the laws of biology, physiology, psychology, and sociology, yet applied in a spirit of love and helpfulness.

Take, for example, modern prison reform, criminalology. The old idea was that the criminal was an outcast, and must be punished; the new is that he is still a member of society, but must be reformed, that is, educated morally. The effort is not to send him out harder and more desperate than before, but as a man whose eyes have been opened, and, after all, it is Bishop Myriel's treatment of Jean Valjean that brings out all the good there is in a man.

Look at the work in the tenement houses, in the slums of great cities. Is the effort merely to keep the poor from starvation, to supply them with better clothing and

more comfortable homes, and to heal their bodily diseases? This is the lightest part of the task. But what many good people are struggling to do there is to make the ignorant and degraded rise to know their high estate as men and women ; to fill them with discontent with their present life, and longing for better things. Then there is the work done for the children, the formation of clubs among the working people, university extension, and the recent efforts to give the pauper, the outcast, the vagrant a chance to earn food and shelter.

Indeed, the whole matter may be summed up in the words, "It tries to give every man a chance." It is the recognition of the independence of the individual. All methods which deny this are radically wrong ; and those which strive to act on this basis, are only carrying out the old command, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

The pagan idea was passive, lifeless ; the Christian is active, creative, containing in itself the germs of an endless life. The rivers on the further side are lost in the sand ; on this side, they flow into the ocean. So, although we cannot see the end, we must look beyond the fulfillment of the present into the promise of the future.

MARTHA EDITH RICKERT, '91.

TO AN ORIOLE.

"Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here,"
Tempting, teasing me to play.
Sing you in the orchard near.

Summons could not be more clear ;
Unmistakably you say

"Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Full of mischief, free from fear,
In a tantalizing way
Sing you in the orchard near.

Now one moment you appear,
Just a flash of orange gay ;—

"Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here."

Firm resisting, I with cheer
Ply my busy task all day :
Sing you in the orchard near.

Gladness pouring in my ear,
Through this sunny month of May,
“Peek-a-boo, peek-a-boo, here, here,”
Sing you in the orchard near.

E. P. COBB, '93.

SCOTLAND IN LITERATURE.

Perhaps in no other nation in the world have the natural features of the land itself had a greater influence upon the character of its people or been a greater force in determining the course of its history than in Scotland. The isolation of the country, its misty climate, its rocky soil, its wild mountains—all conspired to build up a strong, tenacious, independent race of people, passionately attached to their own leaders, deeply imbued with a love for their own country, and intensely jealous of any interference.

These are the forces which even one familiar with the barest outlines of Scottish history can trace as guiding the course of the nation from its earliest beginning to the present day.

But there is another element in Scottish character, another force in Scottish history, which, although not so prominently displayed, has ever been a strong influence in the national life—the romantic, emotional Celtic temperament. This is everywhere clearly discernable, for the Celtic spirit, notwithstanding the strong infusion of Saxon and Norman blood, was never lost in the Scottish people. It first found expression in music, and is there any national music in the whole world which surpasses that of Scotland? How poor is England's in comparison! Piercing and wild as it is sometimes, plaintive and sweet as at others, it has always been a living power in the lives of the Scotch, lightening their everyday round of

toil, compensating for many a hardship, in time of battle inspiring them with fresh courage.

With such music, associating itself with objects and events most dear to the whole nation, calling out the most refined tastes of a people, awakening the most cherished memories, ballad and song soon followed. In the very earliest times minstrels wandered from castle to castle, celebrating the victories of the nation's heroes. As time went on legends clustered about every rock, every name suggested a poem or a romance, the whole land was full of song ; it was in every heart, on everyone's lips. In no other country has the influence of poetry and music been greater upon the national character.

In the Scotch ballads and songs we find the reflex of every phase of Scottish life and feeling. There is represented in all its intensity the strength of purpose and devotion to a cause that has made the Scotch the religious people they are ; their patriotism, their spirit of justice, their love of nature here find lofty utterance, and the dry Scotch humor sparkles in many an unexpected corner. But pathetic or humorous, warlike or gay, romantic or domestic, there is one great characteristic of them all—their truth to the great facts of life and of nature. It is this that lies at the foundation of all their influence and it was in recognition of this fact that a celebrated Scotchman once said what has been repeated so often since, "Let me make the songs of a nation and I care not who makes the laws."

But the writers of the ancient songs and ballads were never known beyond Scotland and had been forgotten even in their native land. For a long time the Scotch turned to the world only one side of their genius ; no one suspected the fund of romance, the depth of sentiment which lay behind the cool, logical exterior under which they were best known. No keener metaphysicians have ever been produced than Hume, Adam Smith and Robertson, whom the little bleak rugged country beyond

the Tweed sent as her representatives to the literary world during the eighteenth century. But the time was rapidly approaching when she was to lead all the other nations in one of the greatest movements in the history of literature. The Scotch songs and ballads, which had sprung from the very heart of the nation, which through all these years had kept her close to nature, untouched by any artificiality from foreign influences, gathering strength and beauty from their close association with the lives and thoughts of the Scottish people, were destined to usher in a new era in literature. Scotland largely contributed both in spirit and in form to the movement which was to do away with the affectation that had characterized the literature of the eighteenth century, to restore passion and imagination to poetry, and to lead men back to nature.

From the songs of Robert Burns and from the poems and romances of Walter Scott, full of the inspiration of the old Scotch ballad-poetry, came an influence which made itself felt in all European literature, and which we can trace down to the present day. We might add Byron, for he was, as he himself says, "half a Scot by birth and bred, a whole one" but Byron's inspiration did not come entirely from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood," and he was always bound more or less by the restraints of the old school.

The main features of the life of Burns are familiar to us all—that sad story of the humble Ayrshire peasant, singing his beautiful songs at his plough, suddenly finding himself famous and courted by the highest people in the land, then left to die in poverty and neglect: it is to his poetry that we wish to turn and there we find all the characteristics of the best Scottish lyrical poetry, for in him it culminated. Burns is the poet of the Scotch people because he depicts the scenes and emotions familiar to them all with a loving sympathy which they all feel. He was the power everyone acknowledges him to have been

in the new literature because men felt that the man himself breathed through his writings ; because he touched almost every passion known to the human heart with a sincerity, an energy to which all hearts responded ; because he unfolded nature anew to men's eyes and inspired them also with an answering glow of the delight, the rapture even, which he felt in her presence.

In one of his songs Burns, in speaking of his boyhood, says,

“ E'en then a wish, (I mind its power)
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast,
That I for puir old Scotland's sake
Some usefu' plan or book might make,
Or sing a song at last.”

He has had more than his wish ; he has made the Scottish dialect imperishable, he has awakened among all people a new interest in Scotland as the land of Burns and he has given to the world songs which have never been surpassed.

Scarcely had Burns appeared as the first representative of Scotland in literature, before Scott came to carry on the work the Peasant-Poet had but begun, and to open a new era in the history of romance. Full of the spirit of the old Scotch ballads and of enthusiasm for the deeds and times they commemorated, he unfolded to the world his stirring pictures of bygone events, awakening a new interest for old times and old customs. In his poetry first he showed that vivid power of narration, of touching even the simplest actions with a romantic coloring, that deep sympathy with the simple feelings of men, which he developed to such a wonderful extent in his novels, the place where his genius has freest play. Under his pen the past seems as real as the present ; the simplicity of the old times, the influences under which our forefathers lived and died are faithfully represented ; every detail is carefully delineated, full justice is rendered to every party and to every side. He gives us not here and

there a glimpse of Scottish people and Scottish ways, but he unrolls before us with a loving pride in his native land the whole fabric of Scottish life. We feel his intense Scotticism in every page. And the character of the man breathes through his writings. His genial sympathy, his simple manliness, his never-failing love of justice stand out so clearly that in comparison with them the vanity and false pride of which he has so often been justly accused sink into the background.

It is almost impossible to estimate Scott's influence. The works of no writer were ever hailed with more enthusiasm or read with more delight by people in every rank of life than were the Waverly novels by his contemporaries. Hardly had they appeared in England when they were translated into foreign languages and were spread all through Europe. As the father of the modern historical novel he quickened a new interest in historical research, rousing men to a more conscientious study of the details of history and to a more faithful representation of former times. More than all, Scott made the novel an active and beneficent influence in human life.

From the time when Burns and Scott first showed to the world the true place which Scotland was to hold in literature, and by the force of their genius announced the coming of the new spirit, other Scotchmen have come forward to support the claim of their native land, and to prove that the spirit which actuated these two men is still a living, breathing power. Such men as Campbell, John Wilson, Hood, Carlyle, Masson, Shairp, Stevenson, and Andrew Lang show that Scotland in Literature is to be as great a power in the world as Scotland in Philosophy. Her writers may be few as yet, but when we remember that the history of this bleak, barren little country has been one long series of wars, a frequent pursuit of lost causes, a fierce struggle with nature, and that the current of Scotch genius has been flowing freely for scarcely more

than one hundred years, we wonder not that the number is so small but that it is so great.

ANNIE APPLGATE, '91.

LOCKYER'S METEORIC HYPOTHESIS.

There is hardly a person who has not seen many meteors dissipated in our atmosphere as shooting stars. Many have fallen to the ground. It is estimated that the total number entering our atmosphere in one day is twenty millions. That such a large number of meteors is met daily, implies beyond doubt that planetary space is full of them. The splendid display of the Aurora Borealis has long been supposed to be connected with meteoric dust in the higher regions of the atmosphere. It is also believed that the Zodiacal light is due to the presence of a vast sheet of meteoric bodies which are revolving about the sun. A question naturally raised concerning these meteors is do they pursue some uniform path in space, or are they scattered here and there without order?

The answer to this question is not so difficult as it seems. At certain periods, the storms of meteors are so conspicuous that even the most careless person cannot fail to observe them. An Arabian historian describes a shower in the year 1200 with the following phrase, "The stars shot hither and thither, and flew against one another like a swarm of locusts." The most splendid shower visits the earth in November, at intervals of thirty-three years. Similar facts in regard to other showers have led to the conclusion that, besides the isolated meteors which are met by the earth at all times, there are groups of them travelling in definite orbits about the sun. Another step was to discover the relation of meteoric swarms to other heavenly bodies. It is well known that comets travel in the same orbit with meteoric showers, and in one case even closer connection has been established. Biela's comet at its third return became separated into two

comets. At a later return neither part appeared, but from its place in the sky a brilliant meteoric shower visited the earth.

These facts are so conclusive that astronomers generally accept as proved that comets are condensed swarms of meteors, and there is little doubt that they come to us from outer space, drawn in by the attractive force of the larger planets.

This fact raises a similar interesting question regarding the periodic swarms of meteors; have they always been among the planets, or are they, too, late comers from space beyond the solar system? Take the November swarm for example. The theory is that at one time the swarm was travelling through space in an independent orbit without relation to the sun. The planet Uranus at that time chanced to be so near it that his attractive force drew it within the influence of the sun which has since held it prisoner within the confines of our system. There is other evidence that the swarm has not always been in our system. No notices of it have been found previous to 900 A. D. Such a remarkable shower, if seen, could hardly have been unrecorded and that century was probably the era of its entrance. Thus it is shown that in all probability outer space as well as planetary space is full of meteoric matter.

Through the discovery and application of the principle of the spectroscope, Astronomical Physics has opened another and entirely different realm of knowledge. This instrument, by the examination of the light emitted from a body, has the power of indicating its chemical constitution and its physical condition. Before this time, man had never hoped to bridge the distance separating him from the stars, and discover the very elements of which they are composed, but their light gives to him this power. It comes as a messenger to him across the infinity of space. He has not yet taken from it all the message that it brings. Once he could learn only the

position and motion of the heavenly body sending forth the rays of light. Now he reads in these rays something also of its nature and physical condition. What else lies hidden in its message only the future can disclose.

The truths revealed by the spectroscope, together with the facts obtained from the other physical researches already referred to, furnish material which must be made use of in the development of any cosmic theory.

Such being the material at hand, let us next consider the phenomena which such a theory must explain. In the heavens we find double and multiple stars, immense suns revolving about a common center; nebulae, misty patches of light; variable stars, whose light ranges mysteriously through different degrees of brightness, sometimes in a few hours, sometimes in many years; and new stars which shine out brilliantly for a brief time and then quickly fade away. A theory to meet with acceptance must find a unity among all these facts, apparently unrelated.

The meteoric hypothesis recently advanced by Lockyer, offers a comprehensive cosmogony in which these phenomena receive an explanation. He adopts the meteoric swarm as the unit of stellar formation. Each swarm is made up of an immensely great number of separate meteors moving with different rates; collisions occur among the moving masses producing light and heat. The cloudy light of a nebula he considers to be caused by internal collisions in a vast swarm. The members of the swarm gradually crowd together, the number of collisions is increased, the brightness is concentrated and the nebula passes into a star. The time finally comes when the swarm is no longer formed of separate meteors, but is one continuous gaseous mass. Its temperature has then reached its highest point, and it begins to cool. Our sun in its evolution has reached and passed the point of highest temperature. In the stages of diminishing temperature, there comes a period when a

crust is formed over a molten interior. The last step is reached when there is no longer any heat in the body, and it is throughout as cold as the voids of interstellar space.

Double stars, according to Lockyer's theory, have been evolved from two swarms of meteors revolving about a common center of gravity, each one having passed to its present state independently of the other.

Variable stars Lockyer supposes to consist of two swarms of meteors revolving one about the other. The central one is the larger, and collisions among the meteors of which it is composed occasion the normal light that comes from the star. When the revolving swarm comes nearest the central, there are collisions between the members of the two groups, and the light is increased. This would account for the regularity of period, the greatest increase occurring at a fixed point in the orbit. When there is a seeming irregularity, it may be due to the revolution of more than one swarm about the same primary.

New stars are caused by the sudden collision of two swarms wandering through space.

This Meteoric Hypothesis, based as it is upon the results of careful investigations, must find its further corroboration in other and future investigations. Some of Lockyer's important conclusions concerning nebulae have already been opposed by other skillful workers with the spectroscope. Objections have been made to parts of it on dynamical grounds. To establish itself, it must be able to incorporate all the latest evidence from all possible sources. It must stand the test of all that may hereafter be made known. It was not presented, however, by Mr. Lockyer as an absolutely perfect cosmogony. His purpose was to frame into a definite coherent statement all our present astronomical knowledge, to give an impetus to keener investigation. Though its destiny may be to fall aside among the disused theories of the past, it

will nevertheless have served a useful purpose in giving direction and concentration to astronomical research, and thereby it will contribute somewhat to the onward march of truth.

CARRIE ELLEN FURNESS, '91.

THE POET.

Since the old world was young, and Homer's song
Filled the dim ages with the sweep and blow
Of poetry, men have not ceased to know
The power divine that makes the poet strong
To conquer the world's might of sin and wrong :
Still women weep, and strong men's voices grow
Full of a feeling they are loth to show,
When some great poet stirs the listening throng.
We drag our way along life's crowded street,
On every side the old, unlovely things,
The pulse of life beats on at fever heat,
The hot, close city air around us clings,
When lo, we stop to rest our weary feet,
For by the way a poet stands and sings.

E. K. ADAMS, '93.

De Temporibus et Moribus.

MODERN HUMANISM.

Self-culture, paganism, humanism, are terms one frequently meets in literature on the Renaissance. Passing on to our own country we find them again connected with the names of Goethe and his followers. As mere catch-words these suggest some possible points of contact between our own time and that of Boccaccio and Petrarch. To fix the meaning of the terms it is only necessary to seek out certain representatives of paganism, humanism, and self-culture, and to determine their ruling principle. The old Greek dictum *Ἐρᾶν ὀδυνάτων νόσος τῆς ψοψῆς*, to desire the impossible is a disease of the soul, expresses the essence of paganism. The definite in life, art and religion was the one passion of the Greek. A fourteenth century humanist, Cosimo dé Medici, says of his own aim, "You follow infinite objects; I follow the finite. You place your ladder in the heavens; I on earth that I may not seek so high or fall so low." Goethe, the high priest of self-culture, defines its purpose as the endeavor to know ourselves and the world about us. The definite, the *τὸ πέρα* of the Greek, the finite of Cosimo dé Medici, Goethe's material and intellectual universe are but synonyms for the phænomenal: paganism, humanism, self-culture are but synonyms for that scheme of life which makes phænomena the ultimate of known ultimates and a knowledge of phænomena the supreme interest of man. We may choose one of the terms, humanism, and look to the practical outcome of an order of thought which aims to fix the mind on ourselves and the world.

In art, its tendency is realistic. Painting during the Renaissance and Greek sculpture, the two arts which rely

on the definite and material, are its best products. As a force for the accumulation and transmission of learning, humanism has founded universities, collected libraries, awakened and maintained an interest in archæology and critical scholarship. Humanism may also claim the greatest creations of literature, the works of Homer, Chaucer, Shakespere, Goethe. In philosophy its tendency is materialistic. The only relation it investigates is that of man to the finite, the only question it seeks to answer is how can man best fulfil this relation.

A clearer notion of humanism may be had by looking for a moment at its antithesis, mediævalism. We have but to cross the line dividing the Renaissance and the Middle Ages to find a world of ideals and symbols instead of the world of sense; to find man striving to know himself not in relation to the material universe, but in relation to the transcendental; asking not what can this world give me of knowledge and pleasure, but what may I know of the world beyond. The myth of Dr. Faustus puts in a concrete way the mediæval aversion to earthly interests, the price which Dr. Faustus was called upon to pay for a knowledge of himself and the world being the loss of his soul. Art here becoming symbolic and mystical expresses itself in music and architecture. The insignificance of all mundane learning and the contempt in which it was held has been indicated by Gregory the Great. "The places of prepositions and the cases of nouns I utterly despise, since I deem it unfit to confine the celestial oracle within the rules of Donatus." And, indeed, the places of prepositions and the cases of nouns were inferior questions to the school-man whose subtle intellect could determine the nature of God. In 1830 Heine told us that at the voice of Goethe the spirit of the Middle Age had fled, but this spirit which centuries before had heard the voice of Petrarch and yet had remained to spiritualize the world again in the Reformation was not so easily affrighted as Heine supposed. Had he

lived until now he would have heard scientists still talking about the necessity of "extirpating mediæval thinking," he would have found it in the poetry of Wordsworth and Browning and in the philosophies of the modern eclectic and idealist.

With these two orders of thought before us we may ask why is it that humanism and not mediævalism has been so prominent in the past century and the Renaissance. The common demand of both ages was for a readjustment of old and new ideals. To the men of the Renaissance the Church was not the symbol of the spiritual world but the reality. To believe in the Church was to believe in God, and such was the corruption of the Church that to believe in the Church was to disbelieve in virtue. It is not strange that, in these circumstances, Guiscardini should have said, "We are all in the dark as to all that is supernatural. Philosophy and theology have nothing but nonsense to tell us about it." In our day science is the disturbing element. By pushing out the limits of space and time it has given man a vivid and depressing sense of his own insignificance. The blow it has inflicted upon man's egotism has made him uncertain of all his relations and has made necessary a readjustment between old ideals and the conclusions of science.

In this divided state of opinion men turn to the one reality of which they are sure and seek to increase their knowledge of themselves and the world. This knowledge, however, they must relate to the other two ideals, the ethical and æsthetic. In the Renaissance, when beauty was the supreme ideal, conduct found its basis in æsthetics and the study of nature was artistic. Our enthusiasm for physical truth has been such as to demand a scientific basis both for ethics and æsthetics.

Since the scientific ethics of the present day and the æsthetic ethics of the Renaissance both rest on the philosophy of positivism, we may expect similar results for morality and religion. Fate, doubt, superstition, these

were the religious tenets of the Italian humanists. Their fatalism was based on the conception of a capricious divinity, ours on the play of blind force. Coexisting with their doubt was the greatest superstition, their legacy from the pagan religions. The miraculous to us is only an unexplained *phænomena* of nature. Those who are watching the signs of the times tell us that a reaction against our positivism has already been expressed in the cry of philosophers, "back to Kant." Even more marked is the revolt within the sphere of humanism against its extreme scientific tendency. Artists in their protest against the encroachments of science have made this their watchword, "Back to the Renaissance." The last half century has witnessed a series of reactions in the fine arts. In painting the English pre-Raphaelite school has been an exponent of the movement. The principal tenets of Rossetti, its founder and an enthusiastic student of Renaissance art and literature, were that the artistic world from Raphael had gone wrong and that the only way to set it right was for the artist to go to nature inspired with the love of imaginative beauty. This effort to emulate the early pre-Raphaelistic painters, however, resulted in little more than pretentious imitation of them.

The most fruitful of the reactions has been in the field of sculpture. French sculptors, undoubtedly foremost at the present, in the pictorial treatment of the surface which brings the effect of light and shade into the service of sculpture, are followers of the Renaissance school represented by Ghiberti.

Futile as have been some of these attempts to reinstate beauty as an ideal, they show that the artistic instinct is yet strong enough to assert itself and give assurance that Mr. Ruskin's crusade against the trivial in art may have a successful issue.

In literature the scientific phase of humanism has provoked into strong emphasis the contrast to itself in the artistic school of English poets represented by Morris,

Swinburne and Rossetti. "Back to the Renaissance" in literature also say these poets. "Let us forget the centuries that have intervened between us and the early humanists and let us take for our themes the aspects of life that interested them." All the great Florentines sang of love thwarted by death, Dante of ideal, mystical love in Beatrice, Boccaccio of earthly love in *The Fiammetta*. These English singers have taken up the strain of Boccaccio, making it a little more earthly and a little more melancholy.

For their canons of art and conduct as well as for their theories, these poets look to Boccaccio. Life for life's sake, art for art's sake, this is their two-fold creed. As poets, their only aim is to minister to the ephemeral pleasure, not to interpret nature or to analyze human personality. Morris's claim is not a pretentious one. He calls himself "The idle singer of an empty day." Swinburne aims only to please the senses with harmony and melody, not to awaken thought. Man they say has been so distracted in this age with creeds and theories that his jaded intellect needs to be refreshed at the fountains of Greece and the Renaissance. They promise to take him to a world where the distressing problems of his mission and destiny do not enter. Surely a legitimate purpose, but one who has attempted to follow Mr. Morris through his *Earthly Paradise* is likely to feel that while this world of sensations and shadows into which he has been beguiled fulfils in a measure the bright promise of escape, it fails to give that permanent refreshment found only in the world of nature.

As artists they are unable to separate painting and poetry. Their descriptions are mere enumerations of physical detail, of form, color, attitude. The figures they conjure up are evanescent, vanishing with the closing of the book. Enamored as they are of Hellenism, they miss the true secret of Greek art, repose and continence.

As artists these poets belong to the Renaissance ; as men they are victims of subjectivity with the rest of their age.

Their philosophy rests the ultimate authority in conduct upon the pleasure of sense ; in their view the highest thought of man is to crowd the maximum number of sensations into this brief moment of life while he is passing " from nothing into dark nothing." Their Epicureanism is a sad and feverish eagerness to enjoy life with death ever hovering over them. The moral aspect of their poetry is utterly dark. In doubt as to the reality of the world beyond they make the utmost effort to be sure of their grasp upon this world by raising pleasure to the rank of an ideal ; while pleasure in the end becomes to them only a pillar of darkness leading the way to despair.

Two conclusions follow from this survey ; that humanism, the aim of which is to know ourselves and the world, has been the great enthusiasm of our century and that our humanism has two currents, one a broad scientific current and the other a narrower artistic current which is carrying us back to the Renaissance.

ROSA MARY KAVANA, '91.

MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN UNIVERSITIES.

The statistics of the United States for 1888 give a record of three hundred and fifty-seven colleges, and show an organized system of public schools forming an unbroken chain of control over the education of the entire nation. But have we solved the problem of education by establishing three hundred and fifty-seven colleges and by organizing a system of public schools? Are we content with the intellectual status of " the sovereign people." To be sure we can boast a long list of scholars and learned men, but are the people educated to perform the duties required of them? If not, we must look about us to see wherein we are lacking, and we must study past

and present for suitable material with which to build the university of the future so that it may answer the question : how shall we reach the masses ?

If the past did not succeed we can find sufficient reason for its failure, during the sixth century, in the barbarian invasions which swept away the Roman schools with their traditions of old pagan education ; and certainly the following six centuries of cathedral and monastic schools, which existed only for the training of monks and priests, could offer but little incentive to the education of children, or the pursuit of learning by their elders.

Not until the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was there open warfare against monastic instruction. Not until then did the new material for research and the growing tendency for definite organization which followed the development of nationalities "assert themselves." And what did these forces for advancement accomplish ? The establishment of a university of public lecturers without system and of inquisitive vagrants of all ages and conditions, a university where law and philosophy with a small amount of the "seven liberal arts," Latin grammar, logic, rhetoric, music, arithmetic, geometry, and astronomy, made up the curriculum of studies.

The methods employed were of the most abstract character. The memory alone was exercised, and, when this faculty threatened to fail, the instructor "screwed it to the sticking place" by the administration of a little corporal punishment.

But remember the position that these universities held in the history of the nations. They shared the vicissitudes of church and state alike, and, although growing out of early monastic teaching and greatly assisted by state money, they stand firm in their neutrality and hold the balance of power between the policy of kings and the craft of Popes at Rome.

To them were granted on the one hand privileges respecting trial by special courts, and, on the other hand,

the right of conferring the privilege to teach, the first meaning of a university degree.

But their strength lay in their political and religious position, not in the accomplishment of their purpose. As the centres of the struggles and feuds of humanism, they persisted in seeking "other worldly" aims, and left this "transient resting place" in ignorance of the great truths surrounding it.

Nature could not be satisfied with this calm contentment and waste of forces, so the invention of gun powder and printing, the fall of feudalism, and the Reformation came to awaken modern times, and to stir the sleeping universities into life and activity. They only needed this impetus and the powers within them kept them in motion. They have never paused since then and as we look upon them in their growth we can see the influence of each and every force which made up their being.

We have not accomplished all, but we have taken great strides in the direction of success. The goal is still out of reach, but it is in sight to modern perseverance and ambition. The university of to-day has caught the spark needed to light the magic fire which is to illumine every darkest corner, and yet the fire does not burn. We have shaken off the old languor, but our eyes are not fully awake to the future before us. We have found the great fact of successful education to lie in the personal intercourse of teacher and student, and side by side in the library and laboratory they "study things from things" throughout the field of research. Words are no longer enough, but reason is enfranchised and the whole intellect is put into training. Science is no longer under the bann of the church, and we are not content to study the classics from the translations of false interpreters. Study is not the occupation of monks nor the pastime of idlers, but it is the natural employment during the leisure hours of men in the world of work, who seek through its aid to gain new forces with which to meet the problems of life.

So thoroughly, too, have the times changed that instead of open disputations in Latin verse between the gownsmen of Oxford and Cambridge, the blue and crimson wave over combatants in another field; "a sound mind in a sound body" amply justifies the time now given to physical training, and it has been another assistance to the centuries of workers who have widened the narrow rut of theology and law into the great highroad of the study of the universe. But shall we rest now that we have made a broad, straight road? Shall we open it to the use of privileged classes only, and allow the people to be stopped after the first mile by a toll which they cannot pay?

The past has not proved sufficient, the present cries out in need, and the future stands before us. What shall we do? Since the people will not or cannot go to the universities, the universities must go to the people, and the University Extension movement offers itself as a medium. This brings back the good of mediæval universities in the close contact, the "touch of all ages and classes," and at the same time breaks down the confining walls of modern colleges. "University education for the whole nation organized on a basis of itinerant teachers" is to furnish the outline of work. The great principle of university education is the intercourse between teacher and student which has already been accomplished within college walls. The purpose is, not to do away with colleges and universities, but to extend their good work, their methods, and spirit to broader limits. The process is self-education and the busiest working-man who is free, may use his freedom, that is his leisure, in becoming acquainted with the laws of science, the principles of economics, and the beauties of literature.

The plan has succeeded and will succeed. The foundation of the Workingmen's College in 1854 by Frederick Denison Maurice, in England, was but the breaking of the ground, and slowly and surely the stones have been

laid until now we see the outline of the structure. Colleges and universities heartily co-operate in the extension movement, and, while the English people had to be trained up to the idea, Professor Moulton assures us that in the United States the people have leaped forward to meet it. The question of the university of the future is open, and the university extension movement is able to answer it. George William Curtis says that "our universities and colleges have been disposed to preserve traditions of an earlier time with a fidelity more touching than wise. They have retained the monastic character, modified, of course, in this country by the circumstances of our history. The development of this university extension movement and its extraordinary success are the most significant facts in the modern history of education."

No one need be idle; student and workingman alike are involved and each has his part to play. The play is written, the audience waits, and, when the curtain falls back, all that is needed are the actors.

FLORENCE HALLIDAY, '91.

SUCH IS LIFE!

O, a happy, happy heart
Has the mower on the lawn,
A clipping, clipping, clipping,
Ever since the early dawn.
For he sees the fleecy clouds,
And he loves the scented grass,
And his joy is with the swallows
Circling, reeling as they pass.

* * * *

So wrote the young poet,
(In class be it said).
History? Didn't know it!
Clean gone from her head.
She gazed at the mower,
And thought his lot glad,
Then her heart it beat slower—
He was swearing like mad!

KATHARINE V. D. HARKER, '93.

Editors' Table.

The MISCELLANY heartily wishes to all her friends a most happy and restful summer. She prescribes for each a holiday or a change of daily occupation. For her own part, she intends to take a complete rest for three months, and hopes that her first appearance in the fall will show how much she has gained from her summer's quiet. She urges upon each and all the necessity of a respite for the head, the hands, the nerves, in this day of hurry and of work at high pressure. We hear the physicians say that the average age of business men has already lengthened since the custom has grown of moving from the cities and spending at least the evenings in a clear atmosphere. To any of her friends who suffer with weariness or despondency, the MISCELLANY recommends half days of lounging on the beach, rides before breakfast with a companionable horse, draughts of the breeze on a hill top, or even round trip rides in the horse car into the city suburbs. Anything that will make one look away from her work for a short time will send her back to it with a new relish. Anything that can make her see it from a new standpoint will add to the possibilities of what she may accomplish in it. With these prescriptions go many best wishes and Godspeeds.

"Go South, Young Man!" That is the changed form in which Horace Greeley's advice speaks to all who hurry through the different stations on the Sixth Avenue Elevated. Though the suggestion is only an advertising dodge on the part of land speculators, yet it indicates how the old order is changing, how on the other side of "Mason and Dixon's Line" new enterprises and new economical conditions are springing up.

It takes only a glance at the probabilities of the case to refute the assertion that the South's progress is due to the incoming of Northern business men. We can not believe that a cultured and prosperous people who, under stress of war, could accommodate themselves to such great privations, could not also adjust themselves to the new conditions imposed by the issue of that struggle. Years ago on many battle fields the South proved its mettle; since then it has been displaying courage of a different stamp, the heroism of men who, when all was lost, accepted the inevitable and began the struggle of life again on an entirely new basis.

The conditions of life in the South now are so much more like those in the North than formerly that naturally Northern influence is constantly growing. Every year sees numerous business enterprises started in which Northern methods are employed; every year brings Southern men and women in greater numbers to Northern colleges. Nevertheless the people of the New South are still, in all essential traits of character, Southern to the heart's core. The South to which such brilliant prospects are opening is still the South of Washington and of Lee.

I wonder whether any of us have plans for our summer reading. Probably not. Plans savor too much of work, and do not fit in with thoughts of home and vacation.

No one disapproves more than the MISCELLANY of the girl who goes home prepared to devote a certain number of hours in each beautiful summer day, to Greek, Latin or History, but on the other hand, it is quite as concerned for the brain of the young person who lies around in a hammock dozing over "Airy Fairy Lillian," "Thorns and Orange Blossoms" or "The Quick and the Dead."

Some people think there is no happy medium between musty Greek lexicons and yellow covered novels, but I doubt if there is one of us who some time or other has

not had to blush over her ignorance of the standard novels, such as those of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens or George Eliot. It has been said that there are a great many things which it is no especial credit to know, but a great disgrace not to know, and one surely misses a very pleasant part of life, if ignorant of *Ivanhoe* and *Rob Roy*, *Colonel Newcomb* and *Mrs. Mackenzie*, *Mr. Jarn-dyce* and *Little Joe*, *Dinah* and *Romola*, and hosts of others whose lives go far towards making our own lives broader and sweeter and truer.

If we were to take up the works of but one author, re-reading carefully the books we have perhaps almost forgotten, and bringing to the new ones the added knowledge and intelligence we have obtained at College, we should find it only pleasure, and yet gain, by the end of the summer, a great deal of that general information and breadth of view which is the chief charm of every cultured woman.

As it started out on its new course three months ago the MISCELLANY said little about its plans and purposes. Yet it had its ambitions, none the less, and now that the summer vacation has come, and our readers are no longer too rushed with work to give heed to any plans that may require their co-operation, the MISCELLANY would like to state one of the chief of these. It is not a new ambition by any means ; rather has it been so repeatedly expressed in past editorial pages that it seems almost hopeless to broach the subject again—but to hope against hope is the characteristic of editors.

The aim referred to is that of making the VASSAR MISCELLANY representative of the whole College, not of a few of its members. Mere College loyalty should make every student desirous that the paper bearing Vassar's name should represent the best literary ability within Vassar's walls, but this cannot be until there is perfect communication between that ability and the pages of the

MISCELLANY. To open up such communication is the great desire of the editors. We cannot resist referring, in this connection, to a certain criticism in a recent *Dartmouth Lit.* "Of the *Vassar Miscellany*," says the *Lit.*, "we always know what to expect. It invariably gives us a small body with disproportionately large departments, showing little literary interest in the College as a whole, and hard conscientious work on the part of the editors." We quote this, not to take to ourselves any praise for the "hard, conscientious work" on our part, which, indeed, is far from being the praise we most desire, but in the hope—vain, it may be—of awakening a little College pride in this matter of literary spirit. The truth of the criticism who can gainsay? Not the weary editor, surely, who earns for herself an unenviable reputation for importunity, as she goes from student to student, soliciting, begging, imploring contributions for the MISCELLANY. Not until such contributions come unsolicited, not until there is sufficient competition to give the MISCELLANY the privilege of a choice, and of a large choice, in its articles, can there be said to be a literary spirit in the College. Now we can see no reason why there should not exist such a spirit. For literary spirit is not literary ability, and to say that Vassar has little literary spirit is not to assert that it has little literary ability. If it were, we should at once accept the situation and resignedly continue to issue each month's number as well as we, with the help of a few pitying friends, were able, realizing the impossibility of creating literary ability by exhortation. But the ability we know exists, and knowing this, how can we cease from the endeavor to arouse the spirit that shall give the MISCELLANY, and through it Vassar's name, the fullest benefit of that ability? And so, in this vacation time, when no one can plead the well-worn excuse lack of time, we present our petition on behalf of the MISCELLANY, and remind each and every one that no

considerations of modesty or timidity can prevent her trying, at least, to disprove the statement that there exists little literary spirit at Vassar. The MISCELLANY wishes to give evidence to the contrary next year.

HOME MATTERS.

The concert of Friday evening, May 15th, was certainly one of the very best that has been given in the College during the year. The quintette by the string quartette with Miss Bliss at the piano was effectively rendered, especially the Allegro, the Andante and the Theme with variations. The next number, which consisted of selections from Mozart, was not so thoroughly enjoyed by the students as was the first: the Minuets, the Adagio and the Rondo were perhaps the most pleasing. The Anniversary Cantata was received with sincere applause. Especially worthy of mention was the playing of Miss Bliss at the piano.

On Wednesday evening, May 20th, we had the privilege of listening to a lecture on "The Renaissance in Literature and Art" by Dr. Philip Schaff.

After explaining the meaning of the term "Renaissance," and the relation of the Renaissance to the time immediately preceding and following it, Dr. Schaff took up the literature of the period. He said that, to comprehend the Renaissance, one must understand the Divine Comedy. He then gave a summary of Dante's life and an outline of his great poem. Dr. Schaff's remarks on the revival of Art were somewhat cursory.

On the whole, the interest of the audience centered rather in the lecturer, our greatest church historian, than in his lecture.

The College has seen many Junior parties, but it has seen only one hay-raking party. And a pretty as well as novel sight it proved to be, as witnessed on the

evening of May 22d. Japanese lanterns, strung from from class-tree to class-tree, and uniting, for one night, at least, '91 and '92, made the scene suggest a bit of fairy-land. In contrast to this, the occupation within the charmed enclosure seemed very unfairy-like, for what could be more practical than hay-raking? But hay-raking by moonlight is very different from hay-making in the sunshine, and it proved, after all, that the fairies had been at work even in the hay, for how else could those mysterious little packages have been secreted in the various piles at which all were set to work, unless, indeed, some of the rakes were turned to magic wands? However it was, it happened that from the big Faculty pile, to the smaller Senior and Junior piles, there was not a hay-mound that failed of its unexpected reward. If the Faculty had ever felt it beneath their dignity to put their hands to rakes, and engage in such a farming occupation, all such thoughts turned to absorbing interest and effort when Dr. Taylor raked in the richest trophy of the evening—the special gift, perhaps, of Oberon, king of the fairies. And as for the Seniors, nothing could have exceeded their excitement and delight as one after another of them discovered the fairy gifts.

But lanterns and moonlight and hay-mounds and prizes were not all of the party. For who would omit refreshments from such a tale? Or who could forget the strain of the good-night song, half plaintive, that filled the moon-lit air and almost made us forget ourselves and grow sentimental? All sentiment, however, was soon to be dispelled. The “good-night” it seemed, meant but a return to the College and the singing of our favorite college songs in Dr. Taylor's parlor soon replaced sentiment with laughter and fun—to be checked only by a repetition of the good-night song, this time sung with full meaning.

The monthly meeting of the Young Women's Christian Association was held Sunday evening, May 24th, and was

addressed by Miss Jeannie B. Merrill, of the New York Normal College, on "Free Kindergartens in New York." The kindergartens are located in thickly settled neighborhoods and generally among very poor and miserable people. Women trained in the Froebble system have charge of the children and teach and amuse them with object lessons and games. Children from four to six years of age are admitted and those in charge are anxious to take them still younger. The kindergarten association is exerting its influence on the board of education to have the age of admission to the public schools lowered, so that the kindergarten may begin with children two or three years old and send the older ones to school. The association is also trying to have public kindergartens established. The movement is still young and as yet only three kindergartens are in working order in New York, but the results of the work done are very encouraging. Not only are the children benefitted by a few hours' daily play in the large airy room and by the mental impetus that comes from the simple lessons, but they carry away the atmosphere of the kindergarten and their homes are influenced as they could not be in any other way.

The first Students' Concert of the year was given Saturday afternoon, May 23d. The numbers were all selections for the piano but were pleasantly varied and the programme seemed short. Miss Sanders's and Miss Haight's playing were especially enjoyed. Miss Millard executed very well the movement of a fantasia by Mendelssohn, and Miss A. B. Clark's interpretation of a Chopin polonaise was noticeably good. The college audience is learning to expect good instrumental music at the Students' Concerts and looks forward to the May and June concerts with pride as well as with pleasure.

The annual tennis tournament was held Friday afternoon and Saturday morning, June 5th and 6th, on the

lawn shaded by the north end of the main building. The list of entrances was short and the interest of spectators were kept up throughout. Miss Homans was victor and holds the championship a third year. The scores were as follows:

Doubles.

H. G. Morehead, '92,	}	3, 4, 4.
E. E. Furness, '91.		
E. B. Bartlett, '94.	}	6, 6, 6.
A. C. Brown, '93.		

Singles.

H. G. Morehead, '92,	}	2, 4.	}	2, 3, 0.		
E. B. Bartlett, '94,						
A. C. Brown, '93,	}				
C. H. Cooke,						
S. S. Homans,	}	2, 2.				
		}	6, 6.			
			6, 6.	6, 6, 6.		

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The service on Sunday, June 7th, was the regular Sunday morning service with a few changes that adapted it to Baccalaureate Sunday. The choir sang a short introit and in place of the chant gave the solo and chorus "Sanctus," by Gounod. Dr. Taylor took his text from the Seventh Psalm, "Thou hast made him a little lower than God." His theme was the power and value of the individual life, and in his short address to the graduating class he impressed upon them the duty of making their lives worthy of the divine kinship.

On Monday evening the Commencement Concert was given in the chapel. The first number was an Andante on the organ rendered by Miss Abbott with steadiness and ease. The vocal music was better than it has been in any of the students' concerts of late years. Miss Little sang a bright little love song in English, by Robert, which was heartily encored. Part of an opus of Rubin-

stein was played by Miss A. B. Clark with precision. Miss Wiethan and Miss Pell rendered very well selections from Chopin. Miss Reed and Miss Sanders were enthusiastically applauded. The complete programme was as follows :

1. Andante in G, *Smart.*
MISS E. C. ABBOTT.
2. Kammenoi—Ostrow, op. 10, No. 22, *Rubinstein.*
MISS A. B. CLARK.
3. Fantaisie—Impromptu, *Chopin.*
MISS PELL.
4. "Since First I Met Thee," *Rubinstein.*
MISS PHINNEY.
5. Novelette, op. 21, *Schumann.*
MISS BERRY.
6. Polonaise, C sharp minor, *Chopin.*
MISS WIETHAN.
7. Florian's Song, *Godard.*
MISS HANSEN.
8. Frühlingsnacht, *Schumann-Liszt.*
MISS REED.
9. Novelette, op. 22, No. 1, *X. Scharwenka.*
MISS M. H. MILLARD.
10. a. "Du bist wie eine Blume," *Schumann.*
b. Robin and I, *Robert.*
MISS LITTLE.
11. Polonaise, E major, *Liszt.*
MISS SANDERS.

The weather on June 9th was well adapted to make the Class Day of '91 the ideal Class Day that it was. In the chapel at three o'clock, a very gay and expectant audience of friends and students looked for pleasure in the reminiscences and prophecies of the class of '91. Miss Allen, the president, gave a pleasant welcome to guests and greetings in the name of her class to all the other classes. She then introduced the chapel orator, Miss Ober, who spoke on the class motto "*Carpe Diem*" as it is interpreted to-day. She spoke of the grasping selfishness that has been shown in every age, now for wealth and for social position, now for po-

litical liberty, and in the present age for mental culture. She pointed out the tendency that exists in every case for each to seize his own opportunity, regardless of the interests of others.

Miss Tompkins prefaced her history by a graceful little introduction in verse, begging the indulgence of the audience for her chronicle. She then traced the history of the class through its college life, through infancy, childhood, girlhood and womanhood, telling of all its hardships and pleasures. Her wit was as irresistible as it was daring, her manner perfectly adapted to its delivery. Little snatches of class songs here and there brought to mind the different occasions for which they had been written. Her few words of encouragement and advice to the different classes were particularly bright and pleasing.

A happy feature of the prophecy was that it was addressed directly to the members of the class, not over their heads to their friends. The prophecies must be especially hard to write. Those given by Miss Taylor showed keen insight into the character of her classmates, and were marked by a variety and brightness that made them unusually interesting to the audience.

As the remainder of the exercises were to be out of doors, all were invited to go to the class tree when Miss Haight consigned the spade to the Junior class with a speech on the relations of the two classes throughout the three years of their association together. Miss Tunnicliff received the spade in the name of the Juniors and very gracefully answered for them, expressing their kindly and sisterly feeling for the class of '91.

The entertainment of the evening was a promenade concert on the second floor and along the walks in front of the main building. The musicians were in the hall just inside the door, so that the music might be enjoyed by those in the parlors as well as by the promenaders outside.

On Commencement Day, we listened to eight essays upon unusually interesting subjects. "Scotland in Litera-

ture," by Miss Applegate, was a pleasing sketch of the beginnings, with Burns and Scott, of Scottish influence in letters. Miss Washburn, in the "Ethics of Matthew Arnold's Poetry" displayed much insight and thinking power. Miss Furness gave a clear exposition of "Lockyer's Meteoric Hypothesis," a subject somewhat technical, but interesting. The department of Politics was well represented by Miss Curry's "Immigration and Assimilation," and by Miss Vickroy's "American Referendum." Both were characterized by simple and popular treatment. Miss Rickert's "Philosophy before and after Christ" not only was smooth and graceful in style, but also showed a sympathy with the subject, which gives rise to the suspicion that the author is herself a philanthropist in the broad, true sense. Both Miss Rickert and Miss Halliday are to be complimented upon their excellent delivery. The latter's treatment of "Mediæval and Modern Universities" was easy and attractive. The essay on "Modern Humanism," by Miss Kavana, was filled with sententious sentences which made it somewhat hard to follow, but it was, perhaps, the best, in point of terse and forcible expression, and originality.

Miss Haight's facile execution of the well-known Soirée de Vienne, No. 6, made a most agreeable break in the programme.

Thirty-six Batchelor's Degrees were then conferred, and the Degree of A. M. was received by three candidates. Diplomas of the School of Music and Painting were also given.

Dr. Taylor then announced that some Professors' cottages and a new library were about to be built: also that the Fayerweather fund was to be devoted to the purchase of books, and that projects were on foot for re-furnishing the College. His statements were received with enthusiastic applause.

Miss Cornwell, of '77, marshaled the procession from the chapel, and '91 were alumnæ.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College elections for next semester are as follows:

Class of '92. President, Miss Reed ; Vice-President, Miss Packard ; Secretary, Miss Herring ; Treasurer, Miss Daniels.

Class of '93. President, Miss White ; Vice-President, Miss Van Vliet ; Secretary, Miss Blair ; Treasurer, Miss M. V. Clark.

Class of '94. President, Miss Ferry ; Vice-President, Miss M. M. Macauley ; Secretary, Miss Crampton ; Treasurer, Miss Hemans.

Collegiate Specials. President, Miss Bensley ; Vice-President, Miss Agne ; Secretary, Miss Grimshaw ; Treasurer, Miss Daisy Byers.

Thekla. President, Miss Maud Sanders ; Vice-President, Miss McDonald ; Secretary, Miss A. B. Clark.

Philathethan Society. President, Miss Mast ; Vice-President, Miss Banfield ; Secretary, Miss Bradley ; Treasurer, Miss Blake ; Chairman of Philathethan Day, Miss Tunncliffe.

Chapter Alpha. President, Miss Sargent ; Vice-President, Miss Gould ; Secretary, Miss Maud Hench ; Treasurer, Miss Homans.

Chapter Beta. President, Miss Herring ; Vice-President, Miss Stephenson ; Secretary, Miss M. V. Clark ; Treasurer, Miss Jolliffe.

Chapter Omega. President, Miss Rowe ; Vice-President, Miss Beattie ; Secretary, Miss A. R. Macauley ; Treasurer, Miss Boynton.

Students' Association. President, Miss Robbins ; Vice-President, Miss Putman ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss M. V. Clark.

Shakespeare Club. President, Miss Ulrick ; Vice-President, Miss Stagg ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Adams.

Dickens Club. President, Miss Banfield ; Vice-President, Miss Perkins ; Secretary, Miss J. C. Palmer.

Art Club. President, Miss Burke ; Vice-President ; Miss Beattie ; Secretary, Miss Pina Byers.

Tennis Club. President, Miss Robbins ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Hartridge.

Qui Vive. President, Miss Packard ; Vice-President, Miss Perkins ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Lucia Wood.

T. and M. Speaker, Miss Cobb ; Clerk, Miss H. T. Grant.

On the 5th of June T. and M. entertained the Class of '93 and entrusted to them the Society. Miss Pringle spoke and Miss Cobb responded. After that the two classes adjourned to the corridor and ate and made merry until the bell warned them that both dignified Senior and giddy Sophomores needed rest as well as pleasure.

The picture of Dr. J. Ryland Kendrick, a former President of the College, has been presented to the library by his wife. This picture is the work of Prof. Van Ingen and was presented to Mrs. Kendrick, who in turn donated it to the College.

The library is fortunate in having also an oil painting of Mr. Frederick F. Thompson, a trustee of the College and one of its greatest benefactors.

In addition to other gifts Mr. Thompson has put in the College parlors a beautiful steel engraving of Abraham Lincoln.

The Fayerweather money, \$50,000, will be set aside for a library fund. This fund, together with the one for the new library building, will give us a library of which we may justly be proud.

In spite of the fact that many kind friends are bestowing gifts upon the College there are many things still needed. Foremost among these are a new recitation building well fitted up and a Natural History laboratory. The laboratory is so necessary that it seems almost impossible to continue longer without it.

The Trustees have decided that some money shall be appropriated toward refurnishing the College, and this work will be undertaken as soon as possible. The cottages for the Faculty will be begun at once; here again Mr. Thompson has shown his generosity and is going to build a double cottage at his own expense.

Professor Achert and Madame Guantieri are not to return next year. The College at large, no less than the French department, suffers a great loss by their departure. The place will be filled by Mr. J. D. Bracq, a graduate of McGill College. He has spent much time studying in France and has been connected with the McCaull Mission in Paris. Mademoiselle Neef will be assistant in French and German.

Mr. John Leverett Moore will be Professor of Latin in place of Dr. Snyder, who is going abroad. Mr. Moore, a graduate of Princeton, took his Ph. D. at Johns Hopkins and has taught several years at both Princeton and Johns Hopkins.

Miss Ballantine, a graduate of Dr. Sargent's school, has been appointed teacher of gymnastics for the ensuing year.

Married, June 6, Miss Anna Bridgman, teacher of gymnastics, to Mr. James Lyman. The marriage took place at Middlefield, Conn.

The Class of '80 has presented the College with a valuable gift in the shape of a bronze statue of Peace on a pedestal of red antique marble. It is one of the handsomest gifts ever made the College.

The classes of '81 and '89 held their reunions this year.

The whole College mourns the loss of Dr. Benson J. Lossing, one of the original board of Trustees.

The College has received \$1,000 from the Girard estate. The money is to be expended on birds for the Museum.

The Boston branch of the Students' Aid Society announces a scholarship of \$200 for competition in June, 1892. The money is offered as a loan without definite time and without interest.

Born, Monday, June 8, to Mrs. James M. Taylor, a son.

Born, in May, to Dr. Elizabeth Thelberg, formerly resident physician, a daughter.

PERSONALS.

'73.

Miss Skeel, who responded to a toast "Fellowships" at the meeting of the Students' Aid Society, has frequent articles in the *Photographic Times*.

'77.

Miss Ida Wood has taken the degree of Ph. D. at Bryn Mawr.

'80.

The Second Degree in Arts was conferred upon Miss Myra Reynolds.

Mrs. Wardle-Leggett has accepted the position of Registrar of Barnard College.

Born, May 28, to Mrs. Mary Morris-Pratt, a daughter, Katharine Eugenia.

Born, May 28, to Mrs. Lillie Pratt-Babbot, formerly of '80, a son, Frank L., Jr.

'81.

The Class of '81 boasts fourteen Vassar grandchildren.

Miss M. F. Penfield is teaching at Fiske University, Nashville, Tenn.

Miss E. L. Bush is teaching at Cook Academy, Haryana, N. Y.

Miss F. M. Abbott reported the proceedings of the Vassar Commencement to the *Poughkeepsie News-Press*. She is a frequent contributor to *Wide Awake* and to several New England papers.

Mrs. Alice Shove-Brooks, whose home has been in France during the last four years, will return to Fall River, Mass., in July.

'82.

The Second Degree in Arts was conferred by the College upon Miss Ellen Churchill Semple.

'83.

Born, May 21, to Mrs. Martha Boyd-Jones, a daughter, Mary Wharton.

Miss Margaret Cooper, formerly of '83, sailed for Europe, June 15.

'88.

Miss Helen F. Weeks has gone to Europe for the summer.

The Master's Degree was conferred upon Miss Louise Stephens Fagan.

'89.

Miss Katharine Warren has gone to Europe for a year of study and travel.

'90.

Born, May 8, to Mrs. Lamson-Lockwood, a daughter.

Miss Katherine Weed Barnes, a former student and a prominent amateur photographer, was present at the luncheon of the Students' Aid Society on Class Day.

The following are some of the Alumnae who were present during Commencement week :—'70, Mrs. Rushmore Cornell, Miss Denton ; '73, Mrs. Helen Hiscock-Backus, Miss Adelaide Skeel ; '76, Miss Ella C. Lapham ; '77, Miss Antoinette Cornwell ; '81, Mrs. Cora Van Benschoten-Potter, Misses Julia Meeker, Mary Penfield, Mary L. Freeman, Charlotte Barnum, Frances M. Abbott ; '82, Misses Sanford, McAdams, J. F. Wheeler ; '83, Miss Jessie Dewell, Mrs. Curtiss-Johnson ; '87, Misses Hoy,

Frank, E. C. Greene, C. J. Halliday, Sweet; '89, Misses Green, La Monte, M. B. Baker, Norris, Nettleton, C. B. Weeks, E. M. Weeks, Hill, Cornish, Pierce, Keen, Iddings, Poppenheim, Drexel, Comfort, Tunncliffe, Schermerhorn, Ackerly, Ackert, Brown; '90, Misses Borgman, Carbutt, Wheeler, Sanders, Appleton, Horne, Mace, Wetmore.

Other guests were: Mrs Gayton-Ballard who as Miss Fiske was organist and teacher of music in the early days of the College, Dr. and Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Lathrop.

EXCHANGE NOTES.

And so June is here, June, the month of roses, weddings and Commencements; this last, for us, most important, although what girl would disclaim an interest in roses or weddings? Commencement is in the air; grave trustees stand in solemn knots in the offices; alumnæ of two or three years standing greet each other enthusiastically, utterly ignoring the presence of the unimportant undergraduate; men run hither and thither, carrying plants or boxes; distressed maidens throng the janitor's office, asking a thousand and one impossible questions, and altogether there is a hurry and confusion such as old Vassar knows only once a year. And, in the midst of it all, the editor retires "far from the maddening crowd" to the quiet of the sanctum; and mentally ranging her exchanges before her, like a row of district school children, proceeds to give them a few last words of praise, blame or advice, then, with a sigh of relief, says "school's dismissed," and steps out of the dark school house of work and responsibility into the bright sunshine of vacation time.

Such a big class it is! We should like to mention every scholar by name, even down to the youngest venture from the West, but, at this little Commencement of ours here in the sanctum, there is time only for those whose standing is the highest.

Beginning alphabetically, the first name on the roll is the *Amherst Lit.* You bring us only verse and fiction, this month, Amherst. Your opening sketch "Icarus" lingers long in our minds, but for ourselves we do not see the use of applying real ability to the delineation of the horrible as has been done here.

The *Brown Magazine* next answers "present." "Vernal Authors" suits our mood at this time of year, and brings up pleasant thoughts of the good old times; but how can any magazine aspiring to literary merit, publish such doggerel as "A Modern Phæton"?

You have been very tardy lately, *Dartmouth Lit.* but you bring an interesting discussion of the "Future of the College." It is a good thing once in a while for a college to take up a subject relating to its own future and welfare instead of skimming over the whole range of outside thought.

Nassau Lit., you are one of our best friends, but you, too, show a disproportionate number of stories this month. "In the Shadows" is evidently an echo of Mr. Kipling, but we venture to say is more smoothly written than his stories usually are.

The *Yale Lit.* presents a well rounded number. The Housekeepers' Story is especially well told. In the *Williams Lit.* the articles entitled "The Scholemaster" and "On Certain Old Books" fit in with the thoughts aroused by the "Vernal Authors" of the *Brown Magazine*. There certainly can be nothing more pleasant than to loiter for a while among the quaint men and books of a century or two ago.

Besides these our scholars, whom we have no fear of reproving, since sooner or later they will repay us in kind, we have one or two visitors whom we are much less ready to criticise. We have been brought up to "order ourselves lowly and reverently before our betters" but, at any rate, we can tell our enjoyment of *Harper's Weekly* and the *Century*.

The *Weekly* does much towards keeping up interest in the topics of the times. It sifts whatever is important from the daily papers, and presents it clearly, with a few telling words of criticism. By the way, a new name is becoming familiar to us through its pages, that of Mr. David Graham Phillips. His sketches seem to us more than usually good examples of modern work in this line, and are well worth reading for their style as well as for their interest.

The June *Century* is a varied and entertaining number. Minister Dallas's diary shows us an American diplomat's life at the Russian Court, half a century ago, while Mr. Stockton's "Squirrel Inn" develops his usual surprising and whimsical happenings. "The Faith Doctor" gains steadily in interest, and promises to influence current ideas.

We wish to add our grateful thanks for the smaller monthlies, weeklies and dailies that come regularly to the sanctum, and then we will shut up books for the year and wish everybody a very happy vacation.

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

The Vassar Students' Aid Society on Tuesday, June 9th, held a lunch at the College. There were eighty present. The programme was as follows :

Toasts :

Fellowships,—Miss Adelaide Skeel, '73.

Collegiate Women in Philanthropy,—Mrs. Melvil Dewey.

Maria Mitchell's Memory,—Miss Lola L. Iddings, '89.

Coöperation in Educational Movements,—Mrs. Rossiter Johnson.

The Composite Vassar Girl,—Miss Caroline B. Weeks, '89.

Mrs. J. Ryland Kendrick is President of the Society ; Miss Cornwell, Professor Leach, Miss Denton, Miss Phillips and Miss Schermerhorn were the Committee.

The second annual meeting of the Minnesota Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society was held May 20th, at the home of Miss Emily Robbins, 669 Jackson St. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows :

President, Mrs. James H. Drake ; Vice-President, Mrs. M. R. Conable ; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Emily Robbins ; Directors, Mrs. C. E. Riggs, Mrs. W. B. Loomis, of St. Paul, Dr. Lucy Hale and Mrs. Austin L. Belknap, of Minneapolis. The society now has a membership of thirty. It was decided at this meeting to admit associate members and it is hoped that by another year a scholarship may be offered in Minnesota.

The Pacific Branch of the Vassar Students' Aid Society held a meeting for organization at Miss West's School, April 11th. Eighteen Alumnæ and former students were present. Dr. Avery came from San José to attend. A paper on the Origin of Philaethea awoke many reminiscences. The following officers were elected :

Miss Anna Beaver, President ; Mrs. M. B. Kellogg, Vice-President ; Directors, Dr. Emma Sutro-Merritt, and Miss Marion McMahon. The branch starts with a membership of twenty-one. There are forty eligible to membership in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco, and fifty others scattered in different localities on the Pacific slope.

The alumnæ of Vassar College have frequently and warmly expressed their appreciation of the noble oration delivered by the Hon. George William Curtis on the occasion of the Quarter-Centennial Exercises. At the regular annual meeting of the Associate Alumnæ, held in Washington, February 23d, 1891, it was voted that a committee be charged with the task of procuring some suitable gift, which might be to Mr. Curtis a souvenir of the gratitude felt for his special services to their *Alma Mater*. A certain unexpended balance in the treasury having been designated as appropriate to this object, the committee was named, consisting of Mary L. Avery, '68, Helen D. Brown, '78, and Charlotte J. Halliday, '87. After due deliberation, their choice fixed upon a fine pair of antique silver candlesticks, bearing the crest of a noble Scottish house, with the motto "*Mediis tranquillus in undis*." With the concurrence of the Executive Committee of the Associate Alumnæ the purchase was made, and the candlesticks—their rose-colored candles and shades adding a graceful symbolism as a College emblem—were dispatched to Mr. Curtis. The notes exchanged sufficiently explain themselves :

I GRAMERCY PARK,
NEW YORK, May 8, 1891.

Dear Mr. Curtis :

It is the hope of the Associate Alumnæ of Vassar College that you have not forgotten what they cannot forget—the celebration held at the College on the twelfth day of June, 1890, to commemorate the completion of its twenty-fifth year of academic life—and more especially the words so fitly spoken on that day by you, and so full of cheer, of charm, of inspiration to them. To call to your mind their grateful recollection of

your part in a festival so dear to them, they ask that you will allow the accompanying souvenir to stand where it may sometimes meet your eye.

We desire your acceptance of it in the hope that it may serve as a token of more things than one. It is not alone a symbol of gratitude for the message you brought us on that summer's day; it is also in remembrance that you have by word and deed throughout your life done knightly service and given noble help to all those women who would fain see their candle taken from under the smothering bushel of prejudice and tradition. To this above all let this simple gift bear witness.

The crest upon these candlesticks, inscribed there nearly ninety years ago, is the cognizance of an ancient Scottish house of Perthshire; but had all the Heralds' College laid their heads together, they could not have devised a fitter motto for yourself. The graver wrought better than he knew who traced those words against our need.

With earnest wishes for your long-continued health and strength—a hope that means so much to the many who are privileged to know your influence—we remain,

Most sincerely and gratefully yours,

MARY L. AVERY,
HELEN DAWES BROWN,
CHARLOTTE J. HALLIDAY,

Committee of the Associate Alumnae of Vassar College.

To GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, LL D., L.H.D.,

Chancellor of the Board of Regents of the University of New York.

West New Brighton,
Staten Island, N. Y.,

WEST NEW BRIGHTON,
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.
MAY 10th, 1891.

Mesdames MARY L. AVERY,
HELEN DAWES BROWN,
CHARLOTTE J. HALLIDAY,

Committee.

Ladies :

I am not yet quite recovered from my bewilderment and surprise, but I must not delay saying how deeply I am touched and honored by your beautiful gift, which you have conveyed to me with a note that would make any gift precious. In itself the massive gift is most interesting and suggestive, but as the symbol of the feeling of the daughters of Vassar it is invaluable. It will always recall to me a day of unclouded brightness and charm of which the central interest is the common hope and faith that unite me with them, a faith and hope which are the forecast of their own fulfilment.

I beg to assure the Associate Alumnæ of Vassar of my profound sense of their generous regard, and I am sure that such good feeling never had happier expression than that which you ladies of the Committee have given to it.

Most truly and faithfully yours,

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

It only remains for the Associate Alumnæ to express their sense of a new obligation,—that created by their own admirable committee. The task so well fulfilled by them was manifestly no less onerous than agreeable.

F. M. C., '74,

E. E. P., '76,

H. H. B., '73.

June 9, 1891.

Volume

STUI

Volume XX.

Number 6.

The
Vassar
Miscellany.

March, 1891.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION OF VASSAR COLLEGE,

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

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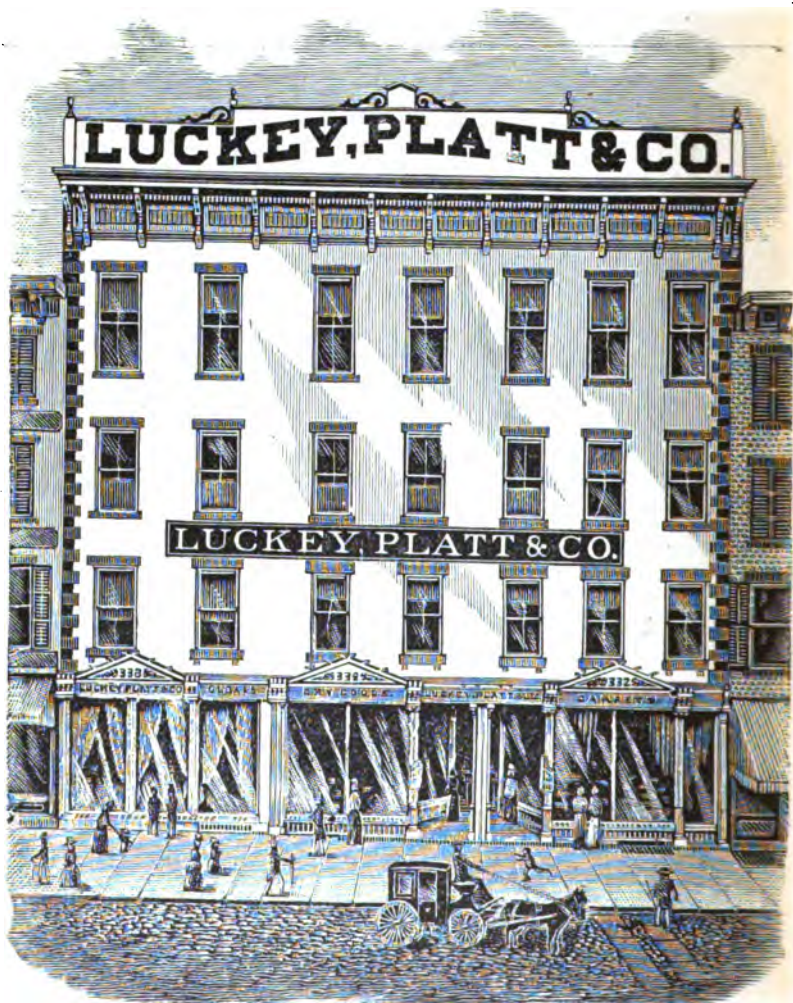
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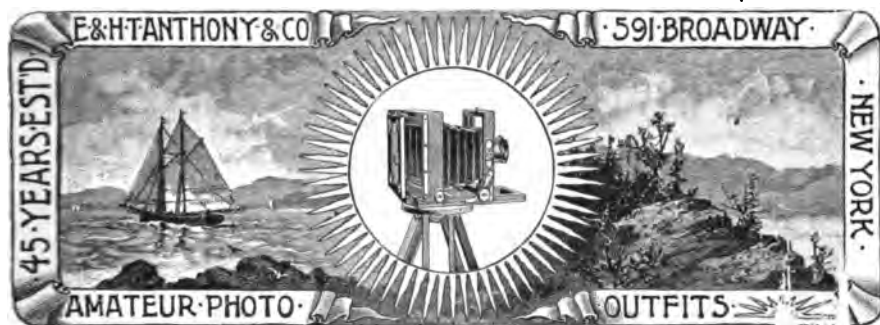
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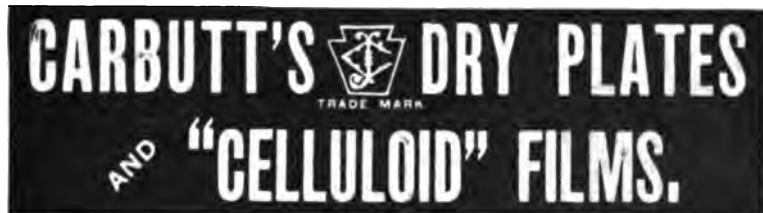
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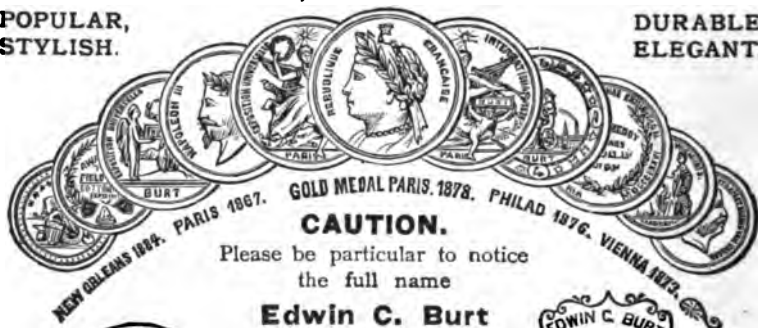
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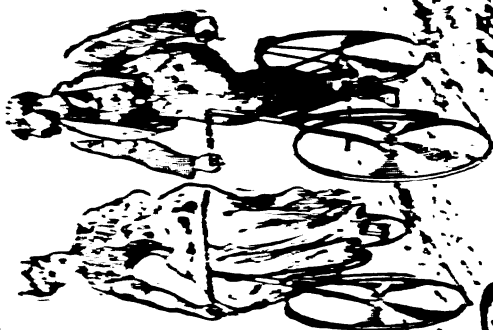
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